THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded by Benjamin Franklin

NOTICE TO READER. When you finish reading this magazine, place a U. S. 1-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors destined to proceed overseas.
NO WRAPPING—NO ADDRESS.
A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.

AUGUST 31, 1918

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GEORGE PATTULLO—RING W. LARDNER—WALLACE IRWIN
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5 Short Years

Have Revolutionized Factory Lighting

Many executives have sensed the rapid change in lighting-practice. A few have perceived that the change amounts, in fact, to a *revolution*. But only those who have followed the development almost month by month are able to realize this astonishing fact—that practically *a new engineering science* has come to maturity within five brief years!

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The best lighting obtainable in 1913 is obsolete now! Engineers are no longer struggling to get *light enough* at a practical cost. The NATIONAL MAZDA C lamp has made light so cheap that the smallest plant can now afford genuine illumination.

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NATIONAL MAZDA

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Where Society Brand Clothes are sold

This sign identifies the "Style Headquarters" in your town. It's the store to go to for the smart things in men's wear

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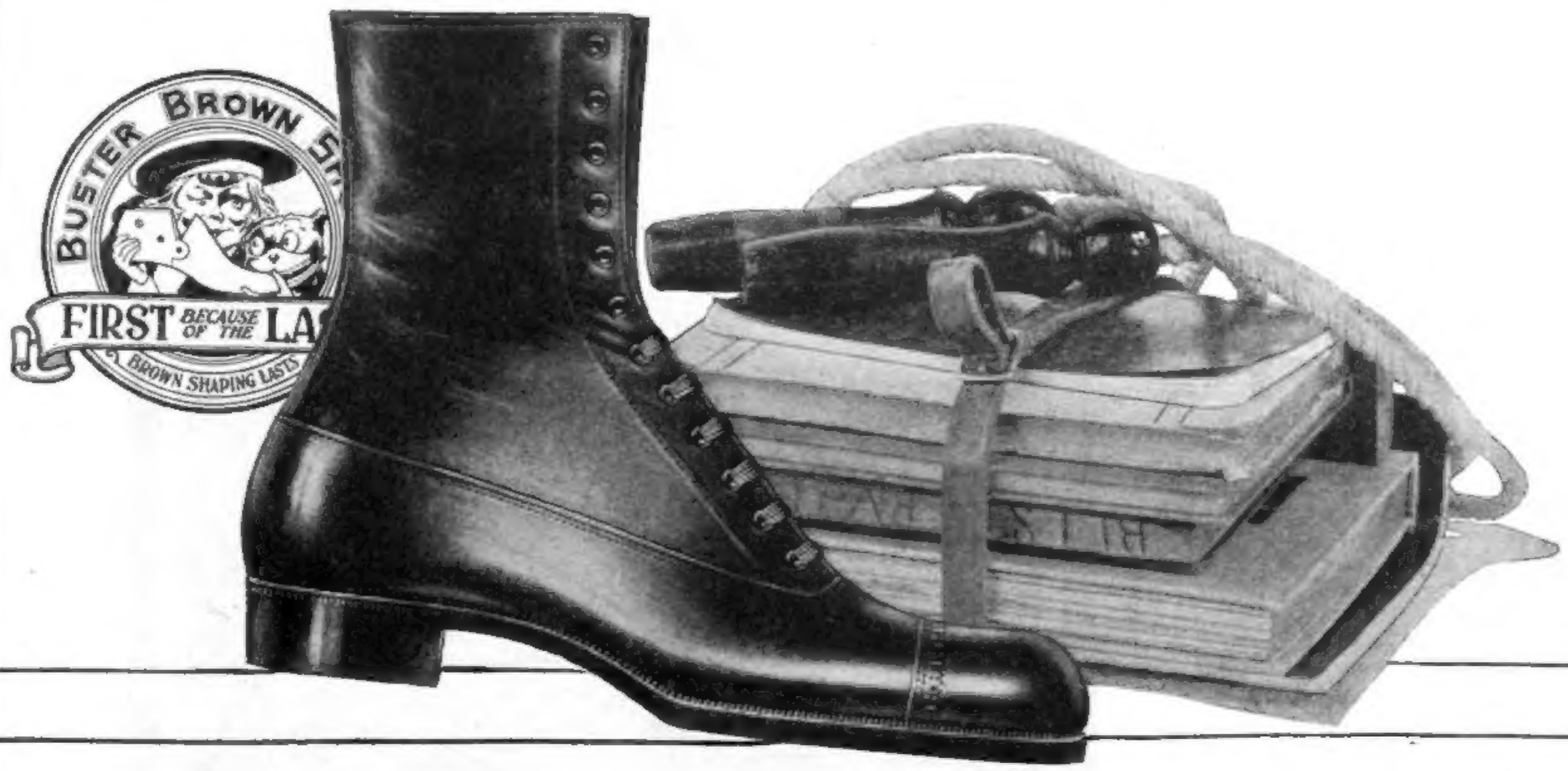
"OFFICERS' UNIFORMS AND OVERCOATS FOR EVERY BRANCH OF MILITARY SERVICE AS WELL AS CIVILIAN CLOTHES



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For Girls BUSTER BROWN SHOES For Boys of 2 to 16

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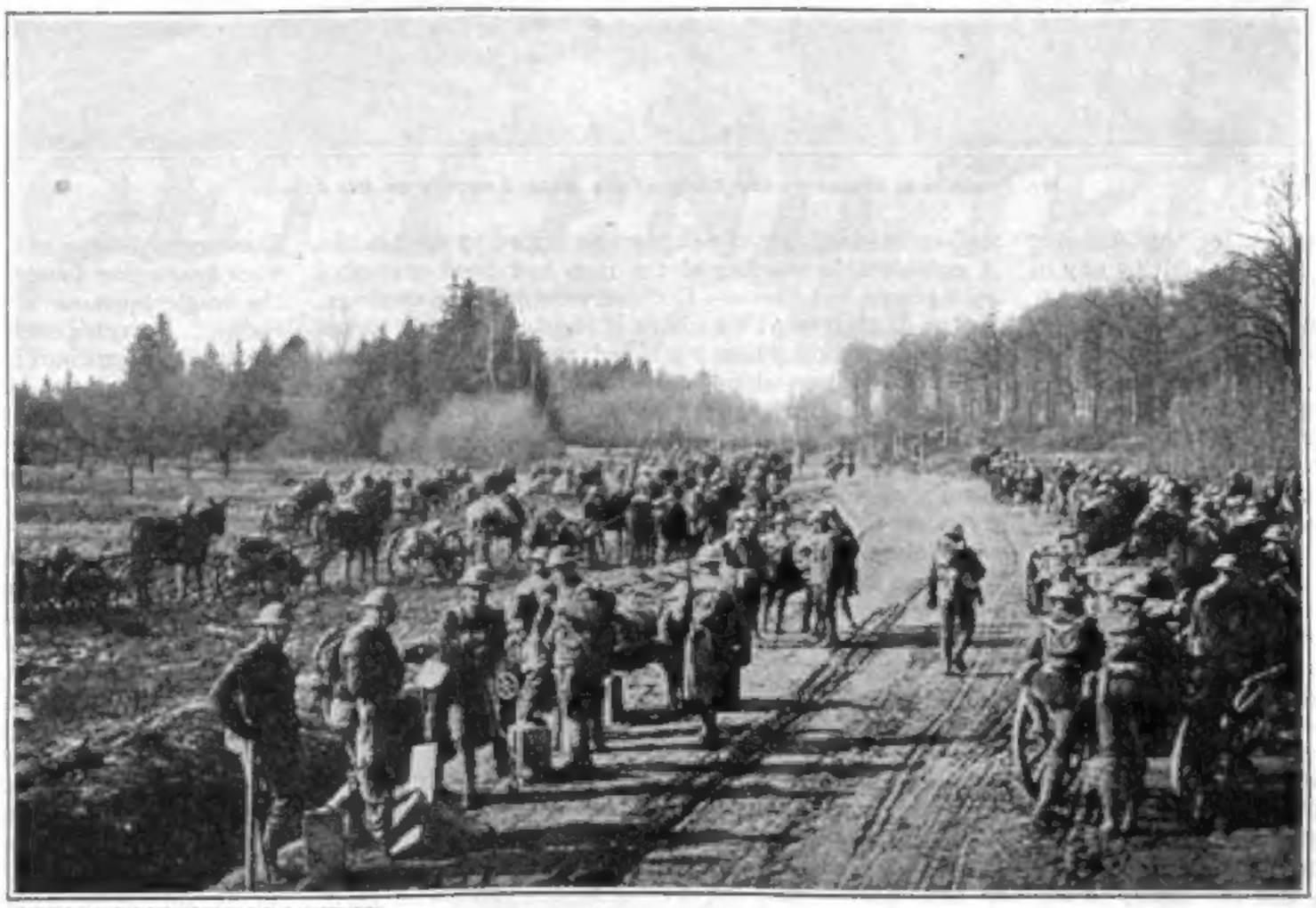
HELLWOOD—By George Pattullo

A WONDERFUL thing has come to pass. A little force of Americans—a mere handful—has put new life into the Allied armies and raised the drooping spirits of two nations.

Bouresches and Bois de Belleau of themselves would not stand out in war's chronicle as military feats, for both were small affairs in these days of human tidal waves, and, desperate as was the fighting, there have been others as desperate, and will doubtless be many more. But the stout blows that the —— Division delivered in the month of June, with the leathernecks as the head of the hammer, cannot be measured by their toll of boche dead and prisoners, by their capture of ground or guns or material; they must be gauged by their moral effect, and that has been tremendous.



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United States Marines Ready to March to the First Lines

I have never seen anything like it. The German offensives had been sweeping forward like a flood, lapping up territory here, then swerving to lap up there, but always coming on, so that their whole battle line drew inexorably nearer to Paris. The British had suffered cruel losses; the French were fighting with their backs to the wall. And American aid—where was it? On that they had banked for a year; on that they had built all their hopes.

For months and months the poilu had been fed abundantly with promises of American support and what the glorious allies from overseas would do when they got in—and all he had seen of them was in the training camps or in quiet sectors where the only activity was intermittent shelling, an infrequent raid, or minor operations carried out under French tutelage.

Meanwhile the Germans drove against the Allied front again and the poilu had to do the fighting.

Where was this American aid? Was it to prove as illusory as the Russian? Small wonder that Jacques grew skeptical and angrily contemptuous of the newspaper propaganda which endeavored to stiffen the nation's morale by still more roseate pictures of what the United States would do in the future. It was always and always the future! When would they come in force and help bear the brunt?

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick. They had almost despaired of us. It is my firm conviction that our army did not enter seriously into their calculations for this emergency; certain it is that the average French and British soldier had given over expecting substantial aid in the 1918 crisis. We saw their spirits go down, down, down.

And still the German hordes pressed on toward Paris. They veered and swirled; held at one point, they surged forward at another. Came word that they were in Château-Thierry. Men looked at one another in dumb foreboding. Where would they be stopped?

And then suddenly the boche flood tide recoiled. The broad gap they had forced in the line was closed, and the magic news flashed throughout the army and nation that the French were counter-attacking, that they were hurling the enemy back at critical points, and that the road to Paris was barred.

How had it been done? An American force was mentioned in the first announcement, but Americans had shared in undertakings before, and the French remained unimpressed and apathetic until the full story of the part the —— Division had played came out several days later.

Then they went wild. From the Channel ports to the remotest villages the news ran like a prairie fire. The Americans had stopped the boche—they had beaten him. In the darkest hour—just when it seemed that Hindenburg had opened a road to Paris and picked German divisions were developing the success—the Americans had smashed into them and, fighting in their own way, in the open, they had thrown back superior numbers, wresting from them positions that were essential to farther advance. And they

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After a Tussle With the Huns at Bouresches

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Responding to a Gas Alarm at the Front

were holding those positions! Beating off all counter-attacks, they had reëstablished the broken line.

Vive l'Amérique! The French let out a yell, gave a hitch to their braces, and went into the fray with fresh ardor. After all their disappointment their ally could fight! Not only could he fight, he was a bearcat at fighting; he asked nothing better than a tough job! That was the great, outstanding fact to the poilu. And suddenly, too, this ally began pouring men into France by the hundreds of thousands, until all the villages and valleys and roads were choked with stalwarts in khaki, and every passing train showed them grinning cheerfully through the windows.

Instantly the whole French nation rose to a frenzy of enthusiasm. Six months ago American popularity had fallen to low ebb; to the soldiery the overseas force were "Boy Scoots"; the French had grown to feel that America in the war threatened to prolong it without lifting any of the burden.

To-day the population pours pell-mell into the streets to cheer when American soldiers march past; the poilu cries "*C'est bien, çà!*" and borrows some tobacco. Last winter he might not have bothered to rise from his seat at the roadside when an American major general drove by; to-day he will jump nimbly to his feet and give a smart salute to a shave-tail lieutenant. Americans are on the crest of a tremendous wave of popularity, as was triumphantly shown in Paris on July Fourth.

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Mr. Pattulo is Shown at the Right of the Hole, Leaning on His Elbows

When Americans Go Into Battle

THEY were in a rest area back of a certain American division that was holding a portion of the Montdidier Front. It was certainly a he-sector; I was up there with them, and I know. What the communiqués described as fairly active artillery fire took its toll of dead and wounded by day and by night. Now, holding the line under constant shelling is the toughest work soldiers have to do. The sum total of losses over a period of a month will usually exceed those suffered in a heavy attack, and the strain on the nerves is tenfold greater.

This staunch old division which has been the keystone of this man's army naturally expected to be relieved. They had taken Cantigny by an assault that was a gem of precision, and had stubbornly held it against bombardment and counter-attacks. Therefore it cheered them mightily when it was whispered that the —— Division was behind, and would shortly take over. Officers from the —— even came up to make a reconnaissance, a step preliminary to a relief. Then the situation to the southeast became critical. The boche offensive was sweeping forward. His original intention had been to advance his front only as far as Fismes on the Rheims-Soissons line, but success in the center so greatly exceeded expectations that the German command decided to develop it into a push for Paris, and swiftly threw an enormous mass of men into the breach. Already they were in Château-Thierry. Unless the enemy was speedily stopped the capital would be brought under his guns.

And then what?

In this emergency it became a question of what reserves to employ. The French generalissimo decided to send an American division. Choice fell on the —— Division.

The —— Division expected to move. They didn't know where, but they sensed a fight. The first orders were to break out at six o'clock on May twenty-ninth, so they made all ready. Then they were to leave at ten o'clock. Next came word that the start would not be made until the morning, so they bivouacked that night. It was four o'clock on the morning of May thirtieth when they climbed into their trucks and headed for the great battle. The men were jubilant. They had enjoyed a fine rest, in a fat land of green trees and fields of yellowing grain and burnt-almond-colored clover—a fair, quiet land of beautiful châteaux and well-ordered villages, of rich pastures grazed by sleek cattle. A considerable number of the men had been evacuated with grippe, but the —— Division were in first-class shape, and up on their toes for a whack at Heinie. Hadn't most of them been doing police work and construction jobs and other such things along lines of communication most of the time since arrival in France? They had. But now they had the chance to show what was in them!

The long caravan of trucks took a route that brought them very close to Paris. In every town and village they threaded the people ran out to huzza and shower them with flowers. The population of this region had never seen American soldiers in any numbers, and here were camions pouring through the streets hour after hour, all loaded to the guards with big, husky, rollicking men in khaki, who laughed and joked with them, and stuck flowers in their buttonholes, and behaved for all the world as though bound on a picnic. And with them went guns and horses and mules and machine-gun carts, beyond count.

The inhabitants guessed what all this activity meant: The Americans were going into battle. So they came running from their houses to run beside the trucks. Old grandfathers saluted and waved their hats; women threw roses or kept pace beside the wheels to talk and wish them *bonne chance;* the children scrambled wildly everywhere, shrilling "*Vive l'Amérique!*" half frantic with joy.

It was a long, hard trip. Just before reaching Meaux they encountered the first of the refugees. Beyond that, from Meaux northward, the roads were crawling with them—an unbroken stream of heaped carts and plodding peasants, of bleating sheep and swaying, rumbling cattle, weary unto death.

They saw toothless doddering octogenarians in that line, and also babes at the breast. They saw there bedraggled tear-stained mothers and strapping broad-backed girls, sullen from fatigue and hate. Men long past the prime of life urged the tired horses forward. Their women and children either perched amid the mass of mattresses and bedding and chairs and mirrors, of bird cages and rabbit hutches, of crucifixes and plaster figures of Our Lady, with which the carts were piled, or trudged along in the dust with the family dog and the cow.

Some of the children wailed; some took it as an adventure. The very old just rocked in the carts, silently rumpling and rumpling their aprons.

Up the road came the men of the —— Division, camion after camion, mile on mile. They passed this saddest of all processions under a pall of dust. The refugees stared at them apathetically, without enthusiasm, apparently without interest. They were sunk in the lethargy of despair. What did it mean to them now that soldiers from beyond the seas were going into the maelstrom up there? All was lost—homes, property—everything made precious by a lifetime's association.

So they gazed at the —— Division, and the big guns and little guns trundling northward to battle, and gave no sign. But the men of the —— Division grew stern. Showers of flowers and the glad shouts of admiring allies were heartening incidents, but here before their eyes was the tragic business of war. Those hordes of exhausted, stained, hurrying refugees, pressing southward, ever southward, visualized for them the purpose of our war. It steeled them for the job. All their hilarity ceased. How long now before they would go against the boches?

The Real Story of Château-Thierry

THE bulk of the division were in the trucks fully thirty hours. Some battalions lost their means of transportation while still far from the Front and had to hike it, but the American soldier has grown hardened to that.

They reached some little towns behind the battle front at long last, and bivouacked. For bedding they had ponchos and one blanket to a man. The nights were cold, but that was nothing new to them. The men could hear the artillery booming in the distance like a heavy surf, and in the darkest hours of the night boche avions came droning overhead to drop bombs on adjacent villages. Yet the noise of battle was less than they had anticipated.

Up to this time the resistance offered to the German thrust had not been sufficiently determined to stop them. The plan of the French was to delay the enemy as long as possible by rear-guard actions until the arrival of reserves in sufficient strength to stabilize the situation. Therefore the Americans were to take up support positions on which the French would fall back, and then these positions would become a new front line. Such was the plan.

"Why not stop them where they are?" inquired the American commander.

Which was all very well, but how was it to be done? The French were plainly dubious about intrusting an enterprise of such importance to what they regarded as untried troops. To be sure, a regiment of the Americans had captured Cantigny; they had shown dash and courage and tenacity; that and other divisions had some fine performances to their credit. But the Battle of Cantigny belonged to the established trench order of warfare. It had been elaborately prepared, and French staff work had contributed to its preparation. It was rehearsed under the eyes of a French general, and French tanks and flame projectors and much French artillery had contributed to the success of the attack.

But this was different. Here was open warfare, whose aspect changed from hour to hour—a style of warfare demanding the highest form of military skill and initiative. They never doubted the pluck and willingness of our men, which had been proved on numberless occasions since last November, but they did entertain serious doubts of the ability of the American staff and unit commanders to swing it, solely because no American staff had so far been permitted to undertake an operation on its own.

Consequently they demurred. Their proposal was to brigade the Americans among seasoned French troops. Then the Allies could exact what toll they might while falling back.

"Let us fight this in our own way, and we'll stop 'em," declared the American commander.

PHOTO. FROM THE INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE, INC. COPYRIGHT BY THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION

When the Marines Reached the Village of Bourescbes, They Poured a Deadly Fire From Their Trenches and Then Went Over the Top to a Glorious Victory

The situation was growing hazardous; a few more gains and the boche could train his heavy guns on Paris. The French general consented. The —— Division could go in as a division, fight it out in their own way—and heaven have them in its keeping!

That is another reason why the battles for Bois de Belleau and Bouresches have such tremendous significance. They were fought in American fashion, under American leadership, with American artillery and machine guns, with American staff work to direct. It was the first time strictly American methods were employed against the Hun. And you know who won, don't you?

Thus the leathernecks and the engineers and two regiments of infantry, together with the machine guns and all the artillery of the —— Division, found themselves on the edge of battle. They moved into support position back of the French on June second—one battalion of the leathernecks on a line from Hill 142 to Les Mares Farm and Bois de Veuilly; two other battalions from Bois de Veuilly to Triangle Farm. There one of the infantry regiments joined on. That made a front about seven kilometers wide.

Almost immediately the boches made another strong push and the French opposing them were forced slowly back. They began to filter through the Americans, whose support positions soon became the Front.

About five o'clock in the evening of June fourth the enemy attacked anew toward the American left, where it joined on with the French. They advanced through a wheat field in platoon columns, in perfect order, flushed with many successes, confident of victory.

And then the Americans opened up. They showered the oncoming waves with shrapnel until the fields seemed to be sprouting thousands of magnificent white daisies. Machine guns and rifle fire raked the German ranks. The leathernecks took careful aim before every shot. Unhurried, unflustered, they worked their weapons as though on the target range. French observers were amazed; they had never seen such rifle shooting. That soldiers should sight carefully in the heat of battle was something new in European warfare, where the rifle has grown to be something on which to stick a bayonet.

No troops could stand against that fire. The boches wavered—came on again. Why lie about the enemy? In mass formation they fight like brave men—none better. Twice they hesitated, stopped; twice they resumed the advance.

Then they broke. They broke and started to crawl off through the standing grain. The Americans could see the wheat sway as though stirred by a stiff breeze, and they whipped those areas with bullets.

A French airman came swooping down from the blue. Wildly exultant, he signaled to our troops "Bravo!" and darted back to give a new range to the artillery. The latter caught a German battery moving into position and annihilated it.

What the leathernecks have they hold. That night their positions were intact, so they decided to improve them. They pushed out small posts.

Followed several days and nights of heavy bombardment. Sleep was out of the question, and they had nothing to eat but "monkey meat," as they call the tinned, stringy Argentine beef, and bread and water. Not once, during all the punishing work that followed, did this battalion have a hot meal.

The situation was still precarious. The necessary withdrawal of the French had led to the abandonment of strong points whose possession by the boches threatened our entire line. Heinie held Bouresches and the Bois de Belleau; he also had several mounts, which he used for machine-gun strongholds. Among them was Hill 165. On June fifth the Americans charged the position. They put the guns out of action, and then the boches counter-attacked. They were beaten off. The American line now ran through the Bussiares Wood and along the edge of the Bois de Belleau.

(Continued on Page 34)

STRAGETY AND TRAGEDY

By Ring W. Lardner

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

SOMEWHERES IN FRANCE, March 2.

FRIEND AL: Well Al if it rains a couple more days like its been they will half to page the navy and at that its about time they give them something to do and I don't mean the chasers and destroyers and etc. that acts like convoys for our troop ships and throws them death bombs at the U boats but I mean the big battle ships and I bet you haven't heard of a supper dread 0 doing nothing since we been in the war and they say they can't do nothing till the German navy comes out and that's what they're waiting for. Well Al that's a good deal like waiting for the 30nd. of Feb. or for Jennings to send his self up to hit for Cobb and they can say all they want about the Germans being bullet proof from the neck up but they got some brains and you can bet their navy ain't comeing out no more then my hair. So as far as I can see a man being on a supper dread 0 is just like you owned a private yatch without haveing to pay for the keep up and when they talk about a man on a big U. S. battle ship in danger they mean he might maybe die because he eat to much and no exercise.

So if I was them I would send the big ships here so as we could use them for motor Lauras and I guess they's no place in our whole camp where you couldn't float them and I don't know how it is all over France but if they was a baseball league between the towns where they have got us billeted the fans would get blear eyed looking at the no game sign and if a mgr. worked their pitchers in turn say it was my turn tomorrow and the next time my turn come around some of little Al's kids would half to help me out of the easy chair and say "Come on granpa you pitch this afternoon."

Jokeing a side Al if I was running the training camps like Camp Grant back home instead of starting the men off with the regular drills and hikes like they give them now I would stand them under a shower bath with their close on about ½ the time and when it come time for a hike I would send them back and fourth across Rock River and back where they wasn't no bridge. And then maybe when they got over here France wouldn't be such a big supprise.

One of the boys has put a sign up on our billet and it says Noahs Ark on it and maybe you have heard that old gag Al about the big flood that everybody was drownded only Noah and his folks and a married couple of every kind of animals in the world and they wasn't drownded because Noah had a Ark for them to get in out of the wet. Well Noahs Ark is a good name for our dump and beleive me they haven't none of the animals been overlooked and we are also going Noah one better and sheltering all the bugs and some of them is dressed in cocky.

Well I am in this war to the finish and you couldn't hire me to quit till we have ran them ragged but I wished they had of gave us steel helmets wide enough so as they would make a bumber shoot and I hope the next war they have they will pick out Arizona to have it there.

Your pal, JACK

They Was a Girl on the Job in There and She Smiled When I Come In and I Smiled at Her Back

SOMEWHERES IN FRANCE, March 6.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I suppose you have read in the communicates that comes out in the paper where the Americans that's all ready in the trenchs has pulled off some great stuff and a whole lot of them has been sighted and give meddles and etc. by the Frenchmens for what they have pulled off and the way they work it Al when one of the soldiers wrists his life or something and pulls off something big like takeing a mess of prisoners and bringing them back here where they can get something to eat the French pins a meddle on them and sometimes they do it if you don't do nothing but die only then of course they send it to your family so as they will have something to show their friends besides snapshots of Mich. City.

Well we was kidding back and fourth about it today and one of the smart alex in our Co. a bird named Johnny Alcock that is always trying to kid somebody all the time he said to me "Well I suppose they will half to build more tonnages to carry all the meddles you will win back to the states." So I said "Well I guess I will win as many of them as you will win." That shut him up for a wile but finely he says "You have got enough chest to wear a whole junk shop on it." So I said "Well I am not the baby that can't win them." So he says "If you ever happen to be snooping around the bosh trenchs when Fritz climbs over the top you will come back so fast that the Kaiser will want to know who was that speed merchant that led the charge and decorate you with a iron cross." So I said "I will decorate you right in the eye one of these days." So he had to shut up and all the other boys give him the laugh.

Well Al jokeing to one side if I half to go back home without a meddle it will be because they are playing favorites but I guess I wouldn't be left out at that because I stand ace high with most of the Frenchmens around here because they like a man that's always got a smile or a kind word for them and they would like me still better yet if they could understand more English and get my stuff better but it don't seem like they even try to learn and I suppose its because they figure the war is in their country so everybody should ought to talk their language but when you get down to cases they's a big job on both our hands and if one of us has got to talk the others language why and the he—ll should they pick on the one that's hard to learn it and besides its 2 to 1 you might say because the U. S. and the English uses the same language and they's nobody only the French that talks like they do because they couldn't nobody else talk that way so why wouldn't it be the square thing for them to forget theirs and tackle ours and it would prolongate their lifes to do it because most of their words can't be said without straining yourself and no matter what kind of a physic you got its bound to wear you down in time.

But I suppose the French soldiers figure they have got enough of a job on their hands remembering their different uniforms and who to salute and etc. and they have got a fine system in the French army Al because you wear whatever you was before you got to be what you are that is sometimes. For inst. suppose you use to be in the artillery and now you are a aviator you still wear a artillery uniform part of the time and its like I use to pitch for the White Sox and I guess I would be a pretty looking bird if I waddled around in the mire here a wile with my old baseball unie on me and soon people would begin to think I was drafted from the Toledo Mud Hens.

Seriously Al sometimes you see 4 or 5 French officers comeing along and they haven't one of them got the same color uniform on but they are all dressed up like a Roman candle you might say and if their uniforms run when they got wet a man could let them drip into a pail and drink it up for a pussy cafe.

Well Al the boys in our regt. is going to get out a newspaper and get it out themself and it will be just the news about our regt. and a few gags and comical storys about the different boys and they are going to get it out once per wk.

Corp. Pierson from our Co. that use to work on a newspaper somewheres is going to be the editor and he wants I should write them up something about baseball and how to pitch and etc. but I don't believe in a man waisting their time on a childs play like writeing up articles for a newspaper but just to stall him I said I would try and think up something and give it to him when I had it wrote up. Well him waiting for my article will be like me waiting for mail because I don't want nobody to take me for a newspaper man because I seen enough of them in baseball and one

time we was playing in Phila. and I had them shut out up to the 8th inning and all of a sudden Weaver and Collins got a stroke of paralysis and tipped their caps to a couple ground balls that grazed their shoe laces and then Rube Oldring hit one on a line right at Gandil and he tried to catch it on the bounce off his lap and Bill Dinneen's right arm was lame and he begin calling everything a ball and first thing you know they beat us 9 to 2 or something and Robbins one of the Chi paper reporters that traveled with us wired a telegram home to his paper that Phila. was supposed to be a town where a man could get plenty of sleep but I looked like I had set up all the nights we was there and of course Florrie seen it in the paper and got delirious and I would of busted Robbins in the jaw only I wasn't sure if he realy wrote it that way or the telegraph operator might of balled it up.

So they won't be no newspaper articles in mine Al but I will be anxious to see what Pierson's paper looks like when it comes out and I bet it will be a fine paper if our bunch have the writeing of it because the most of them would drop in a swoon if you asked them how to spell their name.

Your pal, JACK

SOMEWHERES IN FRANCE, March 9.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I guess I all ready told you about them getting up a newspaper in our regt. and Joe Pierson asked me would I write them up something for it and I told him no I wouldn't but it seems like he overheard me and thought I said I would so any way he was expecting something from me so last night I wrote them up something and I don't know if the paper will ever get printed or not so I will coppy down a part of what I wrote to give you a idear of what I wrote. He wanted I should write them up something about the stragety of baseball and where it was like the stragety in the war because one night last month I give them a little talk at one of their entertainments about how the man that used their brains in baseball was the one that win just like in the army but I guess I all ready told you about me giveing them that little talk and afterwards I got a skinfull of the old grape and I thought sure they would have me up in front of the old court marshall but they never knowed the difference on acct. of the way I can handle it and you take the most of the boys and if they see a cork they want to kiss the Colonel. Well any way here is the article I wrote up and I called it War and Baseball 2 games where brains wins.

"The gen. public that go out to the baseball park and set through the games probably think they see everything that is going on on the field but they's a lot of stuff that goes on on the baseball field that the gen. public don't see and don't know nothing about and I refer to what we baseball boys calls inside baseball."

"No one is in a better position to know all about inside baseball then a man like I who have been a pitcher in the big league because it is the pitchers that has to do most of the thinking and pull off the smart plays that is what wins ball games. For inst. I will write down about a little incidents that come off one time 2 yrs. ago when the Boston club was playing against the Chicago White Sox where I was one of the stars when the U. S. went into the war and then I dropped baseball and signed up a contract with Uncle Sam to play for my country in the big game against the Kaiser of Germany. This day I refer to I was in there giveing them the best I had but we was in a tight game because the boys was not hitting behind me though Carl Mays that was pitching for the Boston club didn't have nothing on the ball only the cover and after the ball left his hand you could of ran in the club house and changed your undershirt and still be back in time to swing when the ball got up there."

Well Gen. I Think I Could Help You if I Could Just See You But I Don't Suppose They's Any Chance of That Unless I Could Get Leave Off to Run Down to Paris for a Wile and Meet You

"Well it come along the 9th. inning and we was tied up with the score 2 and 2 and I had Larry Gardner swinging like a hammock all day but this time he hit a fly ball that either Weaver or Jackson ought to of caught in a hollow tooth but they both layed down and died on it and Gardner got on second base. Well they was 2 men out and Hoblitzel was the next man up and the next man after he was Scott their shortstop that couldn't take the ball in his hand and make a base hit off a man like I so instead of me giveing Hobby a ball to hit I walked him as we call it and then of course it was Scott's turn to bat and Barry their mgr. hesitated if he should send Ruth up to hit for Scott or not but finely he left Scott go up there and he was just dragging his bat off of his shoulder to swing at the first strike when I whizzed the third one past him."

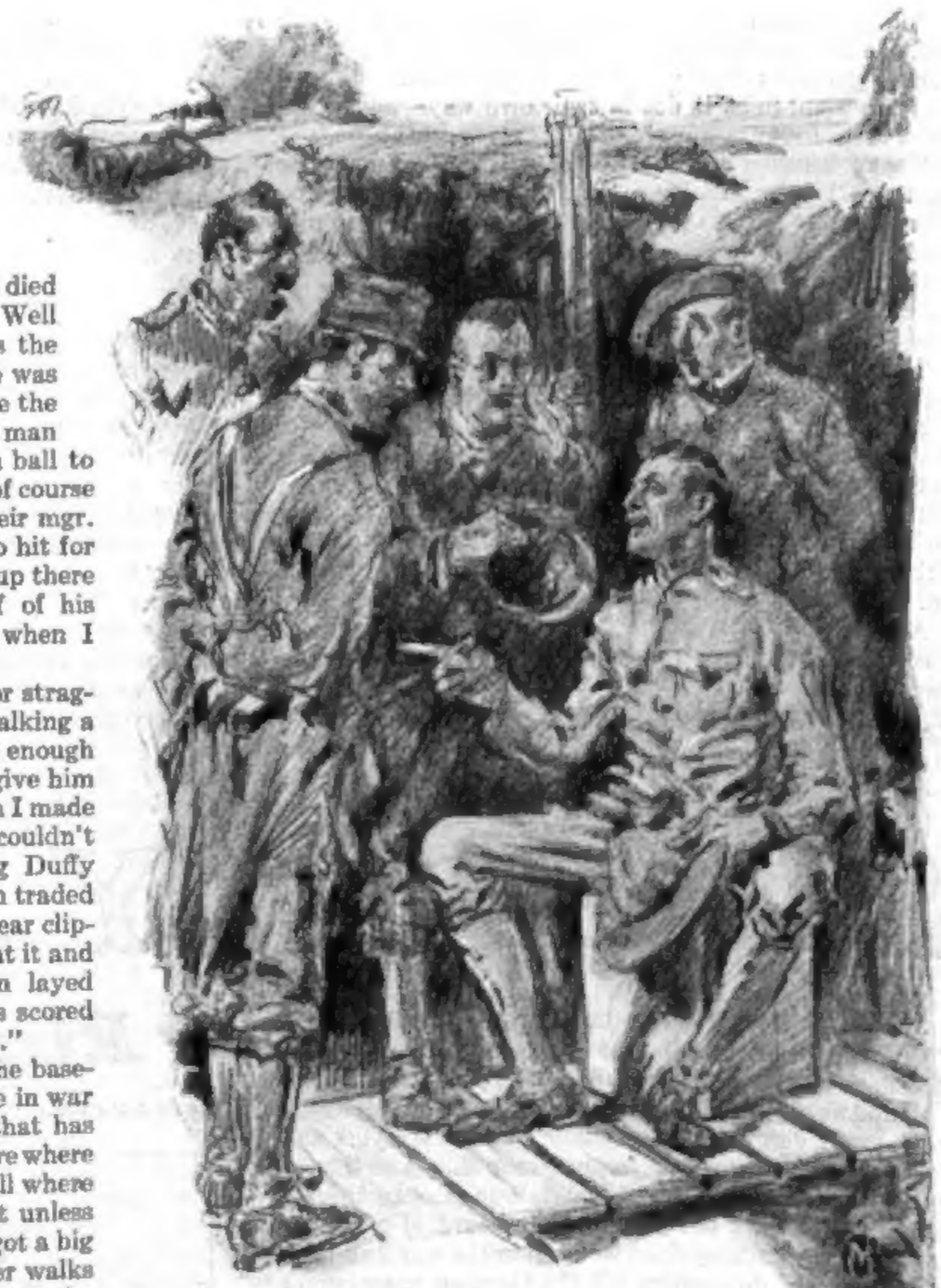
"That is what we call inside baseball or stragety whether its in baseball or war is walking a man like Hoblitzel that might be lucky enough to hit one somewheres but if you don't give him nothing to hit how can he hit it and then I made Scott look like he had been sent for but couldn't come. Afterwards in the 11th. inning Duffy Lewis hit a ball that he ought to of been traded for even swinging at it because it come near clipping his ear lob but any way he swang at it and hit it for three bases because Jackson layed down and died going after it and Lewis scored on a past ball and they beat us 3 and 2."

"So that is what we call stragety on the baseball field and it wins there the same like in war and this war will be win by the side that has gens. with brains and use them and I figure where a man that has been in big league baseball where you can't never make a success out of it unless you are a quick thinker and they have got a big advantage over men that's been in other walks of life where its most all luck and I figure the army would be a whole lot better off if all the officers and gens. had of played baseball in the big leagues and learned to think quick, but of course they ain't everybody that have got the ability to play baseball and stand the gaff but the man that has got the ability and been through the ropes is just that much ahead of the rest of them and its to bad that most of our gens. is so old that they couldn't of knew much about baseball since it become a test of brains like it is now."

"I am afraid I have eat up a lot of space with my little Article on War and Baseball so I will end this little article up with a little comical incidents that happened dureing our training trip down in Mineral Wells, Tex. a year ago this spring. The first day we was out for practice they was a young outfielder from a bush league and Mgr. Rowland told him to go out in right field and shag and this was his reply. "I haven't never been in this park before so you will half to tell me which is right field." Of course right field is the same field in all parks and that is what made the incidents so comical and some of the boys is certainly green when they first break in and we have manys the laugh at their expense."

That is what I wrote up for them Al and I wound it up with that little story and I was reading over what I wrote and Johnny Alcock seen me reading it and asked me to leave him see it so I showed it to him and he said it was great stuff and he hadn't never dreamt they was that much stragety in baseball and he thought if some of the officers seen it they would pop their eyes out and they would want to talk to me and get my idears and see if maybe they couldn't some of them be plied to war fair and maybe if I showed them where it could I would get promoted and stuck on to the gen. staff that's all made up from gens. that lays out the attacks and etc.

Well Al Alcock is a pretty wise bird and a fine boy to if you know how to take him and he seen right off what I was getting at in my article and its true Al that the 2 games is like the other and quick thinking is what wins in both of them. But I am not looking for no staff job that you don't half to go up in the trenchs and fight but just lay around in some office somewheres and stick pins in a map while the rest of the boys is sticking bayonets in the Dutchmen's maps so I hope they don't none of the gens. see what I wrote because I come over here to fight and be a soldier and carry a riffle instead of a pin cushion.



I Stand Ace High With Most of the Frenchmens Around Here and They Would Like Me Still Better Yet if They Could Understand More English and Get My Stuff Better

But it don't hurt nothing for me to give them a few hints once in a wile about useing their brains if they have got them and if I can do any good with my articles in the papers why I would just as leaf wear my fingers to the bone writeing them up. Your pal, JACK

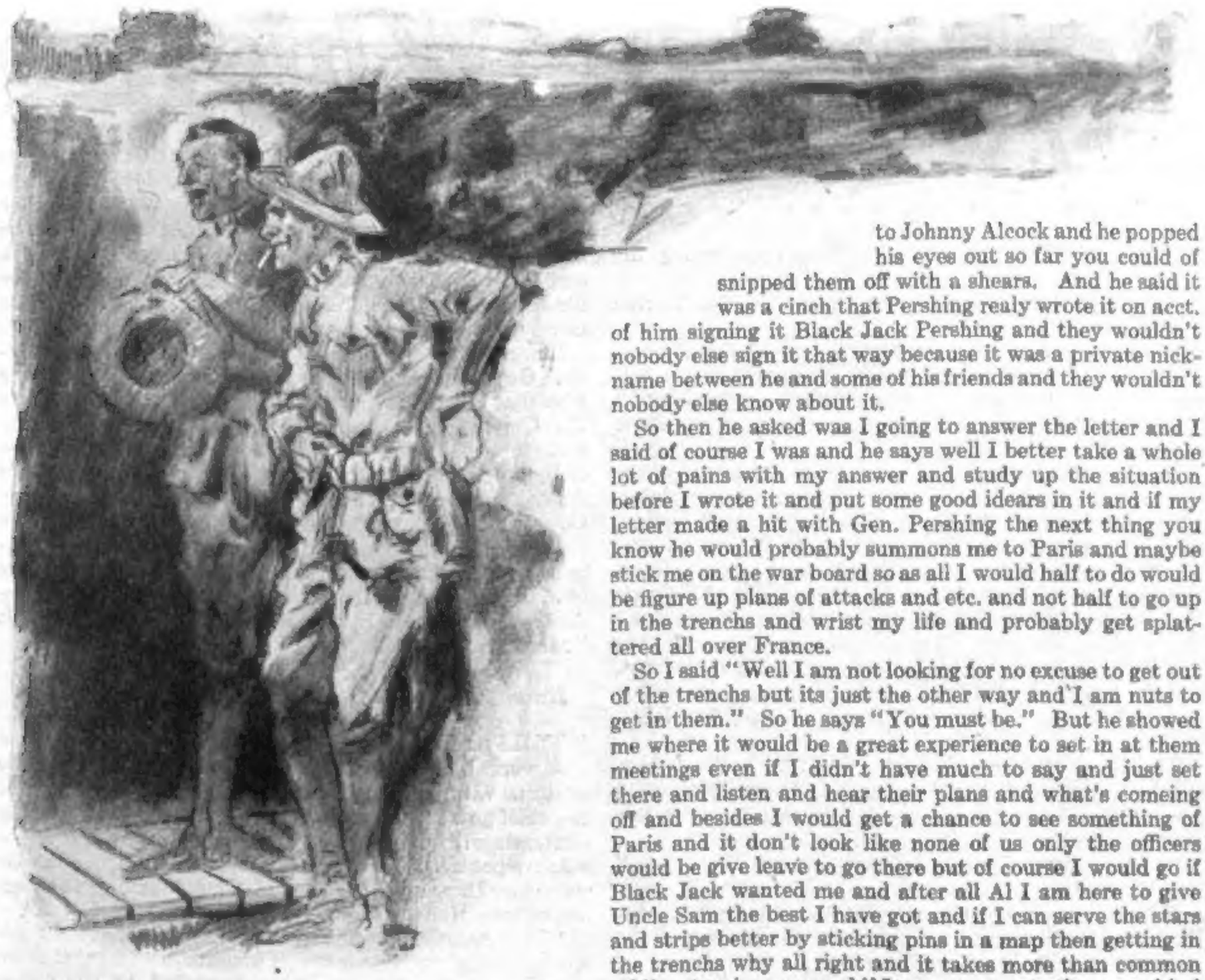
SOMEWHERES IN FRANCE, March 13.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I bet you will pretty near fall over in a swoon when you read what I have got to tell you. Before you get this letter you will probably all ready of got a coppy of the paper I told you about because it come out the day before yesterday and I sent you a coppy with my article in it only they cut a part of it out on acct. of not haveing enough space for all of it but they left the best part of it in.

Well Al somebody must of sent a coppy to Gen. Pershing and marked up what I wrote up so as he would be sure and see it and probably one of the officers done it. Well that's either here or there but this afternoon when we come in they was a letter for me and who do you think it was from Al. Well you can't never even begin to guess so I will tell you. It was from Gen. Pershing Al and it come from Paris where he is at and I have got it here laying on the table and I would send it to you to look at only I wouldn't take no chances of looseing it and I don't mean you wouldn't be carefull of it Al but of course the mail has got to go across the old pond and if the Dutchmens periscoped the boat the letter was on it it would be good night letter and a letter like this here is something to be proud of and hold onto it and keep it for little Al till he grows up big enough to appreciate it. But they's nothing to prevent me from copping down the letter so as you can read what it says and here it is.

PRIVATE KEEFE,

Dear Sir: My attention was called today to an article written by you in your regimental paper under the title War and Baseball: Two Games Where Brains Wins. In this article you state that our generals would be better able to accomplish their task if they had enjoyed the benefits of strategic training in baseball. I have always been a great admirer of the national game of baseball and I heartily agree with what you say. But unfortunately only a few of us ever possessed the ability to play your



game and the few never were proficient enough to play it professionally. Therefore the general staff is obliged to blunder along without that capacity for quick thinking which is acquired only on the baseball field.

But I believe in making use of all the talent in my army, even among the rank and file. Therefore I respectfully ask whether you think some of your baseball secrets would be of strategic value to us in the prosecution of this war and if so whether you would be willing to provide us with the same.

If it is not too much trouble, I would be pleased to hear from you along these lines, and if you have any suggestion to make regarding a campaign against our enemy, either offensive or defensive, I would be pleased to have you outline it in a letter to me.

By the way I note with pleasure that our first names are the same. It makes a sort of bond between us which I trust will be further cemented if you can be of assistance to me in my task.

I shall eagerly await your reply. Sincerely,

BLACK JACK PERSHING,
Folies Bergere, Paris, France.

That is the letter I got from him Al and I'll say its some letter and I bet if some of these smart alex officers seen it it would reduce some of the swelling in their chest but I consider the letter confidential Al and I haven't showed it to nobody only 3 or 4 of my buddys and I showed it to Johnny Alcock and he popped his eyes out so far you could of snipped them off with a shears. And he said it was a cinch that Pershing realy wrote it on acct. of him signing it Black Jack Pershing and they wouldn't nobody else sign it that way because it was a private nickname between he and some of his friends and they wouldn't nobody else know about it.

So then he asked was I going to answer the letter and I said of course I was and he says well I better take a whole lot of pains with my answer and study up the situation before I wrote it and put some good idears in it and if my letter made a hit with Gen. Pershing the next thing you know he would probably summons me to Paris and maybe stick me on the war board so as all I would half to do would be figure up plans of attacks and etc. and not half to go up in the trenchs and wrist my life and probably get splattered all over France.

So I said "Well I am not looking for no excuse to get out of the trenchs but its just the other way and I am nuts to get in them." So he says "You must be." But he showed me where it would be a great experience to set in at them meetings even if I didn't have much to say and just set there and listen and hear their plans and what's comeing off and besides I would get a chance to see something of Paris and it don't look like none of us only the officers would be give leave to go there but of course I would go if Black Jack wanted me and after all Al I am here to give Uncle Sam the best I have got and if I can serve the stars and stripe better by sticking pins in a map then getting in the trenchs why all right and it takes more than common soldiers to win a war and if I am more use to them as a kind of adviser instead of carrying a bayonet why I will sacrifice my own feelings for the good of the cause like I often done in baseball.

But they's another thing Alcock told me Al and that is that the war board they have got has got gens. on it from all the different countrys like the U. S. and England and France and Spain and of course they are more French gens. than anything else on acct. of the war being here in France so probably they do some of their talking in French and Alcock says if he was I he would get busy and try and learn enough French so as I could make myself understood when I had something to say and of course they probably won't nothing come out of it all but still and all I always say its best to be ready for whatever comes off and if the U. S. had of been ready for this war I wouldn't be setting here writeing this letter now but I would be takeing a plunge in one of them Berlin brewry vats.

Any way I have all ready picked enough French so as I can talk it pretty good and I would be O. K. if I could understand it when they are talking it off but to hear them talk it off you would think they seen their dinner at the end of the sentence.

Well Al I will tell you how things comes out and I hope Black Jack will forget all about it and lay off me so as I can get into the real fighting instead of standing in front of a map all the wile like a school teacher or something and I all most wished I hadn't never wrote that article and then of course the idear wouldn't of never came to Black Jack that I could help him but if he does take me on his staff it will be some pair of Jacks eh Al and enough to open the pot and if the Germans is sucker enough to stay in they will get their whiskers cinched. Your pal, JACK

SOMEWHERES IN FRANCE, March 14.

FRIEND AL: Well this is the second letter I have wrote today and the other one is to Gen. Pershing and I have still got the letter here yet Al and I will coppy it down and tell you what I wrote to him.

GEN. JACK PERSHING,
%Folies Bergere, Paris, France.

Dear Gen: You can bet I was supprised to get a letter from you and when I wrote that article I didn't have no idear that they would something come out of it. Well Gen. I come into the army expecting to fight and lay down my life if nessary and I am not one of the kind that are looking for an out and trying to hide behind a desk or something because I am afraid to go into the trenchs but I guess if you know something about baseball you won't accuse me from not having the old nerve because they can't no man hold onto a job in the big leagues unless a man is fearless and does their best work under fire and especially a pitcher. But if you figure that I can serve old glory better some other way then in the rank and files I am willing to sacrifice myself like I often done in baseball. Anything to win Gen. is the way I look at it.

You asked me in your letter did I think some of my idears would help out well gen. a man don't like to sound like they was bragging themself up but this isn't no time for monking and I guess you want the truth. Well gen. I don't know much about running a army and their plans but stragety is the same if its on the battle field or the baseball diamond you might say and it just means how can we beat them and I often say that the men that can use their brains will win any kind of a game except maybe some college Willy boy game like football or bridge whist.

Well gen. without no bragging myself up I learned a whole lot about stragety on the baseball field and I think I could help you in a good many ways but before I tried to tell you how to do something I would half to know what you was trying to do and of course I know you can't tell me in a letter on acct. of the censors and of course they are Americans to but they's a whole lot of the

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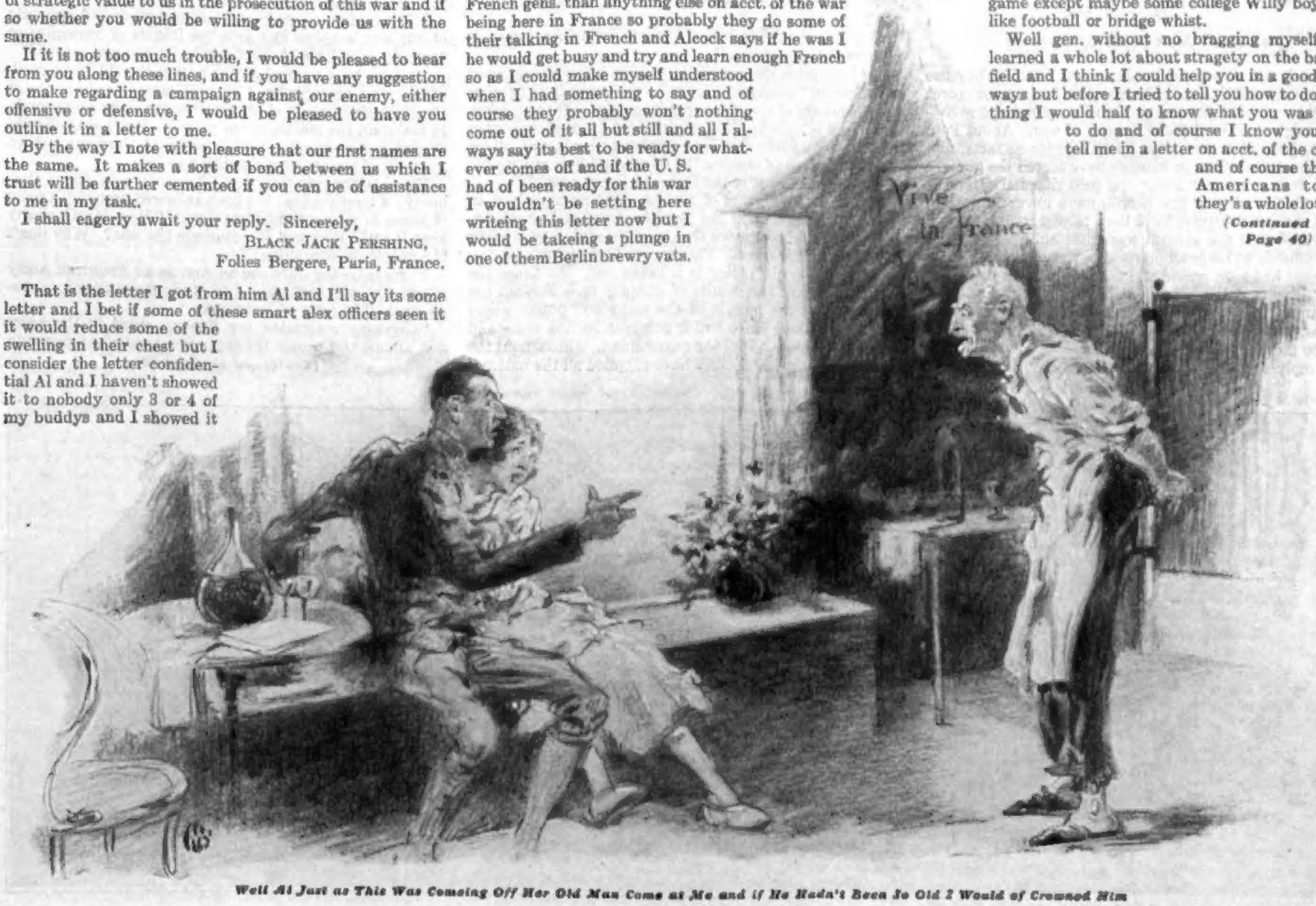

Well Al Just as This Was Comeing Off Her Old Man Come at Me and if He Hadn't Been So Old I Would of Crowned Him

When Von Hindenburg Whistles

By CARL W. ACKERMAN

DECORATION BY FRANK SPRADLING

GERMANY'S morale fluctuates with the war. When everything is going well and victories are advertised daily by the army and navy, the government and people become intoxicated with the possibilities of a German peace. The normal goal, from Berlin to Bagdad, is extended, and, as Maximilian Harden stated, the new ambition reaches from Hamburg to Herat. At particular moments of exhilaration the vision of Germany's future is summarized by the phrase "From Hamburg to Heaven."

At other moments, when Germany is in a tight place, when no victories are proclaimed, when the lists of the German dead and wounded are posted and the price of fleeting victories is measured in human units, the public asks: "Is Von Hindenburg whistling?"

The morale, the fighting spirit of the enemy, rises and falls like mercury in a thermometer. It reaches the heights of heaven and drops to the River Styx despite the efforts of the government to maintain it at an equally high level day in and day out. This enemy morale is the greatest gamble of the war, the biggest problem of the Imperial Government. This is the one factor that makes Germany the modern Sphinx.

What is it that makes the German people say one day that "when Von Hindenburg whistles the war will end," and the next morning shout "*Gott Strafe England*," "*Amerikanische Bluff*," and "*Deutschland Uber Alles*"? Why are they so inconsistent? Why do they think the United States will never fight? Why do they blindly and blandly follow their leaders? How long can they and will they keep it up?

Across the Rhine at Great Headquarters in Spa are the brains of Germany. Here these problems are solved every day. Through thousands of channels, like great nerve cords, the fluctuations in public opinion are reported to the military leaders, and through as many unseen and unknown lines of communication new ideas, tempting catchwords, explanations and war phrases are transmitted to the people. It is a game of chess with public thoughts which Von Hindenburg and Ludendorff play. Their orders move the pawns at the Front and change opinion at home. The war has perfected the science of militarism, which they have studied for forty years.

The Real Sick Man of Europe

BUT it is not so complex as one might imagine, because the system of internal propaganda is based upon scores of legends and has been completely reorganized and revivified since the United States has been at war. About Paul von Hindenburg there are as many legends as facts, and all of them at one time or another have served the government. One story told about the field marshal after the Battle of Tannenberg the people have never forgotten, though many substitutes have been passed round.

It is said that the general was entertaining a party of Berlin officials at his headquarters in East Prussia. After the cognac had been passed and the events of the day thoroughly discussed the officers and visitors began to comment upon the various things different men do when nervous, and the hero of the Masurian Lakes was asked what he did under such circumstances.

His reply was as calm as it was laconic: "I whistle."

"Has Your Excellency ever been nervous during the war?" another guest queried.

"So far, I have not whistled," answered the Teuton leader.

This was a very simple anecdote, but for months and years afterward when the people became nervous and fearful they would ask: "Is Von Hindenburg whistling?" And when the answer was in the negative they would be calm again.

That was the beginning of the childlike confidence of the German people in the Hanover warrior. A year later, when he became the dictator of Germany's armed destiny, another story was told. Von Hindenburg, it was said, had his first conversation with Von Falkenhayn at Great Headquarters in France when he relieved him of his position as Chief of the General Staff. The two generals had always been enemies. Von Hindenburg charged that Von Falkenhayn withheld troops from the Eastern Front, and the latter retorted that Von Hindenburg was wasting men and resources in the east when Paris might be taken in the west.

The day the field marshal arrived at Charleville, following the German defeat at Verdun, Von Falkenhayn asked him: "Has Your Excellency the courage to take this position now?"

"I have always had the courage, but not the troops," Von Hindenburg responded.

With this anecdote there developed a new legend about Paul von Hindenburg's courage, and he was called the modern Saint Paul.

As time wore on stories about the German hero enveloped him in a semisacred atmosphere and he became what he is to-day, the great Hun god. In Berlin the people climb the scaffolding built round his wooden image and drive nails into the grotesque figure as armament against the elements of Nature. From the Imperial shrine at Spa he exhorts the people to have faith and reproves them for their lack of patience. Since he has been made an idol the Germans have worshiped his creed—a belief in thirteen words:

"Faith is the substance of victories hoped for; the evidence of defeats unseen."

For four years the enemy population has been educated to believe in "ultimate victory"—the rewards of fighting and the luxury of the peace that is to come. For four years the enemy morale has been maintained by these and other legends; by a systematic and ruthless propaganda; all for the sole purpose of making the officers, soldiers and people see through the eyes of the Imperial Government.

And these four years of ruthless fighting have had an interesting effect upon the German mind and character. The German who boasted that his word was as good as his bond has disappeared. The honest German official has found that his old policy is a losing one. At times the German faith in the results of military hero worship has slumped, and the morale of the army and public would have broken long since had it not been for the tense and continual propaganda of the government. Throughout the war the military authorities have supplied all the national aims and public thoughts. German minds have become like engines, dead and silent until the government supplied the gasoline and spark. The German Army and public have been inoculated with ideas that have produced a sort of national coma, the disease of militarism. This is the illness Germany is suffering from to-day. For this reason Germany, not Turkey, is the "sick man of Europe."

Since the American Army has been in France the German Government has had a most difficult time explaining what has always been termed "American bluff." Before the United States associated herself with the Entente everything that came from our shores, whether diplomatic communications or public resentment of German plots in America, was called "bluff." The phrase was invented by Count zu Reventlow, the anti-American naval critic of the Deutsche Tageszeitung. It was patented by the government and used by Germans everywhere. And when it was officially announced that there were a million and more American soldiers in Europe the German authorities said: "More American bluff."

How Germany Maintains a Fighting Morale

"THIS parvenu among the peoples is not only one of the worst hypocrites, but also a boaster who would like to crush us with figures," wrote the Cologne Gazette, one of the chief government mouthpieces, "while all its bragging contrasts with very modest achievements at the Front—achievements upon which we need pass no judgment of our own since there are English and French judgments enough which speak for themselves.

"This America at the Front has already made the acquaintance of us Germans; it is urgently necessary that we should be better known and appreciated in the home of the Yankee, also. Not for nothing did we receive unfriendliness after unfriendliness, even before the intervention of the United States; not for nothing was American help even then placed in the greatest abundance at the disposal of our enemies; not for nothing did and does a flood of abuse from America pour out against us; moreover, all that Wilson's people and state can produce in the way of an army is opposing us.

"So it is also only right and fair that we should make use of our war weapons and give the friends of humanity at home an exhibition of what war looks like and means."

Since we have been a fighting nation the old, influential, widely read, conservative Cologne Gazette has been one of the chief instruments of the government in its propaganda to maintain the morale of the people. But I shall discuss this press campaign later, after outlining Germany's seven methods of maintaining a fighting morale.

There is one question that everybody asks about Germany; a question that has been answered probably a score of times in as many different ways. "How can Germany keep it up? How can she continue the war? Why don't the people do something?"

There is to-day only one answer, as an American Army officer who was sent abroad to study these questions discovered. The reply he gave was:

"Germany maintains her fighting spirit in the army and among the people through an extensive propaganda

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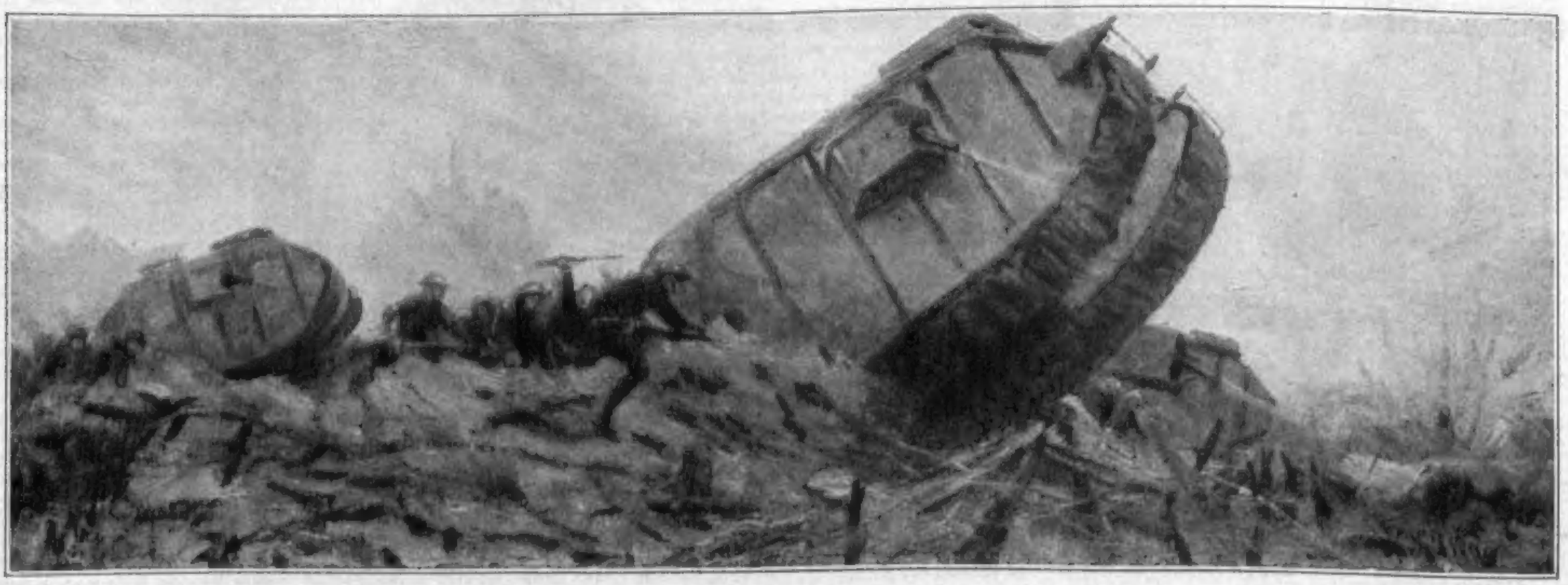


THE YEARS OF A MAN

By Everything Life Meant to Him and Not to That Boy, by Every Advantage and Opportunity Given Him Over the Other, He Was So Much the More Bound to Go—to Go First and Blaze the Way for the Armies of the Boy to Follow

By Grace Ellery Channing

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

UPSTAIRS a young woman who might have been a girl—or a boy, for that matter, so competently bobbed hair, sweater and abbreviated skirt obliterated the matron in her—walked up and down the room, her hands clenched till the nails bit into the palms as her teeth did into her lip.

"I should die!" she was saying over and over fiercely to herself; "I should die!" Once she said it half aloud and stood startled at the sound. But the next moment she resumed her light rapid pacing up and down, while from time to time she repeated the same thing over and over: "I should die! God, don't let it happen! I should die!"

Downstairs a woman who never at any time of her life could have been mistaken for a boy helplessly confronted a tall young man over the pile of knitting in her lap.

"You took her from me," she said. "You've got that to think of now. You made yourself responsible for her; you can't kill her now."

Her son-in-law made a gesture of weary impatience.

"I haven't denied the responsibility, have I? What have I done?"

"It isn't what you have done; it's what you may do. Listen!" She held up a hand. In the silence they could just make out the rapid light steps overhead. Bob Crawford's face darkened.

"Is that Elsie?"

His companion nodded.

"You see what the bare idea does to her. And she's got a weak heart; you knew that when you married her."

Crawford stared at his mother-in-law.

"But where did she get 'the bare idea'?"

"Sara Wolcott was here this morning; Oliver's going."

"Going! Oliver really going?" Crawford started eagerly, then catching his companion's eyes he wound up more calmly: "Then that's why he's been telephoning."

"I dare say." His mother-in-law's tone was indifferent. "Well—you see for yourself what it does to her; she's been like that since lunch."

"But why?" The question was jerked out.

"Because, of course, she's afraid you will want to go."

Crawford's laugh was short and not too pleasant.

"Not much danger! I'm too well tied."

"And she's perfectly right." She gave him a sharp glance. "You do want to go."

Crawford turned and looked out of the window, away from the sharp eyes.

"What does it matter what I want to do—so long as I don't do it, as I realize I can't?"

"You do realize that, at least? Well, I'm thankful; it's what you ought to feel. It isn't as if there weren't plenty of young unmarried men; even the Government recognizes that."

Crawford turned again—to survey his mother-in-law.

"Wolcott's not unmarried—nor young; and he has a child."

"Which makes a great difference," she answered quickly.

"Yes, it does; even the Government recognizes that; I ought to go first."

"I mean—a difference the other way," Mrs. Brownell spoke firmly. "If anything happened to Oliver there'd be the child; Elsie has only you."

In spite of himself Bob smiled faintly.

"If Elsie had the child you'd see in it another reason for my not going. Anything," he added wearily, "can be a reason when one wants it to be."

His mother-in-law looked at him, unruffled, and untroubled by any sense of humor.

"That means you do want to go," she accused him. "Well, all I can say is—it would be a crime, like marrying her under false pretenses. I never would have consented if I had known."

It flashed through her son-in-law's mind that if she had known there would have been larger issues than their marriage she might have usefully adjusted, involving a few continents and races, but this flickering amusement failed him suddenly.

"My dear woman," he said impatiently but not unfondly, for he was untraditionally attached to her, partly perhaps because she constantly amused him: "I'm not doing—nor likely to do—a thing!" And that, he privately added, was the worst of it.

"Elsie," repeated Elsie's mother imperturbably, "is all I have." Crawford gathered that this statement was meant as a full offset against any little claim, as of world wars. He watched while she took up her knitting, a huge gray army sock, and then turned away; thereby he did not see her let it fall again while her glance followed his graceful muscular figure from the room. She paid him the transient tribute of an admiring sigh; he at least was well-knit, she felt, whatever else was not; he would look awfully well in uniform—it really was a pity —— But there was Elsie. Her lips tightened firmly as she resumed her task with a kind of holy fury. Her part at least she would do.

Upstairs Crawford listened a moment outside the door, before he knocked, and as he listened he frowned again.

"It's I, Elsie."

The light footsteps stopped, as if they had caught their breath. There was a barely perceptible pause before his wife's voice answered "Come in."

On the threshold Crawford halted an unbelieving moment. Elsie was seated composedly at the farther end of the room, and she, too, was knitting. He might have thought he had dreamed the footsteps, but that as he went nearer he noticed she kept her eyelids down and knitted faster. Desiring above everything to avoid one topic, he plunged into it.

"Nobody can say I've not a patriotic household—your mother downstairs and you up. But do soldiers wear rose-colored mufflers?"

"I'm not knitting for soldiers." Elsie spoke almost shortly, and she moved with what he felt to be repressed irritation. Her husband regarded her with the blank feeling of a man whose dearest friend has suddenly become a stranger. He longed to convey comfort—but how to do that without saying the thing which in its nature could not be said! He plunged again.

"I've come to say I'm deserting—going down to see Wolcott off; he's been telephoning ——"

Elsie was looking at him now, her eyes in their dark circles two lighted question marks.

"Oh, just to wish him good luck, you know," he concluded lamely.

"Oh, well—wish him it for me too," was Elsie's cold comment.

Her husband made another effort.

"Pretty hard on Sara, I call it."

This time Elsie's response was unmistakably glacial.

"Oh, Sara! She'll stand it all right; she's expected it."

And with a wounded glance Crawford turned on his heel and left the room.

It was funny, he thought, all the way downstairs and out of the house—damned funny, how calm women could be about other women's husbands; but it did seem to him Elsie might have been a little more human about Ollie, at least. This was not the first time he had had that experience, lately, of meeting a stranger in his wife, but it was not any the less painful for that.

He considered their case gloomily all the way down in the Subway. There were women knitting on both sides of him, jabbing an occasional elbow into his side, and a pair of schoolgirls hard at it across the aisle, but none of them was knitting rose color. It was odd how so trivial a matter served to accentuate the larger things between them; one mightn't be actually going into the war and still recognize that the moment was not for rose color. A mere question of taste, but that was exactly it; never before had he conceived it possible that his wife's could fail. Only a question of taste, of course; probably at heart not one of those frenzied knitters was half so patriotic as Elsie.

How they had thrilled together over the war, ardent pro-Allies from the first gun, nothing neutral about them! How they had rejoiced together when the country came in—as they had never till then rejoiced over anything except each other! Elsie had said then with her arms about his neck that she hoped it wasn't wicked to be glad he was

over the military age, because of course if he hadn't been she would have been the first to urge him to enlist. And he had replied with a great sense of solemnity that of course they both would have been ready for the sacrifice for any sacrifice, but that the Government knew best; it wanted younger men. It had cost him something like a pang at the moment to admit that he was too old for anything—he whose football and boating days seemed to himself but a step away; still, after all, a man beyond a certain age is a man beyond a certain age—and not a youngster any more.

That was before the elder officers' camps were established. Since then, and especially since his friends began going to these, he had done at first some wondering as to how Elsie might feel, but her silence was eloquent—even without her mother's more eloquent commentaries. He had had to intrust to the latter the task of reassuring Elsie, for it was somehow impossible to say in so many cold words to your own wife that she needn't worry lest you do anything heroic, when the implicit understanding was that it was she who prevented you. It had resulted in an unnatural situation—that of having a thing between them which couldn't be spoken of freely, yet was nevertheless the biggest thing there was. They spoke all round it, and by indirections approached it, but the point of it—its application to him—was tacitly avoided.

And it was appalling what a big gulf so small a silence had ended by creating. Crawford felt the most intense sympathy for his wife; no doubt she accused herself, though it was certainly not her fault that her heart was weak, nor was it in his heart to blame her for her disability. But somehow it lay there like a thing between them, felt the more because theirs had been an exceptional marriage.

Crawford retained enough native common sense to smile at himself even while he said this. Others, he was aware, entertained a similar delusion - Sara and Oliver, for example. He winced at this reminder and got up hastily, surrendering his seat to a young woman who was attempting to knit while hanging intermittently to a strap, and had already nearly achieved several surgical cases.

The next minute he regretted his move, for it brought him face to face with two pairs of khaki-clad eyes—that was the impression they made on him—belonging to two well-set-up—and they knew it—young officers. They were in full panoply, even to side arms, which ought to mean they were on their way to report and were careful of regulations, and they carried swagger sticks, which proved them nothing of the kind; and from their caps to their spurs—almost certainly denoting the Infantry -they were immaculate.

"Nobody Can Say I've Not a Patriotic Household. But Do Soldiers Wear Rose-Colored Mufflers?"

Crawford admitted-they made a handsome picture, and straightened his own shoulders involuntarily; then he regretted that, too, for one of them turned and said something to the other, and they both looked at him. Was there or wasn't there a faint scorn in their glance as they turned away? Oh, they thought themselves the whole thing, plainly, and ten to one their hardest job was holding down a desk at Washington—which again might account for the spurs. Did they by any chance, he wondered, have wives with weak hearts? For by no means the first time he wished—almost—that he were less conspicuously fit and didn't look so much younger than his years.

He was beginning to hate riding in the Subway, it was so full of khaki, but the streets were no better. It was probable he was getting morbid, for it seemed to him everybody stared at him as if he and not the Government had established the age limit. Every month made it worse. And if it were like this now, what, he wondered, would it be like when the game really began and the casualty lists came in? He answered his own question briefly: "It'll be hell!"

The city was full of men of his age, going comfortably about their business, camouflaging trying situations with Liberty Bonds and even Savings Stamps. Why must he alone feel this acute discomfort?

"Ah, but it's not you alone," something inconveniently reminded him. "How about the others—Hastings and Dykeson and Van Tyne, Schlessinger and Oliver—all the rest who have thrown up big jobs and left big fortunes to go?" Ah—that was it precisely, a big fortune was a thing you could leave; it was the little fortune that was difficult—the breaking-up of a business you might never build again, virtually destroying your family's future as well as your own. This was not precisely his case; there would be enough, and Elsie was an only child; one was not rich, but one was hardly poor who had his modest country house, his motor car and other decencies of life, as they were understood in his set. Besides, Elsie and he were not people to think of sacrifices in terms of money; no indeed! It had to be a very different—a real reason which could stand in the way with them.

He glared at the two officers as he pushed past them out of the Subway. But once on the street he found himself trying not to be conspicuous. Hitherto, he realized now, he had been rather childishly fond of swinging along the pavements, and by no means averse to the eyes of the multitude. Now it seemed to him those eyes rested upon him only to appraise him in terms of military fitness. Well, it was only what he found himself doing with other men.

Wolcott from the inner office acknowledged his friend's entrance with a nod and smile.

"Just a minute," he said over the pile of papers he was consigning to a man Crawford recognized and whose manner clearly betrayed his legal functions.

While he was thus occupied, Crawford from the back of the room, where he had discreetly withdrawn, covertly scrutinized his friend. He had never before envied Oliver any personal advantage; the honors had been frankly to himself; but now he saw him through the indescribable change that goes with the uniform—with what the uniform stands for. Oliver seemed to him handsome—all but stately; there was about him a distinction of superiority like the distinction of death, all the more striking to his friend because of Oliver's unconsciousness of it, as, cigarette in mouth, he signed one paper after another and handed it over. Crawford felt himself undistinguished, miserably commonplace, apologetic, plebeian, as he looked on dumbly. It was as if a wide space already separated them. Only when the legal undertaker had departed Oliver measurably bridged this, turning in his swivel chair to hold out his cigarette case, and letting himself go with an air of relief.

"Thank goodness, that's over! I see you know ——"

Crawford nodded.

"I came as soon as I heard. What can I do?"

"That's One of the Things You'll Have to Look Out For, Dear: Not to Mind the Others. It's Enough for Us That We've Seen—You and I"

"Nothing in particular; it was just to see you and yes, to ask you—and Elsie to look after Sara a little."

"You know we would."

"Yes—and it's good to know; but just at first ——"

Wolcott stopped; he looked at Crawford as if after all words meant nothing, and for the first time Crawford noted that he looked tired.

Crawford made an effort. "Trust us. And I don't need to say how fine — "

Wolcott brushed it lightly aside.

"Oh, fine? I couldn't have stayed out. Besides, there's young Oliver. It's rather fine of Sara, if you like; but then we've both believed from the first ——"

He broke off a little awkwardly. Crawford was silent.

"Well," said Ollie cheerfully, "I count then on you and Elsie—to keep an eye on her; and if anything happens ——"

"We will."

Wolcott looked at him steadily; his lips all but opened, but he thought better of it and smoked in silence.

"It's odd," Crawford spoke at last, "how sudden a thing can seem when all along you've known it was going to happen."

"Isn't it? But I am rather in luck; they might have kept me drilling rookies another six months."

Then the talk passed to equipment and the chances of crossing and the chances beyond that; the only chance they did not discuss was Oliver's chance. At the end of ten minutes Crawford got up.

"I'm just wasting your time."

The hands of the two friends remained together a long moment.

"I'm expecting Sara," Oliver said, as if in explanation of not detaining him. "No time to go back to the house; and it's just as well," he added simply.

He followed Crawford to the door and there their eyes came together again; Wolcott's hand fell affectionately on his shoulder.

"Someone has to stay," he said only.

Crawford did not answer, unless the fierceness of his clutch on Oliver's hand was answer, but from the outside room he looked back once more. Wolcott was standing thoughtfully, leaning with both arms on the back of his chair; and again Crawford had that vision of him as grown handsome and stately.

He himself plunged so heedlessly down the stairway, disregarding elevators, that he nearly collided with a lady at the foot. He did not recognize her till she pulled back her veil.

"Don't you know me?" said Sara. She was struggling with more packages than Crawford had ever seen in her aristocratic arms, and he made a vague attempt to assist her, mumbling that he had just seen Oliver and something about its being fine.

"Oh, fine!" Sara's tone was dispassionate. "It's just one of those things that are there to be done, isn't it? How's Elsie?"

"Well, thank you—that is, she's not well, not well at all," Crawford corrected with emphasis. Sara's eyes, looking through him, looked, he felt, much farther; instinctively he placed himself between them and Elsie. "In fact, she's anything but well."

"Oh," Sara responded with sudden listlessness, "I thought she was looking extra well of late. Sorry! Well give her my love. No, thanks; I'll carry them myself; I'd rather. There—there isn't so very much time, you know." Over her shoulder she added, "Perhaps—by and by, you'll come to see me."

"Of course we're coming; you'll be ——"

"Right at the old place," Sara promptly supplied. "It will be business as usual." She flung the phrase at him defiantly as she stepped into the elevator.

Crawford pulling his hat lower over his head went out into the night. Business as usual! That defiant thrust of Sara's cut even deeper than Oliver's tolerant sweetness. Between the two he was in no mood to go home. For a moment he thought of the club—but no, they would all be talking of war and Oliver's going, and half of them would be in khaki. Some solemn ass—Burton, for a wager—would dilate over his whisky and soda and expensive cigars on the moral value of suffering—to the country. And because Crawford believed in his soul this was true it didn't make him any the less sick to hear it from individuals who were

not going to have any avoidable share in the suffering. Let those say it who had the right—the French; our own men—even Oliver had that right now—but not those soft-handed club slackers.

And those in the uniform were worse than those out of it. There was one young major Crawford had gone to school with at a period when the major's golden curls were tied up with blue ribbon; to the best of Crawford's belief he had been just as much entitled to the uniform then as now. It made him sick to think of the boys in the trenches—and that blue-ribbon major. It afforded him a certain comfort to think that there was one depth he had escaped: he might be a slacker, he was not a slicker. He wished he had not let himself in for a speech at the National Defense League meeting; it was intolerable—at his age—to get up and talk the moral value of suffering to the country and the holy imperative of this war, and then keep out of it. Go on doing the same old things, with now and then a speech and now and then a war bond for his share of camouflage. Business as usual; his mind flew back, with a pang, to those two in Oliver's office.

And at that moment the two were speaking of him, before a couple of bags into which Sara, smiling gayly, was valiantly sticking things at random.

"I wish I knew what's keeping him," said Oliver with a little sigh.

"I can tell you." Sara's smile vanished and her voice grew hard. "It's Elsie."

"No?"

"Yes. How do I know? How does one know anything? I was sure of it long ago; but last week at the Kit Club we were all talking about who was going and who wasn't, and paying our respects to the *embusqués* and slickers and slackers; and Elsie was there. Of course, none of us was thinking of Bob—you couldn't in that connection—but something was said and Elsie turned all colors and said nobody had any right to judge and that it sometimes took more courage to stay at home than to go, and then she got up and left without another word. Also—she has not returned," concluded Sara dryly.

Wolcott whistled softly.

"Same old conscientious-objector stuff—but I'd never have thought it of Elsie; she's so one hundred per cent. 'More courage to stay than go.' H-m-m!"

He glanced down at his wife, but Sara looking down into the valise said nothing and packed very fast. Her husband bent nearer to her.

"Elsie isn't very strong, you know," he said; "and if anything happens to me there's young Oliver; that makes a difference."

"Yes," answered his wife. "It's a good thing there's young Oliver—that makes it all so easy."

"Sara!" said her husband tenderly.

"But I never heard," continued Sara, packing madly, "babies mentioned as a cause for nonexemption. Not," she added, lifting a proud head and dashing something moist away, "that we want to be exempted!"

"No," responded her husband quietly, "we don't; if only because—because there's young Oliver."

"But I can't see why other men ——"

"Ah," exclaimed Ollie, glancing down at the dark head so near his uniform, then bending his cheek to it, "that's one of the things you'll have to look out for, dear: not to mind the others. It's enough that we've seen—you and I."

"Yes," said Sara, "we've seen." She sat suddenly and strangely quiet, leaning back against him; then there came a sound that sent her hand in a clutch upon his sleeve. "It's come!"

"Yes," was all Oliver said; "yes, yes."

For a moment he held his world tight, desperately, then Sara drew herself gently away; she stood up straight and looked at him and smiled.

"Everything is all perfectly right. Shall we go?"

They held each other's hands on the way to the station, like two children, and there were engulfed in crowds—other women, other soldiers, hurried and conflicting movements and orders.

"The thing to do is to smile—that is what I am to remember. The thing is to smile," Sara kept repeating to herself insistently. "There he is now—smile, you fool, smile!"

And as the slow train moved away from the station platform she beamed and waved her hand to Ollie's white vanishing face. Then she made her stumbling way back to the taxicab.

"Business as usual!" said Sara to herself with set teeth, sitting bolt upright and staring into the darkness all the way home, with one hand on the cushion where Oliver had so lately sat. "From now on—it is to be business as usual."

Oliver had been gone a month. It seemed to Crawford as if he had taken half the town with him. He had never realized Oliver's place in his life till now. His own idea would have been that since his marriage he depended on no one outside his home; now he perceived how much the small meetings in the places where men do continually meet had counted for. Even during Oliver's military term they had had their week-ends. But it was not only Oliver; it was as if his departure had set in motion a train of others. Men melted away from the downtown offices and the uptown homes and clubs—younger men and older men. Crawford miserably watched them go; yet it was, after all, Oliver's going that gave point to all the rest. They had been schoolmates, college chums, business associates, members of the same political and social world; now Oliver had gone on to something, leaving him behind; it was almost as if he had died first; it was indeed the next thing and intrigued the imagination like death.

"It's a Luxury to Tell the Truth Again to Your Own Soul, Even When It's Not a Nice Truth!"

There were many things that added to Crawford's discomfort these days; the boys from his own office, for instance, who came to bid him good-by, and Sara's young brother, whom Sara had seen off the week before, with those new proud eyes of hers. Sara would have sent every man in the world if she had her way. It made meeting Sara rather hard, even though she managed subtly to convey to him that she regarded him more with pity than scorn. She tolerated him, Crawford was conscious, as the victim of his wife's weakness. And he suspected Elsie knew it; she showed a marked indisposition to cultivate Sara.

Oliver had little realized what he laid upon them in the simple duty he had bequeathed them. And yet, Sara, after all, was right; if this was anybody's war it was everybody's war. Crawford was increasingly struck with the absurdity of the arbitrary chance that doomed a man—or elected him, as you looked at it—at thirty-one; and at thirty-two ranged him in safe security with the man of seventy. Evidently a line had to be drawn somewhere—but why just there, and why not at fitness rather than years? Crawford felt apologetic before gray-haired majors; but when he found himself with boys of twenty-one he felt humiliated. Who was he that these should give up their lives to make the world safe for him? One was always being told that these youngsters came back, and that the elder men did not. That might be true of men past forty-five, or even forty; it wasn't true of him; he'd answer for himself that he would come back all right.

Some elder men enlisted—men with families too. Who, after all, had so much to fight for as the man with wife and child? Besides, they had had that much of life; why should the young be asked to give even what they hadn't had—for these? And why was the unmarried man in the thirties left when married men were going? What could any man leave his children half so valuable as that which Oliver was leaving his little son? Whatever happened the boy would have nothing to explain about his father; he could go through the world head up. Multitudes of fathers were so circumstanced that they couldn't go; those who could were the fortunate ones, with stronghearted wives.

For the implicit disloyalty of such thoughts as these Crawford did his best to atone by a special tenderness to Elsie, and there were moments, following strange irritabilities and coldnesses of her own, when she responded with odd fierce bursts of tenderness to his, almost as if she, too, were trying to make amends for something. Of all the experiences of the war this was the bitterest, this strange, nameless thing like a poison gas which had crept in to the secret fastnesses of their life. It rose, so far as Crawford could divine, from nothing but their mutual avoidance of one topic, their failure to meet it in the open. If it was all right why did they avoid it, in fact? Yet how, Crawford eternally asked himself, could he do anything else? He might as well go at his wife with a hatchet as with an announcement that he was going to enlist; and short of that what was there to be said? He could not surely seem to reproach her with a disability. It was clearly for her to speak, if anyone, and she never spoke. Altogether things were distinctly wretched; it pierced to the placid impassivity of his excellent mother-in-law at last and came to the surface in a large sigh one evening after a dinner more than usually hedged about with reservations, hesitancies and diplomacies, such as usually precede a peace offensive.

"Isn't it strange," observed the good lady, "how this war changes everything? It's even changed us; don't you notice it?"

This was the kind of remark which would once infallibly have brought Elsie's and his eyes together in secret joy, but now Crawford elaborately avoided hers as he answered:

"Wouldn't it on the whole be still odder if it hadn't—considering what is taking place this very minute?"

"Oh, I know." Mrs. Brownell hastily eliminated him, with a significant glance at Elsie; she belonged to that eternal, amiable order which firmly believes avoidance is suppression. "Of course we don't any of us half begin to do what we ought; but after all we are doing our bit, you know," she added with plaintive complacency. It was a phrase that maddened her son-in-law, it so exactly described what ailed the nation and himself; but the nation at least was recovering. "I with my poor little knitting," she amplified, "and Elsie with all that surgical-dressings work, and you—with all your speaking and committees and things. By the way—isn't this the night you were to speak at the league?"

Crawford chose a peach with deliberation—it required his whole and close attention—before he replied:

"Yes—but I'm not speaking; I canceled the date long ago." He said it with elaborate carelessness and looked at nobody; nevertheless it was to his wife that they both

(Continued on Page 45)

THE TAIL OF THE SNAKE

By IRVIN S. COBB

DECORATIONS BY R. SHERMAN KIDD

THE deadlier end of a snake is the head end, where the snake carries its stingers. Since something happened in the Garden of Eden this fact has been a matter of common knowledge, giving to all mankind for all time respect for the snake and fear of him. But what not everybody knows is that before a constrictor can exert his squeezing powers to the uttermost degree he must have a dependable grip for his tail, else those mighty muscles of his are impotent; because a snake, being a physical thing, is subject to the immutable laws of physics. There must be a fulcrum for the lever, always; the coiled spring that is loose at both ends becomes merely a piece of twisted metal; and a constrictor in action is part a living lever and part a living spring. And another thing that not everybody knows is that before a snake with fangs can fling itself forward and bite it must have a purchase for the greater part of its length against some reasonably solid object, such as the earth or a slab of rock.

Now an army might very well be likened to a snake, which sometimes squeezes its enemy by an enveloping movement but more often strikes at him with sudden blows. In the case of our own Army I particularly like the simile of a great snake—a rattlesnake, by preference, since in the first place the rattlesnake is essentially an American institution, and since once before our ancestors fought for their own freedom, much as we now are fighting for the freedom of the world, under a banner that carried the device of a rattler coiled. Moreover, the rattlesnake, which craves only to be let alone and which does not attack save on intrusion or provocation, never quits fighting, once it has started, until it is absolutely no more. You may scotch it and you may bruise and crush and break it, but until you have killed it exceedingly dead and cut it to bits and buried the bits you can never be sure that the job from your standpoint is finished. So for the purpose of introducing the subject in hand a rattlesnake it is and a rattlesnake it shall be to the end of the first chapter, the reader kindly consenting—a rattlesnake whose bite is very, very fatal and whose vibrating tail bears a rattle for every star in the flag.

A Rattle for Every Star in the Flag

FOR some months past it has been my very good fortune to watch the rattler's head, snouting its nose forth into the barbed wires and licking out with the fiery tongue of its artillery across the intervening shell holes at Heinie the Hun. Now I have just finished a trip along the body of the snake, stretching and winding through and across France for 300 miles, more or less, to where its tail is wetted by salt water at the coast ports in the south and the east and the southeast. This is giving no information to the enemy, since he knows already that the snake which is the army must have a head at the battleground and a neck in the trenches, and behind the head and the neck a body and a tail, the body being the lines of communication and the tail the primary supply bases.

His own army is in the likeness of a somewhat similar snake; otherwise it could not function. Moreover, things are happening to him, even as these lines are written, that must impress upon his Teutonic consciousness that our snake is functioning from tip to tip. Unless he is blind as well as mad he must realize that he made a serious mistake when he disregarded the injunction of the old Colonials: "Don't Tread On Me."

In common with nearly every other man to whom has been given similar opportunity I have seen hundreds of splendid things at the Front where our people hold for defense or move for attack—heroism, devotion, sacrifice, an unquenchable cheerfulness, and a universal determination that permeates through the ranks from the highest general to the greenest private to put through the job that destiny has committed into our keeping, after the only fashion in which this job properly may be put through.

In the trenches and immediately behind them I thought I had exhausted the average human capacity for thrills of pride, but it has turned out that I hadn't. For back of the Front, back of the line troops and the reserves, back all the way to the tail of the snake, there are things to be seen that in a less spectacular aspect—though some of them are spectacular enough, at that—are as finely typical of American resource and American courage and American capability as any of the sights that daily and hourly duplicate themselves among the guns.

I am sure there still must be quite a number of persons at home who somehow think that once a soldier is armed and trained and set afoot on fighting ground he thereafter becomes a self-sustaining and self-maintaining organism; that either he is providentially provisioned, as the ravens of old fed the prophet, or that he forages for himself, living on the spoils of the country as the train bands and hired mercenaries used to live by loot in the same lands where our troops are now engaged. Or possibly they hasily conceive that the provender and the rest of it, being provided, manage to transport themselves forward to their user. If already we had not had too many unnecessary delegates loose-footing it over France this year I could wish that I might have had along with me on this recent trip a delegation of these unreflecting folk, for they would have beheld, as I did, a greater miracle than the one vouchsafed Elijah, yet a miracle of man's encompassment, and in some measure would have come to understand how a vast American Army, three thousand miles from home on foreign shores, is fed and furnished and furbished and refurbished, not at the expense of the dwellers of the soil but to their abundant personal benefit. Finally they would see in its operation the vastest composite job of creation, organization and construction that has ever been put through, in the space of one year and three months about, by any men that ever toiled anywhere on this footstool of Jehovah.

To me statistics are odious things, and whenever possible I avoid them. Besides, some of the figures I have accumulated in this journey are so incredibly stupendous that knowing them to be true figures I nevertheless hesitate to set them down. By my thinking way adjectives are needed and not numerals to set forth in any small measure a conception of the undertaking that has been accomplished overseas by our people and is still being accomplished with every hour that passes.

Before this war came along Europeans were given to saying that we Americans rarely bragged of producing a beautiful thing or an artistic thing or a thing painstakingly done, but rather were given to advertising that here we had erected the longest bridge and there the tallest building and over yonder the largest railway terminal and down this way the most expensive mansion—that ever was. Perhaps the criticism was justified in peacetimes. To-day in the light of what we have done in France these past few months back of the lines it not only is justified but it is multiplied, magnified and glorified. It no longer is a criticism; it is a tribute. When you think of the performance that stands to our credit you must think of it in superlatives, and when you speak of it you must speak in superlatives too. The words all end in "est."

Putting the Panama Canal in the Shade

ON FRENCH soil within twelve months, and in several instances within six months, we have among other things constructed and set going the biggest cold-storage plant, with two exceptions, in the world; the biggest automobile storage depot, excluding one privately owned American concern, in the world; the biggest system of military-equipment warehouses in the world; probably the biggest field bakery in the world; the biggest strictly military seaport base in the world; what will shortly be the biggest military base hospital in the world; the biggest single warehouse for stock provender in the world; the biggest junkshop in the world; the biggest staff training school in the world—three months ago it had more scholars than any university in America ever has had; the biggest locomotive roundhouse under one roof; the biggest gasoline-storage plant; the next to the biggest training camp for aviators, the same being a sort of finishing school for men who have already had a degree of instruction elsewhere; the biggest acetylene-gas plant; and half a dozen other biggest things in the world—and we're not good and started yet!

Every week sees the plants we have already constructed being enlarged and amplified; every week sees some new contract getting under way. Every month's end sees any similar period in the building of the Panama Canal made to seem almost a puny and inconsequential achievement by contrast and by comparison with what superbly and triumphantly has gone forward during that month. In military parlance it is called the Service of Supplies. It should be called the Service of the Supremely Impossible Supremely Accomplished. When this war is ended and tourists are permitted to visit foreign parts Americans coming abroad and seeing what has here been done will be prouder of their country and their fellow countrymen than ever they have been.

The Service of Supplies, broadly speaking and in its bearing on operations upon the Continent, begins at tide mark and ends in the front-line trenches, with ramifications and side issues and annexes past counting, but all of them more or less interrelated with the main issues. For example the staff school can hardly be called a part of it, though lying, so to speak, in a whorl of the snake. It is

divided into a Base Section, which is that part situate nearest to the coasts; an Intermediate Section, which is what its name implies; and an Advance Section, which extends as close up to the zone of hostilities as is consistent with reasonable safety, the term "reasonable safety" being a relative term in these days of hostile raiding planes. The Base Section is subdivided again into several lesser segments, each centering about a main port.

Broadly described it might be said that any military equipment in its natural course is first unloaded and stored temporarily at the bases. Then it is moved into the Intermediate Section, where it is housed and kept until called for. Thereupon it goes on a third rail journey to the Advance Section, out of the depots of which it is requisitioned and sent ahead again by trucks or wagons, or more commonly by rail, to meet the day-to-day and the week-to-week requirements of the units in the field.

While this is going on all the sundry hundreds of thousands of men engaged on duty along the Service of Supplies must be cared for without impairment to the principal underlying purpose—that of provisioning and arming the fighting man, and providing supplies and equipment for the hospitals and the depots and all the rest of it, world without end. When you sit down to figure how many times the average consignment, of whatsoever nature, is loaded and unloaded and reloaded again even after it has been brought overseas, and how many times it is handled and rehandled, checked in and checked out, accounted for and entered up, and eventually fed out in dribs as fodder for the huge coiling serpent we call an army—you begin to understand why it is that for every 100 men brought across the ocean upward of 30 must be assigned to work in some capacity or another along the communication ways.

For the reader to visit the various departments and subdepartments and subber subdepartments that properly fall within the scope of the Service of Supplies would take of his time at least two weeks. It took that much of my time and I had a fast touring car at my disposal and between stops moved at a cup-racing clip. For the writer to attempt to set down in any comprehensive form the extent of the thing would fill a fat book of many pages. By reason of the limitations of space this article can touch only briefly on the general scheme and only sketchily upon those details that seemed to the present observer most interesting.

The Scope of the Service of Supplies

FOR example at one port—and this not yet the busiest one of the ports turned over to us by our allies—we are operating an extensive system of French docks that already were there and with them an even larger system of docks constructed by our Army and now practically completed. Likewise we have here a great camp, as big a camp as many a community at home that calls itself a city, where negro labor battalions are living; two extensive rest camps for troops newly debarked from the transports; enormous freight yards and storage warehouses with still another camp handily near by for the accommodation of the yard gangs and the warehouse gangs; a base hospital that when completed will be the largest military base hospital on earth; a sizable artillery camp where gun crews and ordnance officers take what might be called a post-graduate course to supplement the training they had in the States; a remount station; an ordnance and aviation-storage warehouse; and a motor reception park.

This, remember, is but one of several ports that we practically have taken over for the period of the war. On the land side of a second port are grouped a rest camp, a motor-assembling park, a system of docks inside a basin that is provided with locks, a locomotive-assembling plant, freight yards, warehouses without end, and two base hospitals.

Taking either of these ports for a starting point and moving inland one would probably visit first the headquarters of the Service of Supplies, where also is to be found our main salvage depot for reclaiming all sorts of equipment except motor and air equipment—these go to salvage stations specially provided elsewhere—and not far away an aviation training center. A little farther along as one traveled up-country he would come to an artillery instruction center located in a famous French military school; to our engineer training center and our engineer replacement depots; and thence onward to our air-service production center with its mammoth plant for assembling, repairing and testing planes and with its camp for its personnel. This would bring one well into the Intermediate Section with its depots, freight yards and warehouses, and with its refrigerating plant, which is the third largest in existence and which shortly will have a twin sister a few miles away. There would be side excursions to the motor supply and spare parts depot, to the main motor repair station, to the locomotive repair shops, to the car shops, to the principal one of our aviation training centers, to the main field bakery, to the gasoline depots, the camouflaging plant and to various lesser activities.

Finally one would land at the Advance Section depots with their complex regulating stations for the proper distribution of the material that has advanced hither by broken stages. And yet when one had journeyed thus far one would merely be at the point of the beginning of the real work of getting the stuff through to the forces without congestion, without unnecessary wastage, without sending up too much or too little but just exactly the proper amounts as needed.

Now then, on top of this please remember that each important camp, each station, each center has its own water system, its own electric light system, its own police force, its own fire department, its own sanitary squad, its own sewers, its own walks and drives and flower beds, its own emergency hospitals and dispensaries and surgeries, its own Y. M. C. A., its own Red Cross unit, generally its own K. of C. workers and its own Salvation Army squad; as likely as not its own newspaper and its own theater. Always it has its own separate communal life.

Figure that in a score of places veritable cities have sprung up where last January the wind whistled over stubbled fields and snow-laden pine thickets. Figure that altogether 40,000,000 square feet of covered housing space are required and that more will be required as our expeditionary force continues to expand. Figure that in and out and through all these ramified activities our locomotives draw our cars over several hundred miles of sidings and yard trackage, which Uncle Sam has put down by the sweat of the brow of his excellent sons, supplemented by a copious amount of sweat wrung from the brows of thousands of German prisoners and thousands more of Indo-Chinese laborers imported by the French and loaned to us, and yet thousands more of native French laborers past or under the military age.

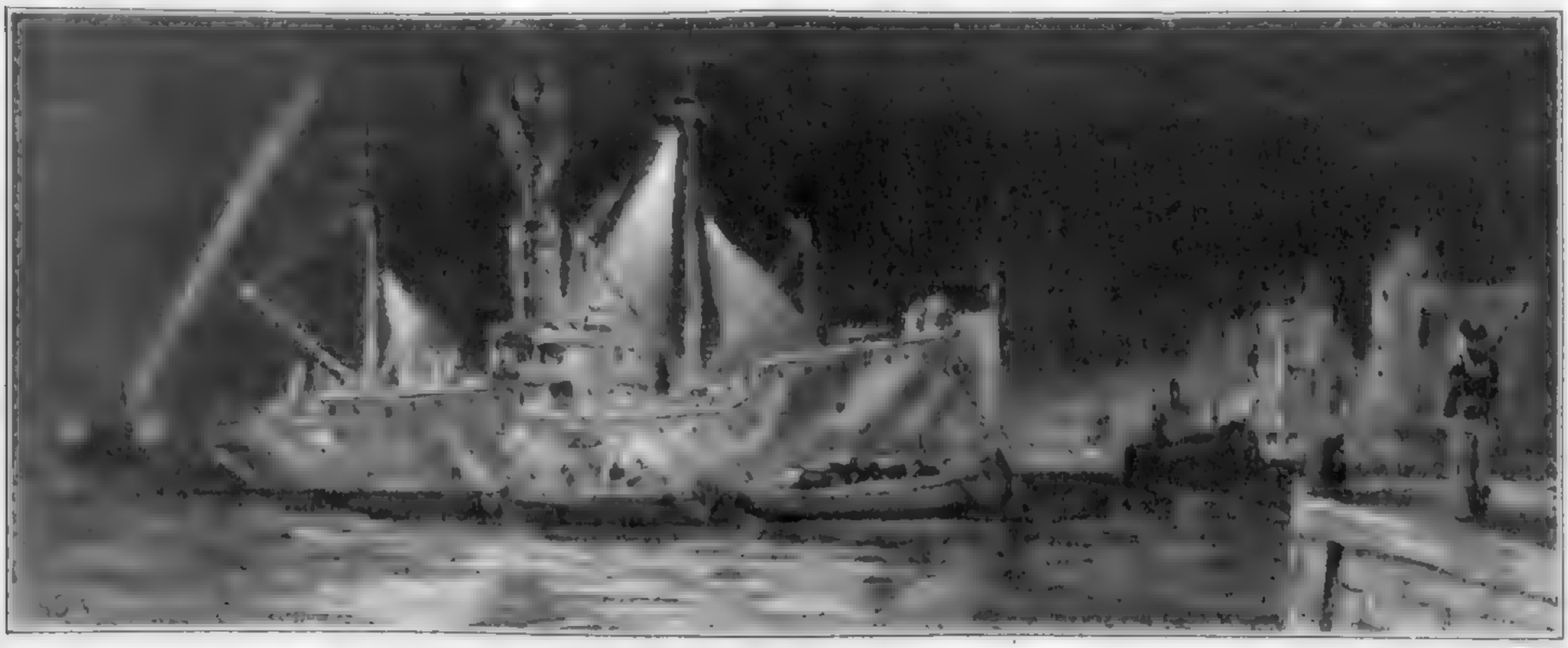
Figure that while the work of construction has been going on upon a scope unprecedented in the scheme of human endeavor the men charged with the responsibility for it have had to divide their energies and their man power to the end that the growing Army should not suffer for any lack of essential sustenance while the other jobs went forward toward completion. Figure at the beginning of last winter, nine months ago, scarcely a spadeful of earth had been turned for the foundations anywhere. Figure in with all of this mental pictures of the Children of Israel building the pyramids for old Mister Pharaoh, of Goethals at the Isthmus, of Cæsar's legions networking Europe with those justly celebrated Romanesque roads of his, of the coral insects making an archipelago in nine months instead of stretching the proceeding through millions of years, as is the habit of these friendly little insects; figure in all these things—and if your headache isn't by this time too acute for additional effort without poignant throbbings at the temples you may begin to have a shadowy conception of what has happened along our Service of Supplies over here in France since we really got busy.

What Brains Plus Necessity Can Achieve

SO MUCH for the glittering generalities—and Lawsie, how they do glitter with the crusted diamond dust of endeavor and stupendous accomplishment! Now for a few particularly brilliant outcroppings: There is a certain port at present in our hands. For our purposes it is a most important port—one of the most important of all the ports that the French turned over to us. When our engineers set up shop there the port facilities were very much as they had been when the Phœnicians first laid them out, barring some comparatively modern improvements subsequently tacked on by the Roman Emperors and still later by that famous but somewhat disagreeable old lady, Anne of Brittany. There were no steam cranes or electric hoists on the docks, and if there had been they would have been of little value except for ornamental purposes, seeing that by reason of harborwise limitations ships of draft or of size could not range alongside but must be lightered of their cargoes at their mooring chains out in midchannel anywhere from half a mile to a mile and a half off shore. Moreover, there was but one railroad track running down to the water's edge. Even yet there are no steam cranes in operation; both freight and men must be brought to land in lighters. But mark you what man power plus brains plus necessity has accomplished in the face of those structural obstacles and those mechanical drawbacks.

At the outset it was estimated by experts among our allies that possibly we could land 20,000 troops and 6000 tons of freight a month at this port—if we kept nonunion hours and hustled. In one day in the early part of the present summer 42,000 American soldiers were debarked and ferried ashore with their portable equipment, and on another day of the same week through one of the original French-built docks—not through the whole row of them, but through one of the row—our stevedores cleared 5000 tons of freight. Five thousand tons in one day, when those Continental wiseacres had calculated that by straining ourselves and by employing to their utmost all the facilities provided by all the docks in sight we might move 6000 tons in a month! For this performance and for so frequent duplication of it that now it has become commonplace and matter-of-fact and quite in accordance with expectations, a great share of the credit is due to thousands of brawny black American stevedores drawn from the wharves of

(Continued on Page 54)



THE GIRL WHO WOULD

By May Edginton

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

PEMBER did not like the look of the future. It had a sort of twin-cylinder two-seater look, and there was a nasty tinkling in his ears like wedding bells.

But he had been engaged to Daisie—and her mother, who was a limpetlike old lady—for four long years, and there seemed no help for it unless——

"No," said Pember as he cracked his breakfast egg and looked out wanly into the pleasance of Dover Street, "I'm up against it fair and square. There's nothing for it now, unless ——"

Pember did not like being up against anything fair and square.

He had not told any of his nice relations about his engagement, of course. It had happened by one of those accidents which only Daisie and her mother really understood.

"Unless some better, richer feller'n me," said Pember to himself, "chipped in and stole her from me."

Suddenly Pember thought of George.

"John," said Pember to his man, "ring up the Temple."

John knew without being told whose chambers were wanted, and soon Pember was speaking to George.

"George," he said, "it's years since I've seen you, old man. Could you lunch to-day? You; me; and a topping girl and her mother. Say where and what time. You're a busy man, I know."

Pember knew George wasn't a busy man; he was only busier than Pember; but he could tell from the voice over the wire that George wasn't vexed at the impeachment.

"I know what it is you want, you bounder," said George; "you want me to talk to the mother while you —— I won't come."

In a short while, however, Pember had persuaded George to join his party at the Savoy at one-thirty.

"John," said Pember, "ring up Miss Bledlow."

When John had done this Pember spoke to Daisie.

"Darling," he said, "bring your mother along to lunch at the Savoy at one-thirty. Such a nice chap is coming. My oldest friend, rich, young, no end of good connections. Barrister. Try to like him for my sake. I want you to see a good deal of him when you're married."

Pember had always been greatly tickled by his own keen gift of humor, so here he was obliged to stop and cough so that he should not laugh.

Then he continued: "He's such a brilliant fellow. Just been briefed for a big case. He'll be attorney general before he's done. . . . Well, you'll come? Bye-bye, dearie."

Pember rang off and wiped his brow.

"John," he said, "call up Josephs."

While John was doing this—and it took some little time to get to the private ear of Josephs, the money lender in Victoria Street—Pember's young cousin, the sixth Marquis of Caucassie, let himself in with the latchkey which Pember had given him. Pember was very fond of all his relations. He used to say to them effulgently, "Make yourself at home in my place; and I'll make myself at home in yours!" Then he did it; but they didn't; for no one ever really wanted to feel he was at home in Pember's place. It would have been a depressing sensation.

"How early you get up, Frank," said Pember to his cousin.

"You're fatter'n ever;" replied Caucassie. "You oughter take some exercise at the place I go to. Come along this morning."

"Can't," said Pember, "I'm engaged."

"I'll wait while you dress," said Caucassie; "I've nothing to do."

He sat down, took one of Pember's cigarettes and smoothed a crease from his silk socks.

Pember liked the admiration which he always felt was bestowed upon him by Caucassie. He used to give him a great deal of advice, to which the pink youth listened with attention, for Pember was forty and wicked. This morning as he chose his tie Pember was in his happiest vein.

"I've been thinking," he began.

"You do think," said Caucassie respectfully.

"Yes," said Pember, "I do. If I hadn't been destined for the—ah—well, if I hadn't been destined not to do anything I should have been rather a nut in the literary direction. In fact I'm going to write a book about all the people I know—sort of reflections ——"

"Do you think it will pay you to publish a book of that kind?" said Caucassie. "Now Nat Gould ——"

"No," said Pember; "the people I know will pay me not to publish it. That's where the money lies. But I must tell you what I was thinking about."

"Ah, yes!" Caucassie murmured; "to-day's golden thought ——"

"—— is," said Pember, "that however bad a hole you're in you can always get out of it if you can persuade some less able chap to let you climb over him."

"Then you leave the other chap in the hole," said Caucassie.

"That," said Pember, "is his affair."

Pember was in an awfully good humor; and when they went down into Dover Street, seeing his tailor coming he took Caucassie's arm and looked so blithe and gay that the tailor, who had been coming to call politely before resorting to other measures, turned round and went home again.

Pember left Caucassie in Piccadilly and took a taxi to Victoria Street. John had apprised Mr. Josephs of his coming, and Mr. Josephs was ready for Pember. But he was not ready enough, for he parted with fifty pounds on grounds that seemed to him afterward perhaps a little insufficient. However, the chief point was that Pember should have cash enough to do his party well at lunch.

"Isn't It Beautiful?" She Whispered. "He Has Bought the License and Everything. And Isn't He the Dearest Boy! And Weren't You Surprised?"

Daisie, with her mother well in hand, arrived only half an hour late, and Pember saw with pleasure that she had surpassed herself. Her little face looked even littler; her big eyes bigger; her pouting mouth pouted more; and yesterday's henna shampoo had left her hair simply gorgeous. And to anyone who had not heard her giggle continuously for four years that giggle was a thing of joy.

This is what George thought of the giggle directly he heard it. It was what Pember had thought long ago.

Daisie did not tell George she was engaged to Pember. Pember had known she wouldn't, after what he had said over the wire. She had in fact left her ring accidentally on the dressing table at home. Pember had thought she might. And as a matter of fact the party sorted itself into George monopolizing Daisie, and Pember telling Daisie's mother in the strictest confidence of his own lack of businesslike habits, and his resulting pecuniary embarrassment. And as Pember had an engagement, he said, at four, it was George who, in spite of being such a busy man, drove Daisie and her mother home.

Exactly a week later, during which time Pember left the Bledlows and George entirely unmolested, George came to see Pember. George was very grave over his defection as Pember's friend, but exalted over his amazing luck as Daisie's fiancé. It took him some time to begin the story of his treachery, but at last he managed it.

"Pember, old man," he said, "I have betrayed you."

Pember got up from his breakfast—this was the only hour when his friends were sure of finding him in; other times he was making himself at home with his relations—and went and leaned his elbow on his Adam mantelpiece, staring perhaps bitterly into the fire.

"Well," he said wearily, "out with it! Out with it!"

"Daisie," said George.

"Well?" said Pember.

"D-d-don't you notice I call her by her first name?"

"That's nothing," said Pember; "modern familiarities are simply deplorable—but frightfully nice."

"I have taken her from you," said George, walking about agitatedly.

"Have an egg and some coffee," replied Pember.

None of his friends had ever been so hospitably pressed as George was that morning. Pember took the blow simply splendidly.

"You've the dearest, sweetest girl in London," said he.

"I know," said George in ecstasy.

"Tell her not to worry about me," added Pember; "I'll get over it, I suppose."

"She's been worrying," said George. "I didn't know, of course, when I lunched with you that day, that she and you were engaged, but as soon as she guessed how it was with me—er—and she loves me, Pember—she told me. Poor little girl! How she ——"

"—— cried," said Pember. "And I know what she said to you. Her first thought, bless her! was 'But how about him? He does adore me so!'"

"How did you know?" cried George.

Pember knew because it was what Daisie had said to him four years ago when he had stolen her from a commercial traveler in tea.

But he did not tell George this. He just murmured: "It's what she would say, bless her!" and sighed.

George and Pember parted firmer friends than ever that morning. Pember's sense of humor caused him that evening to invent a new dish for dinner—which he happened to be taking at home in spite of himself—and he showed John how to prepare it. It was an entrée and he called it *Scallop de veau avril*, for the happy date was April fifth.

He ate it with a pleasant sense of his own subtlety.

During the next few weeks, being released from the incessant claims of an engagement with Daisie, Pember really thought again of beginning a book of social recollections. He had got no further than thinking, however, when one morning John reported that George was at the telephone.

Pember guessed what it was all about before he had pulled on his dressing gown.

"I must see you," said George.

"Well, if you must you must," said Pember, who never argued about the inevitable, but always diddled it some other way.

"I'll come to breakfast," George added.

So he did.

George had changed. His cheerfulness had gone.

"Break right into it," said Pember. "Never let the start of a story hang fire; it's such damnable construction."

"Pember," said George, "you've got to save me!"

Pember pretended not to understand, and made George tell him.

"I can't do it," said George after he had talked for some half hour. "I know you were fond of her and all that ——"

"Don't spare my feelings," said Pember.

So George did not. "She hasn't let me rest a moment. I've been up all night and all day. She's one of those girls who like being engaged just like some girls like hunting and some like lacrosse. And the money I've spent! I've spent money I haven't got. And I owe Josephs more'n I care to think of now. And that laugh! I dream it! And her mother! Always egging me on to work! Wants Daisie and me to hurry up and marry so's she can have a rest. Says her old bones ——"

"She's been feeling like that ever since I first knew her," said Pember. "And so you want to break your engagement? Well um—um."

George looked at Pember with the faith of a child; for somehow the idea was with him—quite shapeless but still

existent—that Pember before him had got out of it very comfortably.

"Of course," said Pember, draping his silk dressing gown round him thoughtfully as he leaned upon his Adam mantelpiece, "it's not the kind of thing I like to hear a fellow say. If I didn't know you so well—but I do know you well, and that ends it."

"What do you suggest?" asked George.

"I?" said Pember. "Nothing."

"I would give anything in reason," said George fiercely, "to break away."

Pember half closed his eyes.

"What is anything?" he asked. "Is it money?"

"Yes," said George.

Pember shivered a little. "Of course," he murmured, "you should get out of the thing quietly, like a gentleman. Breach simply isn't done."

"Hell! No!" said George.

Pember then said: "George, I know just what you're feeling, and I could help you if I could only buy myself the leisure. Yes, I am sure I could help you. But just now my own affairs take up all my time. I am planning a book ——"

"There's nothing in that," said George. "There's much more in helping me."

Pember waited for George to particularize.

"If I could raise twenty-five cash," added George, "would it in any way pay you for your time and trouble, old man?"

"It would pay my out-of-pocket expenses, no doubt," said Pember, "and no friend of mine would insult me, old man, by offering me more."

"Is it done, then?" said George in incredulous ecstasy.

"I believe so," Pember replied.

George went away, looking more like his old self, and Pember sat down to think. The débris of a plot like a newspaper serial, to run till further orders, littered itself about his brain. "Why," he thought, "the girl's a gold mine! With henna and things I can run her till she's fifty."

Being a humorist Pember was also very much amused by his own cleverness.

"John," he said, "ring up Miss Bledlow."

He was soon speaking to Daisie.

"Daisie," said he, "don't be alarmed. I'm not going to make love to you. I've got myself well in hand. I want you to do me a favor. It's a very little thing for all you've made me suffer—though I hope I can take my gruel like a gentleman. It's this: I've got a chap dining with me to-night at the Carlton—a very rich chap, fairly rolling, in fact, whom I want to stand well with. And I want to give him a top-hole evening. If you and your mother . . . I know George is booked to-night. I'm sure he wouldn't mind. He can trust me. . . . You will? . . . Ring off, dear, will you?"

"Why?" replied Daisie.

"It's agony to hear your voice," said Pember truthfully; and he hung up the receiver.

"John," he said, "I'll dress."

So he dressed, and just as he went out into Dover Street the young Caucassie, pink as a cherub, drove up in his racing car.

"Hello, old bean," said Caucassie.

Pember looked at his cousin from a new angle this morning. A marquis? A trump! But not yet! Not yet! He decided to save up Caucassie very tenderly.

"Well, Frank," he replied kindly, "will you drive me to Victoria Street? I've got to call on Josephs on behalf of a friend of mine."

Caucassie would always drive anybody anywhere, so he took Pember to Victoria Street.

Mr. Josephs' own desk was close to a window overlooking the traffic below and, something of a motorist himself, when he heard the soft scream of the racer as she turned her long body and drew up at his door he looked out and saw the Marquis of Caucassie driving Pember, and they looked as thick as thieves. This created a very nice impression indeed. Then Pember alighted insouciantly, and in the hallway of the office ran into George coming out.

"You!" said George. "Bit of luck! I'd rather not keep it on me." He thrust on Pember a wad of notes. "Twenty-five!" he said. "Josephs let me have it. Look here! You're going to pull the thing off, aren't you?"

"Yes," replied Pember. "I'm seeing a man here named Brown. Happen to know him? No? You haven't missed much."

He waved George on gayly, entered the lift, and was borne up to Mr. Josephs' office.

He was awfully affable to Mr. Josephs, and there was the Marquis of Caucassie, with one of the biggest rent rolls in England, waiting for him like a chauffeur in the street below.

"I've not come to borrow," he said genially, grasping Mr. Josephs' hand, "but to ask you to come and have a bit of dinner with me at the Carlton to-night. Seven-thirty? Eight? As you like. We'll be a jolly little party, just four."

And at eight they were a jolly little party of four at the Carlton. Pember noted that Daisie was not wearing George's ring, and he guessed the careless girl had left it on the dressing table at home.

Mr. Josephs looked rich. He oozed riches. He shone with them. He spoke of incidents and exploits that betrayed them. And—he was a widower of extreme susceptibility—he was tremendously taken with Daisie.

Pember's natural indolence was not strained. He knew he could trust Daisie and her mother to do the rest if it were possible. An ordinary sinful man was as wax in their hands. Daisie loved seeing Pember suffer, and whenever she spoke to him she was deliciously sad. However, she spoke mostly to Mr. Josephs.

After dinner, Pember being booked, he said, to go on to a dance at a relation's in Mayfair, Mr. Josephs drove the ladies home.

Pember rang up George. "Let me advise you," said he, "to lose yourself in work for the next two weeks; and at the end we will see what we will see. And if nothing has happened I will give you back the change out of your twenty-five pounds."

The thing worked once more like clockwork, as Pember trusted it would do, for he had immense respect for the abilities of Daisie and her mother. At the end of ten days George was sent for to come to the Bledlows' flat, to take part in such a scene as Daisie loved. He came and told Pember about it afterward.

"She said she knew she had ruined me for life, and that my prospects were irretrievably lost."

"And Josephs?" asked Pember.

"Josephs said that her tender heart was simply wrung at the thought of me ——"

"—— for she had not told him of her engagement, not having the remotest idea of what his feelings for her were ——"

"—— and when she did know, she cried ——"

"—— and said she wished she weren't so attractive to men."

"She lies awake all night thinking of the harm she does ——"

"—— and wishing she were more like less-gifted girls, who haven't the responsibility of men's lives on their hands."

After a pause Pember began to laugh richly. "George," said he with the mellow naïveté that sits so pleasantly on fat men, "you'd better dine with me to-night. John shall do us a special menu. Let's see—it's June third."

And for dinner in Pember's rooms they had *Consommé, Scallop de veau aeril, Poulet avec sauce de fuin*, and dessert, and champagne brought in lavishly by John. And Pember was very mellow and uttered some of his subtlest epigrams.

It was after dinner when George was in a mood compassionate to all men that he exclaimed: "I say! I got no grudge against that poor chap! And supposing he's got to ——"

"—— marry her?" said Pember. Don't worry."

He led George away to talk of his grief, and kept him at it. For he knew that in this game the lone hand was safest.

Pember took to visiting Daisie and her mother again frequently, letting Daisie have the pleasure of his silent agony, and keeping in close touch with Mr. Josephs, for he did not wish the new fiancé to lean, when the time came, on any bosom other than his. This work kept Pember in town half through August instead of going down to some of his relations on the Devonshire moors as he generally did, but he did not repine over that.

It was on the eighteenth of August that Mr. Josephs made a confidence to Pember.

"You're a man with a great social ability, I can see," he said. Then he took him aside and told him.

"Well," said Pember when he had heard, "I'd rather you hadn't told me. Visiting them as I do—I'm a Bohemian literary sort of feller, you know, and of course I do visit people who—— Well, I don't mind telling you now that I was simply staggered when I knew what you'd been and gone and done. You're an old bird to be caught with chaff! And such chaff! However, the thing's done; and that's that. I don't see what more I can say, except this: I'm sorry; I'm very sorry."

Mr. Josephs perspired very much. "But," he urged, "what would you do?"

"Really!" said Pember, "I should act as a gentleman, I hope. Breach simply isn't done, of course. There you are. That's that."

"I'd give a prize for a solution," said Mr. Josephs.

Pember raised his eyebrows. "Indeed?" said he languidly. "What sort of prize?"

"A cash one," replied Mr. Josephs with anguish. "I'd pay fifty pounds to anyone for a mere workable suggestion as to how I could break away from that damned girl."

"Well," said Pember, "I shouldn't like to take money from a friend—such as I consider you, Josephs—but the

Mr. Josephs Looked Rich. He Oozed Riches. And He Was Tremendously Taken With Daisie

fact is I could help you, I verily believe, if I could buy myself the leisure. But I'm busy. I'm on a book ——"

"What would it cost to buy the leisure?"

"Oh, well," said Pember, "fifty pounds down might do it."

"Done with you!" cried Mr. Josephs.

"Don't go to see her for a week at least," said Pember. "Leave all to me. I'll give you your cues."

After Mr. Josephs had left, Pember, with his usual kindness of heart uppermost, somehow thought of George.

"I wonder if I couldn't do good old George another good turn?" he said to himself. "John," he added, "ring up the Temple."

And to George he said, "I say, old thing, I've been thinking about that last twenty-five pounds you borrowed from Josephs to give me. It don't seem right somehow about my taking it. Of course, it is right—but, well, there, I'm a sensitive chap. P'raps I'm silly; p'raps I'm not. I think I know a way to get him to let you off—he's going to be under a pretty stiff obligation to me soon—if you could see your way to letting me have a tenner out of the twenty-five pounds to—er—are you there?—to pay the expenses of doing the trick—I can't explain, but some day I may be able to tell you the whole story.

Pember then fixed this with Mr. Josephs over the wire; and George was awfully glad to send round his check for ten pounds that same morning.

Finance seemed to Pember an easy game to pick up.

Pember was deeply reluctant to bring Caucassie so early into his annuity scheme. Caucassie was a big enough trump to play in a really desperate case. Moreover, the child was now in the north of Berkshire at one of his country seats, watched over as usual by his mother and Aunt Ada.

However, Pember held at the moment a simply dud hand save for Caucassie, so he wrote the youth a letter, saying: "Why don't you run up to town for a week with me, on your own? You respectable people don't know what fun there is in August when there's no lookers-on. I could show you things! By the way ——"

The next day Caucassie's racing car tootled outside Pember's Dover Street windows, and Pember looked out and there his cousin sat like a young angel. He had rushed up for three days to buy himself some socks.

Caucassie was joyous. "What'll we do?" he asked trustfully.

"I didn't mean you to take me at my word," said Pember in a reproachful tone. "However, now you're here I'll do my best for you. Um, what'll we do? Um. I'll take you to see some topping people to-night. Sorter people you never meet in your set."

"Oh, yes; isn't it rotten?" said Caucassie. "We're a lot of stuffs. Well, you're a cheery old bean. We'll put in some sort of a time anyway."

Pember rang up Daisie and said, "I say, my cousin the Marquis of Caucassie is up in town at a loose end. Let me bring him round to-night." Then he took Caucassie round.

Pember had never seen anything like Daisie and her mother that night. They surpassed themselves and his expectations. Caucassie of course was very young. The thing went from the word "go."

Caucassie remained in town, and his mother, who was Pember's Aunt Ellen, wrote a frantic letter to Pember; and Aunt Ada telegraphed.

Pember replied:

Dear Aunt Ellen: I'm at my wits' end. I don't know what to do. Frank is frightfully entangled with a girl years older than himself. I don't mean that she isn't a nice girl and a pretty one, but she's not one of our sort. I can do practically nothing, as I'm so busy. I'm on a book—did I ever tell you? That's what's keeping me away from you all this August—and I simply haven't the money to buy myself the leisure to shepherd the boy as I otherwise could.

Why on earth did you let him come up alone?

While Aunt Ellen and Aunt Ada were ordering and counter-ordering and ordering emergency suitcases to be packed much was happening to the Caucassie family in London.

Daisie, as has been indicated, was *gourmande* for emotional scenes, and having had a real beauty with Caucassie she telephoned for him early the next morning.

She explained that he must take her round in his racing car to catch Mr. Josephs before he left his flat in Eccleston Square for Victoria Street, because it was not right and honorable to keep their secret from him any longer.

Caucassie flinched a bit.

"It'll break him," he said.

"You think so?" replied Daisie, very pleased.

"It would cut any man to pieces," added Caucassie, fondly believing himself.

"Oh, dear; oh, dear! What a lot of harm I do!" said Daisie, biting her lip. "Let us go round and tell him at once."

"Let me come," said Daisie's mother, who never missed the vicarious joy of one of these affairs if she could help it.

"He'll go out and shoot himself, I shouldn't wonder," said the young Caucassie anxiously.

"Dear me!" said Daisie's mother, sighing; "that would be very gratifying, I'm sure."

"Gratifying!" murmured Caucassie.

"The tribute to my dear girl," said Daisie's mother, heaving her chest.

"Chap'll go to blazes," murmured Caucassie.

"Oh, do you really think he will go to blazes?" cried Daisie, and she pulled on her motor coat.

They found Mr. Josephs snatching a look at the morning paper in his lounge hall.

"Oh, good morning, darling," said he reluctantly when he saw Daisie.

"It will be terrible to tell him," murmured the kind-hearted girl aside to Caucassie.

Daisie's mother went to Mr. Josephs and patted his head.

"My dear boy," said she, "my poor boy! When I see you so cheerful and think—and think ——"

The old lady heaved her chest.

"I can guess what you have come to tell me," said Mr. Josephs faintly, looking at Caucassie, whose face would have given the plots of whole novels away.

"Oh, Lewis!" said Daisie, going close to him, "you are rather wonderful!"

"Can it be true?" Mr. Josephs murmured.

"'Fraid it is," said Caucassie in rather a piping voice, but standing up to his sins like a little gentleman, "that is to say ——"

"You and Daisie ——" murmured Mr. Josephs.

"What can I say to you, Lewis?" said Daisie, hanging her head.

"Say nothing," replied Mr. Josephs.

"You brave boy!" said Daisie's mother.

"It's pretty awful," said Mr. Josephs.

"It's too sad," Mrs. Bledlow murmured aside to Caucassie.

"I only want you to say that you understand and forgive me, Lewis," said Daisie, hanging her head.

"Oh, please take all that as said," replied Mr. Josephs, taking a few dancing steps away from her.

"He can't bear to speak, poor fellow," said Daisie's mother, drawing Caucassie to the other end of the room and pretending to show him a stuffed heron, with the greatest delicacy and tact.

"Good-by, Lewis," said Daisie to Mr. Josephs.

"Good-by," said Mr. Josephs.

"We shall have to go," said Daisie; "you will understand that I can't stay talking to you here."

"No, no! Certainly not!" Mr. Josephs exclaimed.

"Frank is so jealous," said Daisie with an effect of blushing. "Well, we'd better say good-by."

"Good-by," said Mr. Josephs.

"We could go in there and say it," said Daisie, pointing to a door.

"O—oh," said Mr. Josephs, collecting his wits; "I—I—think a charwoman's in there. That's the dining room."

"I don't hear her," said Daisie.

"Oh, she's not noisy," said Mr. Josephs; "she just sits there quietly with a book or something."

"We could go in there, then," replied the kind girl, pointing to another door.

"But that's my bedroom," said Mr. Josephs chastely.

"Well, just for a few minutes," murmured Daisie. "I—I—don't mind."

"His lordship couldn't stand for that," said Mr. Josephs urgently. "Oh, no! Oh, no!"

"I dare say you're right," said Daisie, bending her head. "You're a man. I suppose young girls don't think of these things."

"Now I wonder if they do!" said Mr. Josephs reflectively.

Caucassie now tore himself from Mrs. Bledlow's leash and came up, earnest and blushing.

"Josephs," he said; "Josephs, I ——"

"Don't say it, me lord, whatever it is," said Mr. Josephs. "I—I don't think I can bear any more." He looked at Caucassie. "You're young enough to be my son," he said remorsefully; "still ——"

He turned away, and no one knew what he thought.

"It isn't decent to stay," Caucassie whispered to Daisie.

"But I wish I could comfort him," she replied.

"Her little tender heart!" sighed Mrs. Bledlow. "She has always thought of others since she was so high."

"I can bear no more!" said Mr. Josephs suddenly.

"I hope you don't think me an awful rotter," said the young Caucassie humbly.

"I forgive you, me lord," Mr. Josephs replied.

"It's one of the saddest things I've ever seen," said Daisie's mother, creeping toward the door in a bereaved attitude. "Let me kiss you good-by, my dear, dear boy."

She kissed Mr. Josephs with deep feeling.

"Frank won't mind this once, Lewis," said Daisie, lifting her sweet face. "Kiss me if you must."

She kissed Mr. Josephs, and followed her mother languishingly to the door.

Caucassie now hesitated before Mr. Josephs, and overcome by a gust of emotion the famous money lender felt upon his neck and kissed him so heartily that the youth broke and fled in confusion.

That evening there was another little dinner in Pember's rooms with George and Mr. Josephs present and Pember at his most humorous. *Scallop de saumon avril; Poulet avec sauce de juin;* and *Pêches d'août* figured on the menu; but only Pember in his drollery knew the exact why and wherefore of each significant date, for a man of his traditions would not have dreamed of allowing a lady's name to be bandied at his table.

By this time Aunt Ellen and Aunt Ada had returned to town to protect Caucassie; and there they were in their miserably shrouded town house, writing and telephoning hourly to Pember.

Pember went to see them.

He was not severe; he was kindness itself; but he could not keep from letting them see how deeply he blamed them. In his delicacy he reproached himself a little too; only a little.

"If I could have been with Frank more," was the burden of his cry; "but busy on my book as I am ——"

"Tut, tut!" said Aunt Ellen imperiously.

"What's a book?" asked Aunt Ada disrespectfully.

"I am aware that my own effort is a poor thing," said

(Continued on Page 20)

"Pember, Old Man," George Said, "I Have Betrayed You"

VENUS IN THE EAST

XXII

By WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

YOU'LL—you'll think me dreadful for what I did," Martha Harrison was telling Buddy McNair a few hours later, as soon as they had finished their delicatessen lunch on the stone bench by the seal's rock. They had wandered up from the El station to the colony of animal houses, which they had viewed thus far only from the outside. Somewhere in the offing a lion roared, a zebra brayed, a water bird whiffled; but Martha Harrison, it seemed, wasn't so much interested in zoölogical specimens as she had pretended to be.

"It was on the square, whatever you did," he generously informed her. He was looking into the honest depths of her eyes and gaining much comfort therefrom.

"Here's one dill pickle left," said she, fishing a salty trophy from the depths of the paper bag. "Will you eat it or shall I?"

"Take it all," he permitted; "but for heaven's sake don't keep me in suspense any longer. I've just got to know why you pinched my wallet and how you got away with it."

"It sounds like—like a scenario." She blushed, revealing a pretty display of apricot tints.

"I'm crazy 'bout 'em," he urged without explaining whether he referred to scenarios or blushes.

In the distance he could see a solitary royal crane stalking tall and disdainful over the rolling sward. From the roof of an animal house came a flutter and a shriek and the air was filled with patches of rainbow light as a great peacock—green, gold and electric blue dripping from his comet's tail—flew down and swept across the asphalt. "Come on and 'fess up!" urged Buddy McNair with springtime naïveté.

"It was just one of Dad's nervous attacks," she said after a long pause. "It kept us in Colorado Springs until after snowfall and into the winter. You wouldn't think poor Dad was nervous; he's such a perfect old Diogenes—it was Diogenes, wasn't it, who never got nervous about anything except his tub? That's just the way with Dad. He becomes a perfect bear if it's half a degree too hot or too cold. Moms and I have threatened to divorce him two or three times when he's having one of his attacks. Well, this attack was a perfect beauty. One breakdown after another; and he was just learning to smile again and Moms was packing to go East when those horrid gamblers came to the hotel; and I'm perfectly sure they were to blame for Dad's relapse."

"Gamblers?" echoed Buddy, naturally enough.

"That's a nice question for you to ask!" she twitted. "There's no telling what they would have done to Dad—we had to drag him away from Monte Carlo once, and we know how far to trust him when he's bored—and Moms and I pounced on him just in time to save him from being very properly fleeced. It was easy to see that they were a gang of professional swindlers, and it took me about ten minutes to find out enough to hang the whole lot of them. But those horrid persons had no sooner gotten out of town than poor Dad had another collapse—this one was a regular earthquake—so Moms got him to bed and we prepared to live in the wilds for the rest of our lives like the Swiss Family Robinson.

"Frankly I was bored stiff; and when we'd got the dear old foolish darling tucked in, Moms came along with a telegram that made me quite delirious with joy. It was from her lawyers saying that one of the family had to be in New York right away to attend to signing a lot of papers. Daddy couldn't go of course, and Moms couldn't leave Dad. So I volunteered to be a martyr—I think martyrs usually have something up their sleeves, don't you?—and the very next noon they packed me on the train, with Cora to chaperon me. Don't you love that? You remember how intelligent Cora was when the talcum turned you into a funny little snow man!"

Buddy blushed feelingly and she went on:

"The trip was a great success until the train started. When you got on I was terribly nervous."

"Thought I was the lone bandit?" he suggested with some pride.

"Egotist!" was all the satisfaction she gave him. "It wasn't you who disturbed me. But I began to notice the men in the drawing-room compartment. Two of them I'd never seen before; but the dark one and the little blond in the gray suit I recognized fast enough. They were the ones who had been after poor Dad with the wonderful card game. Then I saw you get on, looking so fresh and breezy and—pardon me—green in your pretty new suit—and when I saw you standing there like Pike's Peak or a splendid charlotte russe, beautifully frosted on top with Cora's powder, I could have wept in sympathy. I thought it was rather splendid of you to help Cora ——"

"And I certainly did help some," he grinned, remembering the avalanche of toilet articles he had loosed across the car.

"But I liked the way you did it—you know what I mean, Cora isn't young and charming. There are always a number of handsome traveling gentlemen to help a well-complexioned girl under thirty-five."

"I didn't look at it that way," he stammered, immensely pleased.

"At any rate I had a peep at you across the aisle and made up my mind that you were some poor lonesome miner going for a week-end in Denver. You looked so homesick and pitiful ——"

"You've said it!"

"And when I saw how fearfully careless you were with your wallet—you took it out twice, do you know?—you got dreadfully on my mind. They gave us the same table in the dining car, and it made me nervous when I realized that those four sharks were eating together across the aisle from us, and they had their eyes on you half the time. You see, I'd never traveled alone before and I'm a coward at heart. I wanted to warn you against those men and I had my mouth open two or three times, but I was frightened out of it.

"But after luncheon that sleek little man in the gray suit came tiptoeing over to you, and when I heard him inviting you to play poker I could have stabbed him with my hatpin. I saw him leave you and I saw you again, like the foolish boy you were, juggling with your wallet. And then I decided to speak up ——"

"Good Lord!" groaned Buddy. "And all the time I thought you were some sort of a rival bunko artist!"

"You had some right to be suspicious, I suppose," she told him after a reflective glance. "I'm not very experienced at making acquaintances on trains, and I must have appeared horrid. But all the time I was such a weak-willed little goose I didn't dare tell you the truth. Well, when the blond one in the gray suit came over to you again and you urged me to hurry up—I—did my best to make you stay."

"You couldn't have chopped me away with an adz," he informed her. "You remember I followed him clean across the car to tell him nothing doing with the game."

"Yes," she said slowly, "and here's the place where I hesitate."

He looked closely and saw that she was blushing until tears had come.

"It was a dreadful thing to do—but you see I'd made up my mind; so the minute you left the seat to follow that gambler I reached into your overcoat—it was lying right beside me—and took out your wallet. I wasn't even ashamed, because I was determined you shouldn't have that money to throw away until you'd gotten as far as Denver at least. I smuggled it into my hand bag and tried to look innocent when you came back and sat down. It was dreadful."

"Poor kid!" He said this in spite of himself.

"Oh, the worst is yet to come. I was scared blue every minute for fear you'd take up your overcoat and find the money gone. I was wild to give it back to you or to warn you against them or something. But I was in a perfect whirl. It must take a dreadful amount of practice and self-control to be crooked for a living. At any rate I was relieved when the train stopped and you asked me to walk with you on the platform. I was afraid to leave my bag behind, so I took it with me. I don't think I should have held out ten minutes longer. I wanted to scream and tell you to take your money back. And of course in my idiotic state of mind I did the worst thing possible. The conductor shouted 'All aboard!' I was plainly rattled. I turned the wrong way, looking for the Altazoona, which we had just left, and poor Cora made matters worse by dragging me aboard the Alazama, across the platform. The names, you see, were so nearly alike, and the points of the compass never meant anything to me out West. So I didn't see my mistake until the door was locked and we found ourselves steaming the wrong way.

"The train, I found, was bound right back to Colorado Springs; and you were on your way to Denver as fast as you could scoot. I was in a miserable silly panic. As soon as I could collect my wits I opened your wallet; and what I found inside didn't make me feel any calmer—eleven thousand five hundred dollars! I went into a few hysterics, and Cora, who never had any sense, began to cry too. I should have notified the conductor, Dad says; and if I had I suppose some sort of telegram would have been sent on to head you off. But I'd lost the little sense I ever had; and the idea of going right back to Colorado Springs and facing my family was more than I could stand.

"Finally I made up my mind that whatever happened I wouldn't go back to my family. So I got hold of Cora and dragged her off at the first stop. I found there were no other trains going through to Denver before early morning. Cora and I, clinging together like two babes in the wood, hunted up a sort of hotel; but just as we were going upstairs to our room I looked back and saw those four card sharps registering at the desk. For some reason or other—and they had a good reason, I suppose—they had dropped off at the same little station. They got the next room to ours, and poor Cora and I sat up all night—we'd pushed the bureau against the door—and for hours we listened to them swearing and quarreling and breaking glasses."

She shuddered quite appropriately.

It Had Turned Out That There Was Nothing Else to Do to Be Happy

"The gamblers were all snoring when we got away for the early morning train. I told everything to Daddy as soon as he got back to New York. He suggested my depositing the money and trying to find you."

Buddy McNair sat reflectively watching two demoiselle cranes bobbing up and down in the figures of the spring dance. Her eyes as he looked shyly round were wonderfully appealing; he was too engrossed to marvel that another woman's eyes could appeal so soon again. The story she had just told him caused his spirit to react with double severity against that life of sham and plunder upon which he had forever turned his back. Out of the exotics and the neuroties he had come not unscathed but still able to enjoy; and here he was finding comfort in the deep blue eyes of an honest American girl of that splendid stock which makes our nation great forever.

"I hope you're going to forgive me," she was pleading ever so prettily when he came to.

"Yes. But there's one thing I'll always hold against you."

"Oh."

She drew away, abashed, then asked contritely: "What have I done—or what haven't I?"

"If you really wanted to save me from those crooks," he said accusingly, "you should have gathered in my whole wad while you were about it—nearly three hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

"I don't quite understand ——"

"You will," said Buddy.

And the dam of silence broke. He told her all about himself in words of shame and honesty. Through his first encounter with the Blints, the mad servants' party at Terry Overbeek's, the still madder purchase of the pearls, he worked climactically up to Mrs. Dyvenot and disillusionment. He found a sister confessor upon whom to ease his troubled spirit.

"You poor, poor boy!" she moaned. "Why in the world did you do all that?"

"Up in the mountains I'd been laughing at tenderfeet ever since I was a kid. I suppose I had this coming to me. I wasn't in a position to protect myself. You see, I thought I was meeting the best people and —— "

"Poor, poor boy!" she repeated in much the tone she might have used on a bulldog after an unsuccessful fight. "Why did I let him escape me that day in Colorado?"

"Wasn't it sort of natural that I should have been stung?" he asked, making a faint show of self-defense.

"It all comes from reading those Sunday supplements," she mused. Presently she rose.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "It's time to be starting back and we haven't seen a single animal."

Buddy addressed himself to a passing attendant whose drooping mustaches, bovine eyes and hulking figure gave him an appearance not unlike that of a uniformed walrus.

"Where's the elephant house?"

The attendant pointed a gray-clad flipper, and together the romantic wanderers followed the sparse crowd through the swinging glass doors.

The tall African elephant, swaying hypnotically on his nine-foot shoulders, passed out the long rubber tube by which he begged. Martha Harrison, who had concealed a segment of doughnut in her pocket, looked guiltily round for the keeper ere attaching the morsel to the vacuum-cleaner end of the waving trunk.

"It'll give the old darling dyspepsia," she said humanely. "Isn't he lovely!"

She also displayed a quite natural interest in the pygmy Liberian hippopotamuses; but Buddy's mind was wandering to a new and sarcastic whimsy.

"There's an animal over there," said he, pointing to a cage, "that looks like a razorback hog with a Hebrew nose."

"That's the South American tapir, silly," she scolded. "Can't you read the sign?"

"Hm!" mused the transplanted mountaineer as soon as they had moved over and taken in the trim little beast with the elephantine snout.

"Now just what county in the Animal Kingdom would a combination like that occupy?" he inquired. His right hand had stolen into his coat pocket, where he could feel the half dozen false pearls clicking together like a disagreeable reminder of his mistakes.

"I suppose he's a species of pig," he heard Martha Harrison explain. "Of course I'm not up on zoölogy any more. At school I used to think that anything with two cylinders should be called a bivalve."

Buddy had taken the six shining marbles out of his pocket and was holding them reflectively.

"A species of pig!" he drawled, looking dreamily down at the trophies in his palm.

And on an impulse he tossed Mrs. Dyvenot's pretty counterfeits, one at a time, through the bars and into the hay right under the South American tapir's prominent nose.

"What in the world?" gasped Martha Harrison.

"Casting 'em before swine," said Buddy McNair.

"Oh. But he isn't a regular pig."

"No. And these aren't regular pearls."

XXIII

"YOU'VE got to come home with me and help square things," she told him as soon as they had started back on the El. "I never did such a dreadful thing before—and I want to show you as evidence when I break the news to Moms about the wallet."

"I wish I'd brought my gun," grinned Buddy.

"Mercy! None of us know a thing about shooting."

"Neither do I," declared the man from Axe Creek with his customary candor.

At last they got off at the Ninth Street station and started briskly cross town through a jumble of shabby flats, which told Buddy, at first, that the Harrisons did not live in an opulent neighborhood. As they crossed Broadway and turned into Twelfth Street, however, Buddy changed his mind, for the jumble grew into order. Somewhere church bells were chiming, imparting romance to the spring evening. West of Fifth Avenue a pretty residence section came into view—modest brick houses with white doors and shiny brass knobs; no sign of splendor, only what Terry Overbeek would have pronounced solid bourgeois, domestic comfort. Tulips were budding in many window boxes; Buddy paused a moment and looked back upon a cross section of Fifth Avenue, showing the brilliant green sides of a passing bus.

Martha Harrison stopped in front of one of the simple brick houses, which was distinguished by its trim white sashes and smart window boxes.

"We live here," she said, pulling a brassy knob. They stood together in the small vestibule awaiting a response.

"You stay by me while I tell mother," she whispered with the sidelong look of a naughty child.

A neat maid in frivolous white cap and apron opened the door. There was something surprisingly reminiscent about the girl's mysterious intriguing air as she took his hat and coat. She never looked at him, but Buddy stood wondering just where before and under what peculiar circumstances he had encountered that languishing pose.

Martha Harrison, who with a graceful word had excused herself and started up the stairs, turned and said to the memory-haunting maidservant:

"Annette, show Mr. McNair into the drawing-room."

As the maid swung open the drawing-room door Buddy looked again, more carefully this time. She had cryptic eyes of an Egyptian cast; her face was interestingly aristocratic, conveying memories of a green gown and jeweled headdress. She looked slyly up the stairs before admitting that she recognized him.

"How do you do, Marquise?" he inquired cordially.

"But Monsieur McNair!" She came close to him and spoke rapidly, her expression approximating that of Theda Bara in her deeper moments. "You have not told?"

"About the servants' ball?" he grinned.

"S-s-s-s-st! Not so loud, please!"

"Oh, I wouldn't peach on a friend like that," he informed her as one confederate to another.

"It would cost me my place," she tragically declared.

"I'm still as a dead horse." Then the situation appealed to him so vividly that he could not refrain from asking, "Afraid she'll know you borrowed her green dress?"

"Not so much that," she hissed. "But if Mrs. Harrison should know that I had been associating with Overbeeks she would dismiss me without a reference."

She glided away like the romantic character that she was.

A coal fire glowed in the oval cavern of a small quaintly carved marble mantel and gave to the room that comfort which a city house requires in the interval between steam heat and summer warmth. In the moment of waiting he got a glimpse of the pleasant interior, buff walls graciously spaced by ivory enameled pilasters offsetting oval or rectangular paintings in dull gilt frames. The furniture seemed to be mostly mahogany upholstered in chintz and arranged with a design for promoting conversation. Between the two long windows with their straight-hanging draperies and gilt cornices a little Empire pier table in yellow enamel held a cluster of lilacs against a mirror which touched the molded plaster ceiling and brightly waxed floor. Everywhere Buddy looked there was a picture which seemed to wait for a central figure—a human being.

Over the mantel hung a life-size oval portrait of an officer in buff and blue, an open manuscript lying somewhat stiffly under his carefully posed forefinger. Two graceful silver urns sat at the ends of the mantelshelf and between them a cluster of exquisite Dresden flowers challenged the New York dust. The buff wall spaces were adorned with old side brackets of a glass-prism pattern.

This was certainly no tenement. Just where he would have placed its occupants in the rating of plutocracy was a puzzle to Buddy; for this fashion of interior was certainly an entirely new one on him.

When Martha came back she was laughing.

"Now isn't that like my unnatural parents? Worried about me? Only a telephone message to say that Moms has decided to stay over for dinner at Tarrytown. Of course I'm nothing in her life. Oh, well, let's have some tea. I'm starved again."

The ex-marquise, entirely bereft of her royalist manner, came in and began arranging tea things on a small table. There was nothing splendid about the Harrison silver or china. The cups were blue and very thin, of a somewhat quaint pattern; and the silver, though nice enough, seemed plain and rather junky. They had bread and jam.

"Do you know," he said plaintively, "this is the first real home I've seen in New York?"

"How Do You Do, Marquise?" He Inquired Cordially

"What do you call a home?" She had dropped flippancy.

"A place where you'll find that the whole damned family likes to live there, where you know somebody'll grieve when you stop making tracks on the hall rug."

"Poor lost lamb! Are there homes in Axe Creek?"

"Axe Creek's pretty close to rough lumber, I guess. But lots of Shetland fisher folk have come there; they keep their shanties clean as wax. Each one has a garden patch, and a square of oilcloth in front of the stove where the old man comes to dry his socks. Everybody turns out for a funeral or a wedding. On New Year's Eve they bake a cake and go visitin' round with a jug, whether the state's dry or not. When Sandy's sick abed or his wife has twins or the Reverend Mr. McIntyre is going to give a salvation matinée everybody knows it and looks interested."

"And you think we give the Axe Creek effect?" she smiled.

"Well, it sounds sort of ridiculous—but you'd be surprised how similar it is."

Annette came in and took out the tray.

"I'd better be going," said Buddy, awkwardly rising.

"Oh, but tell me one thing, please!" she pleaded, detaining him with her look of interest in Buddy McNair. "Were you born on that wonderful snowy mountain peak?"

"My father brought me there when I was about six. I can just remember."

He stood there shuffling nervously, because these confidences always made him ill at ease.

"Is he still alive?"

"Oh no. He died when I was a kid. He wasn't an American citizen and nobody seemed to know why he came to Axe Creek. He was a University of Dublin man and made his living doing odd jobs round the camp."

"He must have been a most interesting gentleman," she said softly.

The seeming snobbishness of the remark jarred against his newly pledged democracy.

"I don't think you'll find that word in Axe Creek—the way you say it here," he gruffly reminded her.

"Don't misunderstand me," she besought. "I don't mean that he was a runaway earl. But he must have been a man of aspirations and ideals."

"I suppose he was. He was a man whose life had been bumped into pretty hard, I guess. He used to take me out on the rocks down the gulch at the quiet hour a little after sunset. There he'd sit puffing away at one of the good cigars he couldn't really afford, and after a while he would point out the evening star—Venus. It's much brighter in the high mountains."

"And what would he say?" she asked.

"He could always talk like a house afire. His English sounded affected to me then. He'd begin by explaining how the evening star was millions of miles away, but rolling along by the same law and systems of law that make right right or wrong wrong; how the planets, floating like bubbles of fire in a sea of ether, are fixed and solid as the facts of life; how people ought to look up at the star whenever it's in the sky and resolve to obey the laws of life, which keep even Venus on her course."

"I told you!" she cried triumphantly. "He had aspirations and ideals."

"Yes. And he drank himself to death. After all, he was an Irishman."

XXIV

IT MUST have gotten round among Mrs. Dyvenot's friends that Buddy McNair was *persona non grata* in the neat little apartment house just off Madison Avenue. He was no longer badgered with smart invitations; and Middleton Knox, reliable barometer that he was, met him on the street and, to put it baldly, cut him dead. All this was a relief to Buddy, since it saved him the trouble of refusing that which he no longer desired. He shunned the clubs at which Van Laerens had introduced him—indeed, during the three or four days following his Arcadian adventures with Martha Harrison he spent most of his energy watching a barren mail or listening for a telephone call which never came. He was beginning to worry about this Martha Harrison. Had she thought him over and concluded that he wouldn't do? Had she decided to drop him after an afternoon of amusing play? Probably he had stayed too long upon his first visit and permitted himself to become tiresome with his confidences. At any rate Martha Harrison did not fulfill her promise to ask him again to Twelfth Street on a mission of squaring things with her mother.

"You Notice," Winked Mr. Harrison, "How I Agree to Everything? I'm a Tamed Man"

Several times Buddy had begun taking stock of his things with a view to seeking Axe Creek and oblivion. But he had always weakened. Decision seemed to have gone out of his character; he was too low in spirits even to feel a keen disappointment in this new failure. Yet every morning he continued to look for some sort of note from her, and the mail brought him nothing but more bills, to eat a little farther into the contents of his returned wallet.

He might have called to her over the telephone at any time; undoubtedly he would have resorted to this very simple expedient had it not been for the fear of announcing his existence to Mrs. Harrison before the time was ripe for revelation. No. It was getting plainer and plainer that Martha Harrison, like the others, had passed him on as soon as he had served his purpose. Perhaps the young man he had seen with her in the hansom cab was claiming all her time. Buddy devoted much speculation to Miss Harrison's case during these empty days.

On Wednesday morning Jass, who had continued to dangle on the job, brought in the mail; and Buddy was heartened to see a square of nice stationery addressed in rather a dashing hand. It was from Martha's mother and it said:

My dear Mr. McNair: My daughter has just told me about that dreadful prank. I want you to believe that we're not entirely depraved, and I was wondering if you couldn't dine with us Wednesday at half past seven. I am ever so anxious that you should see our gentler side!

Very sincerely yours,
MARTHA HARRISON.

The news had such good effect upon Buddy that he came at once out of his spell and began to look round him. And now for the first time he noticed that Jass, Jr., was still there and that Jass, Sr., was not. However he held his peace until that evening when he was dressing to dine with the Harrison family. It was Jascomb, indeed, who first broke the silence.

"Might I ask, sir, if I continue to give satisfaction?"

"What's eating you now, Jass?"

"I had a fear that perhaps my nationality ——"

"Afraid folks round New York might call you an undesirable alien when they find you're an American citizen?"

"Oh no, sir. But so many gentlemen ——"

"Yes, I see. They want the imported article. No. I haven't got any prejudice against American help."

"Thank you, sir."

"What's become of your father?"

"He decided to return to South Bend."

"Old man gave you up as a bad job?"

"Well, sir, he came to my opinion after a while. You see I have been in another profession so long; and the patrons of his department store might not understand, in a manner of speaking ——"

"Jass," commanded his employer suddenly, "who's the woman?"

"I beg pardon?"

Jascomb backed slightly away, looking as though he had been caught stealing spoons.

"Who's the woman keeping you from leaving New York?"

"She's a Miss Pollemius, sir," confessed Jascomb readily enough. "A Finnish lady employed in the 'Otel Merlinbilt."

"Go to it, Jass."

"Thank you, sir. And Mr. McNair, if I might inquire ——"

In the act of handing his master his freshly ironed hat he paused irresolute.

"Well, what's on your mind?"

"Did I understand you to say, sir, that you might be going away from New York?"

"I've changed my mind," said Buddy McNair, and escaped for fear that Jass might turn the tables with the question, "Who's the woman?"

He had made an excuse to telephone Martha Harrison this morning after her mother's note came, and she had said in her natural way, "Just a family dinner."

"Mr. Blint once asked me to a family dinner," Buddy had objected, "and when I got there I found the royal family and all the crown jewels."

"Not with us. Just father and mother and me."

On his ride downtown Buddy decided that this was the very thing he liked about her. She was so fearfully bourgeois, as Doris Blint would have said—or at least she gave a natural, honest aspect to everything she touched. She didn't inflame him as Mrs. Dyvenot had done; when he thought of Martha Harrison he thought of having found something he had always needed, nothing more. He wasn't driving himself constantly by the force of powerful and dangerous drugs. It was all so natural, so right.

And as he rode along, past the electrically outlined clock of the Metropolitan Tower, past Twenty-third Street's drying river of trade, down the white-globed vista of lamps which fledges the shining pavement of lower Fifth Avenue, he laughed at the self that was yesterday. He didn't care if she wasn't rich, if she wasn't centered in the limelight, if she and her family lived in an obscure street and had nothing in common with what the Sunday papers call society. Terry Overbeek had seen too clearly for a drunken man when he had warned Buddy to be free of pretense, to seek his kind.

(Continued on Page 24)

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 31, 1918

If Your Copy is Late

BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

Sometimes subscription copies will be delivered first; sometimes copies sent to dealers. Until transportation conditions are improved these delays and irregularities are unavoidable.

A Reminder

BROADLY, the United States is accomplishing its object. It has a great army in France and is augmenting it. It is turning out ships. It is making munitions. Broadly speaking, one may be well content just to accept the results.

But it does not follow that criticism of the plan on which the Government attacked the problem was unsound or that a better organization would not have produced better results or as good results in shorter time.

We are still much in arrears of where we ought to have been in respect of airplanes. We still hear disquieting reports about comparative failures, or much-qualified successes, in that field. And apparently the aëronautic organization is still faulty. An officer of the British air ministry would not be giving interviews to that effect to the Associated Press except that our allies feel it to be a matter of signal importance.

We are still needing an air ministry, to unify control of aëronautics in the hands of a single responsible officer with cabinet rank.

Fact and Fancy

THE Government proposes to spend about twenty-four billion dollars this fiscal year. The House Ways and Means Committee, with the returns from last year's war taxes and all other available data before it, calculates that net income of corporations this year will amount to ten billion dollars, and net income of individuals—above the one and two thousand-dollar exemptions—will amount to seven billions.

The total is seventeen billions; but a very important part of the individual income is a product of the corporation income. Take all the corporation income, and individual income would shrink—to say nothing of the reactions upon industry that would surely follow upon confiscation of all corporation net income. In short, it is doubtful that the Government, by wholesale confiscation of all income above the theoretical living minimum, could raise fifty per cent of this year's proposed expenditures.

Starting with an intention to raise eight billions, not only from income but from all other sources as well, the Ways and Means Committee has found much difficulty in framing a tentative schedule calculated to raise six and a half billions.

The war is supported out of current production—that is, out of current gross income. Much the greater part of whatever it consumes this year will have been produced within the United States this year. So your idealistic theorist sees no difficulty in meeting the whole cost of the war by a levy on current production or current income. But when a responsible committee, with the best of intentions, gets down to dealing with facts it finds that somewhere from a quarter to a third the cost is the best it can do.

Amateur Administration

THE late William James once remarked that, to an expert, impressionistic philosophy is as intolerable as impressionistic watchmaking or land surveying. The remark came to mind some weeks ago on reading of the death of John Purroy Mitchel.

Mitchel was an expert in city administration. No real fault was found with him on that side. But the people would not have him because his manners were not popular.

Cost of government in the United States, exclusive of the Federal Government, is now about two billion dollars a year. The Census Bureau reports that in 1917 the states and the cities of thirty thousand or more inhabitants spent more than a billion and a half. Lesser cities and other political divisions would no doubt bring the total to about two billions. In addition the states and the cities of thirty thousand or upward had spent more than three billions, evidenced by outstanding indebtedness. This is double the expenditure and about three times the indebtedness of the Federal Government before the war.

Pretty largely this money is spent by amateurs relying on improvised and impressionistic methods. There is not much of exact science about its spending: the expert comes in to only a minor degree. Pretty largely we hand over the spending of these two billions to the man who can say "Hello, Bill!" in a hearty manner. A good many of our friends think that is democracy, and that the all-important thing about a public officer is his political idealism. We think it quite as important that he know something about the business he is undertaking.

Judging War News

GO BY the map rather than by the headlines. One may agree with expert military opinion that recent operations in France have been fully as important as the First Battle of the Marne, which saved France and the Ally cause. But the First Battle of the Marne occurred nearly four years ago. One may entertain no doubt that the tide has definitely turned; but the tide was in flood for forty-eight months. Its ebbing may be a very long process.

We make these remarks because every now and then we meet someone who believes that this German reverse must bring peace the current year. There is no warrant at this writing for such an opinion, and there is no doubt that a belief in near-by peace tends to relaxation. It is human to look ahead, and if we think we are looking at peace three months off we let down a bit. That would be a play into the hands of Germany if it turned out that peace was nearer to three years off than to three months.

The map shows that the German armies have given up some French territory. Measure what they have given up by the extent of territory that still separates them from the Rhine, and base your plans on that.

We believe it would be a shocking mistake to encourage any idea that the end of the war is definitely in sight. Every plan now laid and every motion now made in the United States should be shaped by the strong probability that American soldiers will be fighting in Europe one year from this date—twice as many as are there now, and fighting twice as hard.

Those American soldiers are making the name of the United States shine with a new luster before the world. They are splendidly justifying our faith and pride in our country. The next Liberty Loan drive is only a month away. When it comes time to subscribe see that you—just individually you—prove worthy to be fought and died for. Do your part as they are doing theirs.

Farming Here and Elsewhere

A LITTLE table, compiled by the Department of Agriculture, shows that the United States has more land under cultivation than Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Belgium and Italy combined; but in the European countries named nearly three times as many persons are directly dependent upon agriculture for a livelihood as in the United States.

To put it another way: There are nine and a third acres of cultivated land for every person engaged in tilling the soil in the United States, while the average in the European countries is rather under three acres to a person.

We do not get so much out of an acre as Europe does, yet the difference in that respect is smaller than most people suppose. We get more out of a cultivated acre than Italy does; almost as much as Austria and Hungary do; France beats us by less than twenty per cent; while Great Britain and Germany beat us by sixty to seventy per cent; and only little Belgium doubles our product per acre. So our product per person is more than four times Italy's, three times Austria's, more than double that of Great Britain, France and Hungary. In product per person Germany comes closest to us, but we lead by fifty per cent.

The American tiller of the soil, then, already has more than three times as much cultivated land to work upon as his Western-European competitor. This cultivated domain is capable of vast expansion in productivity. And at the last census only fifty-four per cent of the land in American farms was "improved"—meaning land regularly plowed or mowed, pastured and cropped in rotation or lying fallow.

If all that does not spell opportunity, present and future, for American agriculture, we do not know how to spell.

Keep Your Bond

THERE are very likely fifteen million people now holding government bonds who never held property of that description before. Nearly all these holdings are coupon bonds, payable to bearer, as easily transferred from hand to hand as a bank note, and subjecting the owner to loss if destroyed or stolen.

Do not sell your bond. You bought it to help win the war. If you sell it you cancel that help. The bond is your backing of the boys in France. You cease to back them when you sell it.

Beware of anybody who comes personally or by circular proposing to take your bond in exchange for some other investment yielding a greater return. Honorable men are not trying to induce people to dispose of their Liberty Bonds. But some get-rich-quick rascals are, as the Government has found out. Anybody who solicits you to dispose of your bond raises a presumption of rascality. Be as wary of him as you would of a man who offered to sell you a gold brick. There are genuine gold bricks, but it takes an expert to tell them. Every solicitation through the mails should be turned over to the Post-Office Department.

Do not leave the bond round the house. It may be destroyed or stolen. We have never heard of a bank refusing to take a Liberty Bond for safe-keeping without charge, and doubt if there is any such bank. Leave your bond at the bank.

There is an opportunity for banks here. Fifteen to twenty million bondholders in the United States is a new thing. Widespread holding of investments evidenced by strips of negotiable paper developed very suddenly. But it is not going to disappear when the war ends. Every bank, big or little, should equip itself with secure, convenient means of safe-keeping the paper of small investors who cannot afford to rent safe-deposit boxes, and should take pains to let people know it has such an equipment at their disposal without charge. A good many banks have done this. Every bank should do it. The cost will be small. Any bank that is not doing all it can to encourage a habit of investing is stone-blind to a great opportunity.

Spending Habits

WHEN our Revolutionary forefathers cut off commercial intercourse with England strict frugality in the use of imported articles was necessary; and mourning was one of the difficult subjects with which they had to deal. The newspapers, committee journals and correspondence of the period fairly bristle with that subject. A Massachusetts committee solemnly warned that anyone making a display of mourning at a funeral might expect the funeral to be boycotted by his friends and neighbors. Utterances and actions of like tenor appeared throughout the colonies.

In those days custom required that every member of the household, and the kin to an indefinite degree, be incased in a new suit of black. Such is the power of fashion in such matters that to appear at a funeral in native homespun no doubt required a more heroic resolve than to abstain from articles much more necessary to bodily well-being.

Take it to yourself. Which would you rather do—go without dinner or walk down Main Street on a warm March day in a straw hat?

But the material for the sable emblem of grief was imported, and as the colonists saw it the choice before them was to submit to oppressive acts or get along without imported goods. Their necessity suspended the mourning habit.

Good sense and good taste deprecate extravagance in mourning nowadays. But a good deal of other extravagance goes on in thoughtless conformity with habits and customs that have no sanction of good sense or good taste in times as exigent as these.

TYPES AND TURKEYS

BARTLEY and I went to public school together. He was a stocky, square-faced lad with stubby fingers, the ends as blunt as though they had been chopped off with an ax. His father owned and operated the village harness shop, which was a beautifully oily, smelly sort of place to rummage in. We used to carry off especially attractive pieces of leather from the scrap heap. That was permitted; but now and then, I regret to say, we used to purloin perfectly good leather off the workbench.

My father owned and edited the village newspaper. There we were given outworn type, which we treasured; but the good type that we occasionally took without leave seemed more precious.

As far as I can remember we almost never had any real use for leather and we never had any real use for type—except to exhibit them, with glowing pride of possession, to boys who had no leather and no type. That was the real motive for having them.

Other boys had marbles, sling shots, pocketknives, jackstones and like vulgar possessions which every normal boy expects to have just as he has eyes and hair. But to take out of one's pocket a perfectly new, unpunched, coiled leather belt or a handful of shiny unused type was to create a sensation. There was a general impression that new leather and type were desirable possessions. Grown men set store by them. No other boys had them. We were envied.

Shaping the Future With a Ferule

I DON'T remember that there was ever a cynical boy to inquire what, in fact, we expected to do with leather and type or to affect indifference to them on the ground that we could turn them to no useful purpose. Doubtless there was no such cynic. We had something that other boys didn't have. If every boy had possessed leather and type we should have cared no more for them than for our shoes and caps—and as to what we cared for the latter, the laments of my parents still echo in my ears.

Looking back afterward, I couldn't remember that Bartley had exhibited any sign of superior ability in his school days. He was admirably enterprising in the way of robbing orchards and affixing ticktacks to the windows of the Morton sisters—or "the old maids," as our unmannerly name for them was. They were said to be spiritualists—hence as a matter of course legitimate objects of any mischief.

But Bartley was by no means conspicuous in mischief. His record was just the good batting average of any healthy young savage. There was no sign of genius in it. False modesty shall not tempt me to say that I was inferior to him; and it is merely stating indubitable fact to say that in school I was superior—not through greater industry but from better natural aptitude.

In those days corporal punishment still held its time-honored place in the science of pedagogics. It was the only branch of the science in which the principal of our school was notably proficient, and it is only stating indubitable fact to say that Bartley's head was not the portion of his anatomy on which he progressed through school. Compensating Nature must have requited him for a thick head by giving him a thick hide. His scholastic career was pretty largely an exemplification of Heine's saying that the only important difference between regular and irregular verbs is that the latter get one more licking. Maybe it was Professor McEldowney's ferule that shaped him for his future success.

Bartley and I and the boys we flocked with were all on a pretty nearly level economic plane. Our fathers were self-respecting, self-supporting citizens who gave us plenty of food and clothing. Among us five cents was the largest ordinary unit of currency. A quarter of a dollar was sensational. But Bartley had a rather splendid appendage in the person of an uncle who was a grocer in Chicago. To our simple understandings Chicago connoted wealth and luxury. We looked upon the grocer, when he visited our town, as a being in the same general class with Vanderbilt and Field and Leiter—and imagined him probably hobnobbing with them.

Bartley visited his uncle in Chicago one summer and returned to tell us about the street cars, and how all the streets were lighted by gas lamps at night, and the boats on Lake Michigan and many other remarkable things. He persisted in disputing Fred Robinson's statement—which Fred had direct from his father, who had seen them hundreds of times—that the stockyards were on the South Side, instead of the West Side. Naturally Fred was obliged to vindicate his father by licking Bartley soundly. He was a year older, three or four inches taller and at least ten pounds heavier—which shows that even at the age of twelve Bartley had a poor head for practical affairs.

We moved away the next year and I lost intimate touch with Bartley for three years, during which we exchanged a few letters—the most important of which, on Bartley's side, conveyed the joyous tidings that he had quit school and was going to have a job in Mr. Reynolds' grocery. But it was three years after our separation when I next saw him. I was in Chicago then and looked him up, for he had recently gone to work in his uncle's grocery there.

The establishment was a great disappointment to me. So far as I could see, it was no larger than Mr. Reynolds' and not nearly so clean. My prevailing impression was of a dim, unscrubbed, cluttered place of many odors. The proprietor suffered a corresponding descent, and seemed to me a very ordinary person, with a lead pencil stuck under the brim of his faded straw hat and wearing a big soiled apron. Bartley wore a big soiled apron too; but we were as glad to see each other as though it had been velvet.

"A Dead Goose Lays No Eggs"

Six years elapsed after that visit, and when I next saw Bartley he was decidedly taller, broader, heavier—and wearing what struck me as a nobby business suit. He had recently left the avuncular grocery and launched himself in the real-estate business. In short, he had discovered that mysterious power of attaching people to him and making his way in the world. It isn't an intellectual gift, for plenty of people who could tie one hand behind their backs and then think circles all round Bartley haven't a trace of it.

Launched Into the Business Sea

IN BARTLEY'S case it began with his joining a new association of grocery clerks—or very likely it wasn't limited to grocery clerks—whose purposes, as stated in the constitution and by-laws, were "benevolent and fraternal," but whose main purpose in the beginning was to hold a big picnic once a year. There was no passive side in Bartley's character. Whatever he did at all he did in an active manner. His contact with everything was of a dynamic sort.

Presently he began to make himself felt; everybody in the association was aware of him; he was by way of being a junior sort of leader in it. In time he was elected secretary. About that time a vigorous concern that was engaged in laying out a new subdivision and selling lots on the installment plan became aware of him. A young man who could get elected secretary of any sort of numerous association at the age of twenty-one might be presumed to have qualities that would be valuable in the selling of lots on the installment plan. For a short time Bartley devoted his evenings, Sundays and holidays to lot-selling—to such good purpose that the concern sought him as a permanent investment.

They kept him only four or five years, however. By that time he was dealing on his own account with a constantly widening circle of acquaintance—a circle that widened upward, among men in a superior position, who might if they were so minded give a chap a helpful hand; so his real-estate dealing steadily took on a more imposing character, in time involving quite extensive building operations.

I met him several times while he was thus evolving, and found him always heartily glad to see me; but the meeting that I have been coming to occurred when he was thirty years old. He was in high feather, for with two associates he had just made a killing that run nicely into six figures by adroitly acquiring and consolidating the leaseholds under two old buildings and inaugurating an improvement of the site with a modern structure of the skyscraper type. Without actually erecting the building they had disposed of their leaseholds at a gratifying profit. Two other school-day comrades were in Chicago at the time. Bartley regretted, with perfect sincerity, that he hadn't seen more of them; he'd meant to, but he was busy, the days slipped by. He proposed that we all four get together at luncheon; and it was so arranged. There was a new country club near Chicago. The institution, I believe, was not regarded very highly by persons who were meticulous about their social affairs. In fact it had been "promoted" on a rather commercial basis and an extensive real-estate speculation was involved in it. But a lot of money had been spent on it; the clubhouse showed that at a glance—which was the effect the promoters had in mind. It was the scene of the

luncheon. Bartley took us out there in his long shiny automobile—the chauffeur in a costume that suggested livery. At the door of the imposing dining room a captain received us with a low bow and honorably conducted us to the reserved table. There Bartley pulled a fat roll of bills from his pocket, extracted a five-spot and handed it to the captain, while his guests admiringly looked on.

It struck me that the reserved table was unusually large for a party of four, and it was furnished in a manner that looked rather formidable for a mere informal men's luncheon. After a cocktail and clams and fish a file of waiters, marshaled by the captain, bore down upon us carrying four enormous roast turkeys, one for each guest.

It was the most fascinating sight of a dietary nature that I have ever witnessed. The mammoth birds were laid before us for scenic effect, then carried off to the sideboard and carved, each guest being served with portions from his own particular turkey. I've no doubt mine was an excellent turkey, but when the big plate was placed in front of me I seemed to have lost my customary appetite for roast fowl. The remainder of the luncheon hardly came up to the turkeys, but it was meant to—with red wine and champagne.

Of course, we were impressed; and as I thought it over afterward I perceived that it was just the old leather-and-type business over again. The only reason for it was to exhibit an unusual possession, regardless of whether the possession was in the least useful or not. We had no more use then for four roast turkeys than we'd had before for a handful of new type. Bartley paraded the birds before us exactly as in the old days we used to show a handful of type—to excite admiration and impress the beholder with a sense of superior fortune. Before the war a very considerable portion of the income of the United States was spent on that plan.

Men That Have Raced With Their Incomes

FOR some years after that I saw a good deal of Bartley. He spent much money on the type-and-turkey motive—shedding greenbacks as a tree sheds leaves in autumn. If detectives had ever wanted him they would have had nothing to do but follow the trail of bank notes. Presently he built him a type-and-turkey house and organized spending on an even more elaborate scale. I saw him within a year of this writing—bald as an egg now, undeniably fat instead of merely "stout" or "heavy," and worth several millions. The luncheon we ate on that occasion consisted of shirred eggs, salad, bread and butter and mineral water, and he gave the waiter thirty cents—not because he has ruined his digestion but because he has grown thoroughly accustomed to the idea of having money and isn't seeking crude ways to advertise it.

He has always been a good fellow—generous, entirely free from snobbishness of the society-column sort, no more conceited than a capable aggressive man has to be, and very far indeed from a blockhead. Like so many other young men in this land of extraordinary opportunity, he made money faster than he learned what to do with it. Display of wealth excited admiration, so he displayed his wealth in such naïve ways as his uninstructed and inexperienced fancy dictated. At any given moment in this land of opportunity at least a million young men are making more money than they know how to handle intelligently, though only a few of them, comparatively, are making it on the scale Bartley did.

And I have always set down this great point in his favor: He really had the money; he spent it foolishly but he made it faster than he spent it. Among my acquaintances are men whose early advantages were superior to Bartley's, who were more liberally educated, whose social experiences were broader, who considered themselves persons of taste and cultivation; men who would have regarded his four roast turkeys as about on a plane with an Indian dog feast, but who still spent money in a much sillier fashion than Bartley ever spent it—essentially in a more vulgar fashion—because they spent it essentially to create an effect of wealth without the reality.

When I formed Francis' acquaintance fifteen or sixteen years ago I knew hardly a man whose prospects looked brighter or who seemed more surely elected by his own character and by circumstances for a happy prosperous life. He was not much more than thirty then and joint proprietor, with two associates, of a business that seemed capable of fulfilling any reasonable man's business ambitions. He was one of the most engaging men I have ever met—genial, interesting; a personality with its own distinctive, attractive flavor. He had traveled considerably, read considerably, admired much; a man of taste that had been liberally exercised. His home showed it, his talk showed it. The last I heard of him, perhaps six months ago, he was working on a salary—a very good salary, it is true; yet not more than he himself had been paying his best employees fifteen years before—and the mutual friend who gave the report added sadly that he was in danger of losing his job.

Now Francis has no so-called bad habits. Not a teetotaler, he still drinks very moderately and only incidentally. He plays bridge and even poker at times, but he is not a gambler. He is in excellent physical condition and his mind is as good as ever it was. But he is near fifty, in a much less advantageous position than he occupied at thirty-two or thereabout. His future looks dubious to me.

The only reason is that he has never been able to manage his outgo; the thing seems to run itself, as though he had no control over it. He would be scandalized at the notion of ordering four roast turkeys for four persons. His luncheon would be a triumph of discriminating taste. But the new rug, the new car, the distinguished little dinner downtown and the box at the theater just seem to trundle themselves up to the door and walk in on him. Three years ago he told me with perfect gravity that he was going to cut out the ravaging monthly taxicab bill—and had bought his wife a little electric so she wouldn't need to depend on cabs.

The business of which he was joint proprietor is flourishing to-day, but he has no interest in it. In the early days when it was all in the making he simply cashed in on the prospects faster than they materialized, until a time came when his overdrawn personal account ate up his interest. He had to sell out to square up his debts. There were at least three years when if he could have just kept his fingers out of the till and lived on the quite comfortable income that his situation warranted he would have put in the foundations of a fortune. But he couldn't or wouldn't do it.

The enterprise that he went into after that—on a salary—promised well, too, but he began by spending February's salary in January and ended by owing this year's salary for last year's debts. Sound business men have an instinctive and well-grounded aversion to an associate who is perpetually in debt, whose personal affairs are always in a mess. It means duns, and bill collectors hanging round the office, and letters to the firm. No boss likes it. The effect is of a good deal the same sort, though in a lesser degree, as when an employee takes to showing up day after day with bleary eyes and a distillery breath. The boss is irritated, tends to lose respect for the man and interest in him; feels toward him, in fact, a good deal as he would toward a puddle of slops that he has to step over every time he comes in. It's a sort of smirch and scandal on the premises.

Francis wasn't discharged. He was simply permitted to form an impression that if he saw a good opening elsewhere nobody would shed any real tears. A man with any ambition might as well be discharged as to stay on in an office where that sort of impression prevails. There's nothing further for him in that office. The mutual friend thought that sort of forbidding impression was gathering round Francis in his present position.

Probably a man who is habitually two laps ahead of his income may be perfectly trustworthy—would never tap the till and never fall asleep at the switch when the fast express was due. But debts raise a presumption to the contrary; they are commonly taken as evidence of a weak character. Next to a reputation for drunkenness nothing is likely to be more disserviceable to a young man than a flock of duns and a queue of bill collectors. They keep him on the defensive when good tactics require him to be taking the offensive.

Checking on the Bank of Good Luck

A CASE essentially like Francis', and even more tragic, is well known to a good many people—the case of a really brilliant, energetic and genial man who was given the keys to the strong box and the magic password to the treasure cave. The whole game of fortune-making was put into his hands. When he was under forty he was made chief officer of a powerful financial institution. He had the good-will and even the warm personal regard of men whose say-so goes. He had ability, and the personal attractiveness that counts for a great deal, for high finance is in good part only a superior sort of salesmanship. The Wall Street banker is selling his wares a good deal as the corner grocer sells his. This man had a clear track. It is true he had practically no money, but his salary was thirty thousand a year, and opportunities to make money were sure to come his way. But he spent forty-five thousand. Essentially that was the whole story.

Apparently he couldn't do anything without spending at least twice as much as he had intended to. If it was only the simplest matter of taking a friend to the club for luncheon, several other friends were sure to occur to him, and since there was going to be a little party it seemed appropriate to telephone to the steward and find out what particularly attractive dishes might be had that day. So when the incidental little luncheon was disposed of the check probably came to fifteen dollars or more. If he dropped in at a book store to purchase a dollar-and-a-half volume, some rare bindings, early editions or costly importations were pretty sure to catch his eye. His house at the time of his death contained not less than fifty thousand dollars' worth of very expensive books whose covers probably he had never opened since glancing at them when he purchased them. He borrowed money to make a display of wealth before the very men who lent him the money. When he died—largely, I believe, from worry—his liabilities exceeded his assets by a million dollars, and he was headed straight for a smash. No "bad habits" at all except the ruinous habit of spending more than his income.

Evidently it gets to be a disease, and the amount of one's income has nothing whatever to do with it. A good many people also are acquainted with the case of the young man who went in the hole three million dollars because he couldn't live on a hundred thousand a year. To him—in an even more literal way than to the man referred to just above—the keys of the strong box had been handed over.

Afterward I recalled having seen him one day when business took me into an upstairs office consisting of two small, inexpensively furnished rooms. The only occupant of the office when I stepped in was a handsome youth perched on a tall stool at a high desk in the front room. I was told afterward that his income at this time was sixteen dollars a week. Three years or so later I saw him again—seated at a round table with several companions in a café where money was spent rather freely. He was dressed in a way that attracted admiring attention without being loud. Particularly, he was wearing—for it was the sort of café which permitted that—a novel sort of hat made of very fine pliant white straw, shaped like a Fedora and adorned with a broad green-and-black band that had flowing ends. During the summer headgear of that sort became more common; but to the best of my recollection that was the first Panama hat I ever saw. When I remarked upon it a friend who enjoyed the acquaintance of its owner informed me that it cost twenty-five dollars.

Millionaires Living on Hard-Up Street

HE WAS still an employee, but had ascended through many grades since I first saw him—or, rather, skipped over them. His ascent continued, and several years after the Panama-hat incident a coterie of speculative nabobs took him into their special regard. Out of hand they gave him a business opportunity that was pretty nearly the same thing as handing him a blank check on the Bank of Good Luck. By simply giving a reasonable degree of attention to business and exercising a modicum of horse sense he might have enjoyed an income of a hundred thousand a year indefinitely. He had sufficient ability to conduct the business, but the horse sense was beyond him. Associating with men who had millions of solid property behind their expenditures, he undertook not only to keep up with them but to go them one better. The result was deficit, speculation, loss, more speculation and more deficit. When his backers finally checked it up the deficit was about three millions. They footed the bill and nodded adieu.

Nothing is more certain than that the amount of one's income has nothing to do with it. To a man with a hundred thousand a year the problem is exactly the same that it is to a man with fifteen hundred a year—and vice versa. As long as goods and services are for sale in the world there can be no limit to spending. Any man of normal faculties can cultivate a spending bug that would wreck Rockefeller in five years.

A man who has reached middle age, who began at taw and who has had some fair measure of material success, knows that it is just as difficult to live on ten or fifteen or twenty thousand a year now as it was to live on one thousand or fifteen hundred years ago. He and his wife did live on the thousand or fifteen hundred, with adequate nourishment, clothes that seemed passable at the time, and a tight roof over their heads. It seemed a hardship to forgo a fifty-cent excursion on a Sunday, or a couple of balcony seats at the theater once a month, or a new overcoat when the buttonholes on the old one began to look frayed. It seemed that with an income only fifty per cent greater one could live on Easy Street.

But when the income became fifty per cent greater it was exactly the same old Hard-up Street. It then seemed an affliction to have to forgo the two-dollar excursion, not to be able to go to the theater twice a month, or to buy a new overcoat and a suit of clothes the same fall. And it then looked as though double the original income would certainly put one on Easy Street. But double the original income—when that came along—by no means did.

And when the income became, say, ten thousand a year there were really many more things that one actively wanted and had to do without than when the income was ten or fifteen hundred a year. Because the normal point of view of fifteen hundred a year automatically shuts out a vast category of theoretically desirable objects; a chauffeur, two housemaids, a place in the country, a dinner party downtown and a box at the theater are things one doesn't really think of. He recognizes them as desirable; if he should discover a gold mine he'd have them; but he isn't really expecting to discover a gold mine, so he is losing no sleep over a chauffeur. But every time his income takes a step forward a greater number of things are brought just three inches beyond his reach.

There is only one situation in which it is easy to save—the situation that rises when a man's income makes a

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Holding Fast To The Republic

It is our ambition to build the one tire whose users do not change.

That ambition concentrates our thoughts on quality, rather than sales.

We have figured that if we build Republic Tires so that they last longer—people would surely find it out.

And if they found it out, and those who found it out did not change—the sales would, of course, grow enormously in volume.

The past year, in particular, has proven that we figured wisely; for Republic sales have almost doubled.

It took time to prove that Prōdium Process does so toughen the rubber that Republic Tires last longer.

But the truth began to be driven home two years ago, and now the harvest is at hand.

People have found out this truth, and Republic users are both increasing and remaining loyal.

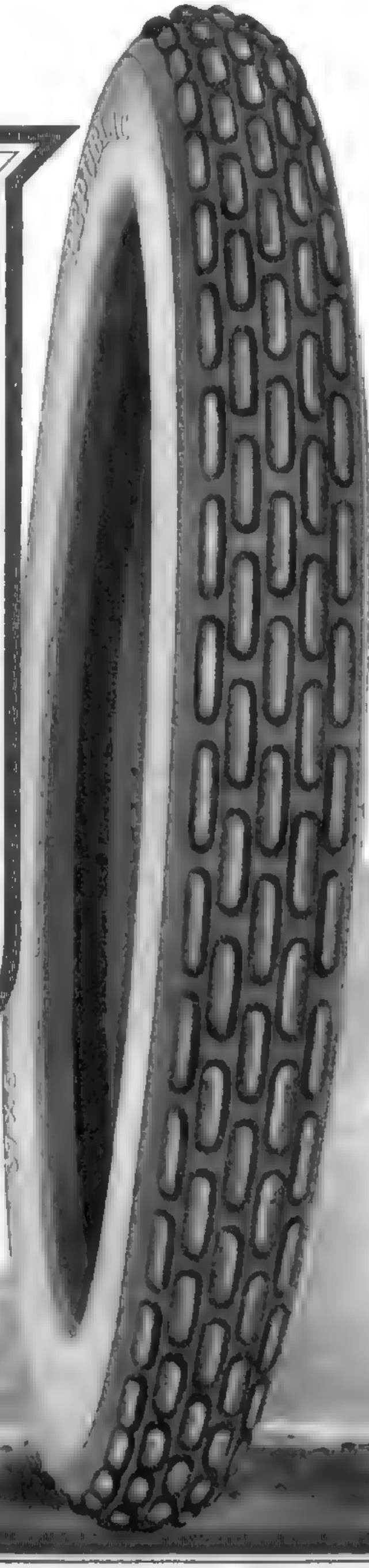
In the good things thought about them by users, we honestly believe that Republic Tires are first in America to-day.

Republic Inner Tubes, both Black-Line Red and Gray, have a reputation for freedom from trouble

The Republic Rubber Corporation

Youngstown, Ohio

Originator of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire—Republic Staggard Tread



Republic
STAGGARD
Tread
Maximum Grip with Minimum Friction

REPUBLIC TIRES

VENUS IN THE EAST

(Continued from Page 19)

Jubilating in his new self Buddy McNair pulled the brass bell knob. The ex-marquise demurely admitted him; and when he had been shown into the West Twelfth Street drawing-room a coal fire was again glowing under the quaint marble mantel, just as he had hoped it would be. A comfortably buxom lady rose from a wing chair by the hearth and dimpled as she greeted him. She introduced herself as Mrs. Harrison; and it was easy to see that she was Martha's mother. Her eyes held the same glowing kindness, and her hair, which was dark and turning slightly gray, rippled over the ears as Martha's did; it was dressed high, and Buddy felt that he had not seen a more distinguished head in New York. In a soft black gown with its square *décolletage* and the black velvet band clasped by diamonds round her throat she wore her age charmingly, for she was still a very pretty woman.

"Martha is always late," she told him. "And my husband is getting to be such a tramp he behaves outrageously whenever I ask him to dress. Do sit down. Martha tells me she has been showing you New York. I hope she didn't wear you out."

"My great mistake," complained Buddy, "was in tackling New York without a guide."

"You shouldn't do that!" she laughed.

A tall thin gentleman with a somewhat bulbous nose, tiny gray mustache and humorous gray eyes came shambling in. He wore a dinner jacket, and his black cravat had slipped off its center, showing his collar button.

"Oh, Topper!" cried Mrs. Harrison, her eye on the gold button. "This is Mr. McNair," she explained, dragging forth the unruly Topper; "and this"—to Buddy—"is my flighty daughter's father."

Mr. Harrison gave a grin which was half a wink and took his guest's hand manfashion, as they do out West.

"So this is the young man Martha's been practicing on!" He grinned a little to one side and shook his guest's hand thoroughly before letting go.

"Sit down, McNair!" he invited heartily. "I hope Annette's going to have those cocktails in pretty soon!"

At this moment Martha herself came into the room. She was wearing a green gown with gold straps over the shoulders. Annette, passing in with a trayful of filled glasses, glanced once at the gown, then at Buddy; and she came dangerously near spilling the cocktails into Mrs. Harrison's lap.

"Well, here's Martha herself," gibed Mr. Harrison, holding his glass under his pear-shaped nose. "You know Mr. McNair?—now that's a foolish question, isn't it!"

"I can see where my daughter gets her eccentricities," chimed in Mrs. Harrison, looking admiringly at Martha.

"You notice," winked Mr. Harrison, "how I agree to everything? I'm a tamed man."

"Daddy could be a lot tamer," came in Martha.

"What do you expect of me? When my daughter goes about gathering fortunes out of strange young gentlemen's overcoats? Inherited criminality."

"You can laugh at it all you please," insisted Mrs. Harrison, attempting to look severe. "But I shall die of grief some day ——"

"Well, here's to grief!" upspoke the elder, lifting his glass. Buddy noticed that Martha had not taken a cocktail. He was far from being a prude, yet somehow he liked her the better for it.

In the pale walled dining room they sat down under silver sconces round a capable dining table garnished with a few pink roses. There was plenty of that plain junky silver about.

"My daughter has been telling me the strangest Robinson Crusoe adventures," said Mrs. Harrison after the soup.

"Robinson Crusette, my dear!" blinked Mr. Harrison. "You remember that our daughter is nothing if not a feminist."

"Daddy!" appealed Martha. "I thought you at least were going to stick by me."

"To the end," declared her father. "Long time ago I decided to close my eyes and give my blanket approval to everything."

"No wonder Martha has reverted to a state of savagery," sighed his wife.

"Let's talk some more about Robinson Crusette," suggested Mr. Harrison, helping himself liberally to ripe olives. "Martha, you've read Defoe more recently than I. Wasn't it old Robinson Crusoe who ——"

"He's going to say something atrocious, I know—you'll have to get used to him, Mr. McNair," apologized Martha, pretending deep shame of her parent.

"I was merely asking a question which every schoolboy should know."

"Don't delude yourself into thinking that you're still a schoolboy," cut in his wife.

"Now, Daddy," suggested Martha, "you've got some awful question about Robinson Crusoe. You might as well get it off your mind."

"Well, then, wasn't it old Robinson Crusoe who did quite a brisk business lying in wait for goats and skinning them?"

"Topper!" cried Mrs. Harrison, horrified.

"Daddy, you ought to get down on your knees before Mr. McNair and ask him to try to forgive you," said Martha.

"Don't mind me," Buddy implored, entering into the spirit of the game. "In the first place it served me right for being a goat. In the second place it isn't every goat who gets his skin taken care of and returned in such fine condition."

"You see," upspoke the daughter, "he doesn't mind. He's even grateful."

"How does she do it?" asked her father with another of his wise blinks in Buddy's direction.

"You see, Mr. McNair, we have to bully Martha occasionally. It's our only way of reminding her that we're still her parents."

"Colorado Springs!" Martha Harrison hissed in a blackmailer's whisper.

"She always holds that over him," dimpled Mrs. Harrison. "It intimidates him at once."

"Can't you be chivalrous?" inquired her father.

"Just like a man!" Mrs. Harrison pointed this out. "Calmly turning all the unpleasant work over to his female relations!"

And so the merry war went on through fish and roast. The food was good, well cooked, plentiful and unornamental. The chaffing among the Harrisons had always an intimate and affectionate quality—the manner of give and take possible only among a group who have kept false reservations and mean grudges out of their long relationship. There was none of the malicious sting to it that Buddy had always sensed in the humorous spats between Gertie Van Laerens and her Plummie; there was none of the sweet venom with which Sally Dyvenot ambushed the confederates whom at heart she distrusted or despised. Mr. Harrison went at it a bit roughshod at times; but the Harrison family gave the impression of three merry passengers all in the same boat. The fact that they wasted nothing on palaver or terms of endearment seemed to establish very clearly the love that lay among them. To Mrs. Harrison her husband was Topper, to Mr. Harrison his wife was Midd. From their conversation Buddy gathered that she did a great deal of church work; but there was nothing sanctimonious about her. Harrison apparently was engaged in some business downtown. Evidently he was a man who never took his business worries to table with him.

As the plates were being laid for dessert the host came back again to the theme of his daughter's brief course in criminality.

"If I were going into robbery as a profession——" he began, and was interrupted by his wife.

"Oh, give poor Martha a chance to reform."

"I was just saying what I'd do—I've often considered criminality as a profession. But I should think it would be good technic for the operator, before operating, to learn a little something about the patient. Just as the surgeon makes you put your name, address and occupation on a piece of paper before he begins whetting his shears. Now see what happened to Martha."

"Oh, heaven!" implored the afflicted daughter.

"She found herself on a train with eleven thousand five hundred dollars clean profit in her hand bag. And she didn't know your name, and she thought you were a wholesale druggist in a town named Tomahawk Valley. Of course she was quite vague, poor child. But I've a curiosity to know."

"Axe Creek, Colorado; altitude nine thousand, two hundred and twenty-six feet," explained Buddy. "My business is extracting gold from low-grade ore by a process known as the Supercyanide."

"I say!" Mr. Harrison blinked at him with his bright gray eyes. "You don't happen to be Gilbert K. McNair, do you?"

"The name's still mine," modestly admitted the genius.

"And did you invent the Supercyanide Process?"

"Yes," said Buddy. "Long ago, when I was a useful member of society."

"By George!" Harrison pushed aside his finger bowl so roughly as to splash the doily. "Why, you're just about all of Colorado!"

"That was my hallucination," said Buddy, "until I came to New York."

"My principal regret when I was in Colorado Springs was that my family worried me into such a state of health that I wasn't able to make a pilgrimage and look you up. Hack drivers showing people round the Garden of the Gods stop in the midst of the scenery and say 'But you ought to see Buddy McNair!' Why, they've got more myths about you than they can tell on Helen Hunt Jackson."

"I guess that's about what I am," acknowledged Buddy with a touch of sadness, reflecting rapidly on what New York had done to him thus far, "a myth."

"Well, there isn't every man who can have Achilles sit right down at his own table and tell what Homer left out," exclaimed the elder. "And I hope you won't think me a bore if I ask you to do that very thing."

"I've been so busy working it out," Buddy modestly declared, "that I haven't had time to learn much about it."

There came a pause. Everybody was looking at him and he felt a vain heart throb when he saw the kind of eyes of Martha Harrison contemplating him with a sort of proprietorial pride.

"Here's a yarn to show how much I know about it," he went on, apparently being expected to talk. "Last week life in New York sort of got on my nerves, so I went up to the Museum of Natural History to take a look at the fossils, thinking I might get comfort out of seeing something that was deader than I was. Well, I'd just walked nine times round the skeleton of the giant brontosaur—that's a mile, I think—when I saw a sign on the wall that almost woke me up. There, in big black letters, was the name of Professor Crackenhorse, the eminent metallurgist, with nearly all the alphabet lined up behind him; and it announced that the professor would give a free lecture at half past two on the subject of the Supercyanide Process of Gold Reduction. Being the inventor, so to speak, I had a sort of morbid interest in hearing about what I had done, so I hunted up the lecture hall. I was late, I guess, because Professor Crackenhorse stopped his talk to let me find a seat.

"He was a neat little man with a short beard and sad eyes that looked as though he had been disappointed in an early love. The wall behind him was all covered with charts and chemical formulas. He had a cold, and every time he rubbed his nose it got redder and redder. I couldn't make out very much about my process from what he said; but I got the impression that it was done by a series of reactions. He had about two hundred of 'em, all divided into groups. Before I had been there fifteen minutes I came to the conclusion that I hadn't discovered the Supercyanide Process after all, because I didn't recognize any of my work in what the professor was talking about.

"I began getting sort of hot and heavy round the eyeballs. I'd been up late a lot that week and the lecture hall was warm and comfortable—too comfortable. Professor Crackenhorse and the pile of books on the table and the double row of old maids taking notes got all scrambled together. I kept taking long breaths in hopes of keeping awake, but the professor's voice grew farther and farther away.

"After a while I woke up. I guess I must have had a good nap, because the lights were all on in the room and the chairs were empty—nobody there except the professor, who was gathering together his papers and jamming 'em into one of those little leather carryalls. I thought maybe I'd speak to him and introduce myself as the inventor, but as he came down the aisle he looked so fierce that I changed my mind and settled back in my chair. He stopped and glared at me through his little plate-glass spectacles.

"'Young man,' says he, 'how do you ever expect to learn anything if you can't keep awake during lectures?'"

A half hour later, when they were puffing their big black cigars in front of the little white mantel, Buddy found himself lecturing quite affably on the subject of low-grade ores and the application of cyanogen. Mr. Harrison knew far more about his process than Buddy imagined an Easterner could know; and the deference with which his opinions were received gave him for the first time the feeling of being somebody of real importance in the world. The old gentleman had a keen appetite for facts; he had been a traveler and a citizen of many ports. Always focusing his practical common sense on things as they are, his talk could skip nimbly from reminiscences of student days in Paris to observations on European politics or mining conditions in South Africa. And when he talked the women folk held their peace.

Buddy was quite amazed at time's annihilation when the ex-marquise entered and announced that his car was at the door. And when Mrs. Harrison, as handshakes were being passed round, invited him to go with them to somebody's picture exhibition on the morrow afternoon he all but swooned with gratitude. For he had read in Martha Harrison's sweet blue eyes an interest that put enchantment into the prospect of tramping round and round the circle of a crowded art gallery.

When the door closed at last upon this new and pleasant aspect of New York Buddy McNair paused just a moment at the wrought-iron railing in front of Martha Harrison's house and yielded one grateful glance to the smart Colonial brick.

"Whoever they are," said he, "they're certainly peaches!"

And he grinned all over as he ordered his chauffeur to drive him back to his apartment.

XXV

MAY warmed into June and, as Gossipe' Weekly was so penetrating as to point out, "everybody that was anybody" had flown "like birds of passage" to plume fine feathers along cool beaches in Massachusetts and Rhode Island. From the same periodical Buddy learned that Mrs. Dyvenot had taken a cottage at Bar Harbor for the summer, and from this concluded that she had been lucky in again selling the Overbeek pearls. Everybody who was anybody had migrated, but Buddy McNair, who was nobody but himself now, was lingering in town for one perfectly valid reason; and that Reason was staying rather late in New York.

On the morning of June the second Buddy McNair awoke pleasantly on his pillow to the snarl of shade rollers which the still faithful Jass was pushing upward for the day. His bath was roaring in the tub and Jass was moving about like a black specter, tidying up the place.

"Any mail, Jass?"

"Yes, sir. Will you have your tub ——"

"I want my mail right away. I've sort of got a hunch."

Like all good hunches it was timed on scientific probabilities; and sure enough there was a letter from Bonyear & Cole, inclosing a statement of June royalties.

"Doc Naylor was right!" whistled and sang Buddy McNair, contemplating the figures and realizing that the industry had grown by fifty per cent.

Doc Naylor had been right in so many things. Right when he had told Buddy that every man must prosper according to his investment. Right when he had said that a million dollars' worth of foolishness would bring in a million dollars' worth of headache. Right when he had said that you couldn't build a house out of fancy wall paper; you had to put together a solid foundation and stick on the fixin's afterward.

And Buddy McNair, after throwing away a lot of mussed and tattered wall paper, ruinously paid for, was starting in on a new foundation. Last week he had proposed to Martha Harrison and had been accepted. There had been nothing stormy

(Concluded on Page 26)

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Henry Sonneborn
& Co., Inc.

Looking straight at the clothes question

How much shall I pay this fall to get the right quality and the right style in my clothes?

The man who looks at this question *straight* sees a mid-road between extravagance and thrift.

In short, he looks straight at Styleplus Clothes.

They have the right style.

They give the desired wear.

They always sell at a moderate price.

Styleplus Clothes are made on the big volume plan, in only a few grades. This reduces costs to the minimum and always produces style and wearing qualities unique at the prices.

Two grades in Styleplus suits: $25 and $30.

Three grades in Styleplus overcoats: $25, $30 and $35—the latter including the long storm coats.

Each grade the same price the nation over.

Each grade always the standard of value at the price.

See the new fall styles at the Styleplus Store.

Styleplus Clothes

$25 AND $30

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

"Each grade one price the nation over"

Trade Mark Registered

Henry Sonneborn & Co., Inc. Founded 1849 Baltimore, Md.

AMERICA'S ONLY KNOWN-PRICED CLOTHES

ENOZ Kills Moths Instantly

Moths work during the winter months

Spray your clothes with Enoz once a month throughout the year and you will never suffer another dollar's worth of damage by moths. You won't have to pack your clothes away. Use Enoz and let them hang.

Enoz is a moth-*killer*. It kills instantly—not only the moth *miller* but the moth *worm* and the moth *egg*. It is a powerful liquid chemical which utterly destroys all forms of moth life.

Ask your druggist for ENOZ now and use it once a month the year around. The moth worm works in the winter months as well as in the summer. The worm is hatched away down deep in your clothes chests and eats away all winter long undisturbed.

ENOZ will not stain or damage the finest furs, feathers, woolens, rugs, carpets, upholstery or anything else on which it is sprayed. The odor is antiseptic and leaves in a short time.

ENOZ is the only real moth-killer now before the public which is definite in its work. Its power has been proved by countless department stores and big manufacturers of fine goods who have used it for a long time to preserve their own valuable stocks. ENOZ isn't a smoke or a smell. It is a *destroyer*.

Use Enoz Once a Month From January to December and You'll Never Have Another Moth

Sprayer and Liquid sold in combination for $1.00 at drug, department and hardware stores. Additional liquid, pint size, 75c; quart size, $1.00. West of Rockies and in Canada 25 cents extra.

If your dealer hasn't it—we will send it to you prepaid upon receipt of price.

The Phenol Chemical Co. Inc.
Established 1907
705-707 N Wells St. Chicago.
New York Branch, 41 Union Square Tel. Stuyvesant 1416

Good-bye Moth Good-bye Moth Ball

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or headlong about it. They had talked it over in their candid fashion and it had turned out that there was nothing else to do to be happy. There hadn't been any cross currents or horrible suspicions. Her yes had been incapable of any misconstruction. It had given him power and a wonderful new confidence in himself, nothing of that eagerly abject feeling he had experienced all the while he was pranking before Mrs. Dyvenot, feverish to please on the end of his chain.

When Buddy plunged into the cold tub this morning he was singing, and he came up singing. Martha had agreed with him that it should be a short engagement. They'd go out West and get acquainted with Doc Naylor. Maybe they would build the big cabin beyond the Little Divide. What a wonderful girl she would be to go wandering the world with! How glad he was that he had hearkened to the word of a drunkard that ghastly night when Overbeek had astounded him with revelations. He had gone forth and gotten himself a real woman, thought Buddy, a girl without social pretensions and false glitter; her social limits were the limits of humanity—no fuss, no feathers, no unhealthy yearnings after country houses and yards of pearls! They were orchids, those people among whom he had lingered long enough to feel disgust—poisonous parasites without a tendril on the ground. Martha Harrison graced the earth from which she sprang. That was her charm.

So reflected Buddy McNair, ecstatically stepping into his red Morocco slippers and taking his morning place at the dining table. Jass, who had brought in the papers with the coffee, stood by his master's chair. In this hour of economy Jass was taking the place of both cook and butler.

"I beg pardon, sir," said the Anglo-Indianian.

He was folding and unfolding the morning papers in a most significant way.

"Don't rub all the news off the front page," suggested Buddy. "What's on your mind now?"

"Would it be convenient to grant me a week's vacation, beginning this afternoon?"

"Nothing's impossible, Jass. What would you do with it?"

"Miss Pollemius and I were wishing to take our 'oneymoon, sir."

"That sounds convenient. Contemplating marriage after that?"

"Oh, no, sir!" in a properly shocked tone. "We're to be married this afternoon in the Third Lutheran Church."

"Well, now I like that! Not inviting me?"

"I was thinking, sir, as how you might not be interested."

"That's the finest specimen of snobbery I've seen yet. Of course you can have your week off—but if you don't ask me to the wedding I'll blow up the church."

"I'm sure, sir, we should feel extremely honored."

Buddy took this to be an invitation for him to come with or without dynamite.

"You'd better go round to Twillaway's and pick out something worth about five hundred dollars."

"Thank you, sir."

"By the way, Jass, I suppose you've heard ——"

"That you are contemplating matrimony, sir?"

"Where in hell did you get that?"

"Out of the Morning Harpsichord, sir. Sixth page, column two."

Jass handed out the paper, which Buddy was quick to open. There was a long, well-headlined column devoted to his happiness; and he was able to read many facts about the good sensible young lady he was determined to make his wife.

MISS MARTHA HAVEN HARRISON ENGAGED

Daughter of Corlear Haven Harrison to Marry Prominent Mining Man

"Yesterday at a luncheon given to a few of her friends Mrs. Corlear Haven Harrison, of No. — West Twelfth Street, announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Martha Haven Harrison, to Mr. Gilbert Kernochan McNair, of Colorado Springs, Colorado.

"Miss Harrison made her début several years ago and was one of the belles of her season. She has been prominent in the work of the Junior League and is well known for her exceedingly clever acting with the Comedy Club. Two years ago she held the ladies' national championship for tennis singles.

"At the time when Mr. Corlear Haven Harrison was abroad as special envoy in connection with the Bolingbroke-Horner Treaty she was presented at the Spring Drawing-Room, her uncle, Mr. Tertius van Zoom, being at that time our Ambassador at the Court of St. James.

"Mrs. Harrison, who was Miss Henrietta van Zoom, daughter of the celebrated yachtsman, is sister of the present Countess of Shroveberry and ——"

Buddy McNair took a long breath. There was a great deal more about Mrs. Harrison's aunts, cousins, uncles and all their in-laws; in fact, the article dwelt lovingly on the subject of the Van Zooms to within three lines of the bottom of the page; and these three lines were entirely given over to Mr. McNair.

"Mr. Gilbert Kernochan McNair, who is prominent for his numerous mining activities in Colorado, is at present living in New York."

"Well, they've got one thing right about me," said Buddy at last, after much ruminating.

"I beg pardon, sir?" spoke the attentive Jass.

"I'm at present living in New York," admitted his master, again poring over the account of himself in brief.

"You certainly are," agreed Jass in a perfect Indiana accent.

That night the Harrisons, as a family, dined at Tanquay's with the Boston branch of the family, who had come flocking down for the good news. The Inverness Greys, second cousins, were plainly relieved because Martha wasn't going to turn out to be an old maid after all. There were two Brookline Harrisons, spinsters both; and to keep up the New York end, a Mrs. Van Zoom, a widow who quite apparently held herself very dear and regarded Buddy as an impending calamity.

"Poor Moms!" commiserated Martha confidentially to her parent. "If you've got to suffer there's no reason why the whole family ——"

"Not so loud!" buzzed Mrs. Harrison aside just as they were going into the big dining room. "Something tells me that Cousin Innie's going to take us to the Provincetown Players. Why don't you and Buddy gobble something and run away to a movie?"

"Dear old Moms!" whispered her daughter. "I'm going to kiss you right here."

"If you dare!" threatened Mrs. Harrison.

Buddy sat enveloped in a rosy cloud through which he gobbled as directed. He only knew that a girl in a greenish gown with golden shoulder straps sat next to him and seemed as happy as himself. Martha, who managed all such things deftly, extracted him from the party at last.

"If you were any prettier," whispered her lover as they were going out, "you wouldn't be real."

"And if I weren't real I don't believe you'd follow me two steps."

"You've said it. Gosh, I'm crazy about that little old greeny dress!"

"I'm glad you're beginning to notice my clothes," she smiled teasingly.

"Oh, I noticed that a long time ago," he said, but didn't explain when and where.

"But I don't always wear the same thing," she informed him. "This is quite different from the others. Did you ever see another girl wearing a gown like this?"

"Never!"

Thus Buddy McNair, a slave to truth, lied like a gentleman to save the character of an excellent parlor maid.

They had put on their wraps and were standing by the revolving doors long enough to permit a modishly dressed couple to come in from the street.

"How do you do?" shrilled the feminine of the newcomers, twinkling her penciled lashes under wonderfully barbered eyebrows. Her gown was ashimmer with silvery lace, her hair glossily pulled back from her enameled forehead. It was Miss Doris Blint.

"How do you do?" echoed her companion in a tone that was modulated to warmth suggestive of a lifelong chumship. His weazel's face was puckered into lines of eager amiability, his well-cut waistcoat was creased under bows of subservience. It was Middleton Knox.

Buddy shook hands all round and was cloyingly congratulated. He would have introduced the bride-to-be, but that young lady had pushed her way through the revolving door and was waiting for him on the steps outside.

"Did you see what I saw?" asked Buddy, joining her and strolling slowly toward Fifth Avenue.

"That horrid little pest, Middleton Knox? Nobody speaks to him, now that it's generally known that he makes a living writing slander for Gossips' Weekly."

"Great Henry's mother!" Buddy uttered his ultimate prayer. "And I was going to shoot that very writer."

"Oh, Buddy dear! Please don't go wreaking any dreadful Western vengeance!"

"I won't," he promised. "I'll leave him to a dreadful Eastern vengeance that has got death by gunshot skinned a mile."

"You scare me. Are you going to turn him over to torment?"

"You bet!"

He was thinking of Doris Blint.

They stood a moment at a Fifth Avenue corner. In the patch of rose light over the skyscrapers one solitary star shone like a torch, reminding him of pearl-topped peaks, of deep, silent cañons, of a lone rock upon which crouched a little whimsical gray-eyed man, lean as a wolf and tragic as the mountain night.

"She ought to be in the East," that suave, educated voice was echoing in his ear. "She's so dressy and chic and highly polished, so brilliant and civilized."

Martha Harrison stood at his side. She was looking at the star, too; and he was glad he had told her, however briefly, about his father.

"She's going West," said Martha to the sinking orb. "Good night, dear! She must be hanging right over Axe Creek by now."

"She is in the West," he conceded, and watched her glimmer beyond the Hudson.

Of course Martha couldn't understand everything. For instance, how could he convince her that he had come East largely because his sidereal map had become turned round? No. Only Doc Naylor had appreciated his state of mind when he had called Buddy a specialist in the scientifically impossible. A great green bus, heavy with passengers on its upper deck, came swaying toward their corner.

"Shall we go to a movie?" asked Buddy, who had locked his fingers with hers for a moment.

She looked dreamily up and down the vista of white lamps.

"Let's ride on top of the bus," said she. "Let's take the one that goes the long way, up to St. Nicholas Avenue and round. I've always wanted to ride on top of a bus on a lovely evening with somebody—who'd understand why I wanted to."

"Great Henry's mother and father!" cried Buddy McNair. "I just knew you would!"

(THE END)

One of the Yank Veterans

"We smash 'em HARD"

"Did I bayonet my first Hun? Sure! How did it feel? It *doesn't* feel! There *he* is. There *you* are. One of you has got to go. I preferred to stay.

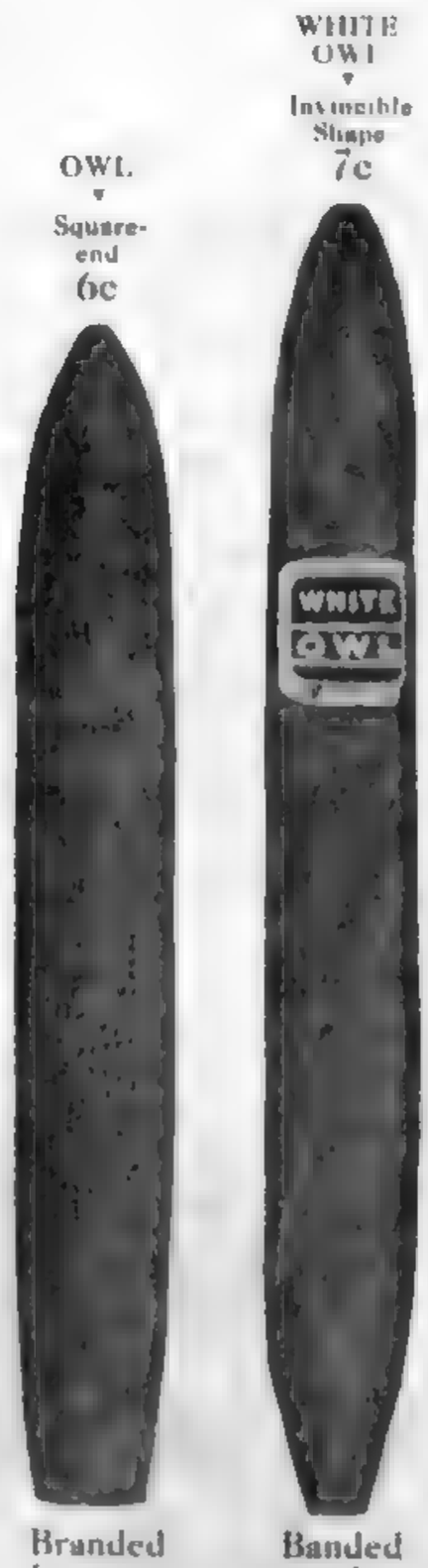
"So when sergeant says, 'Smash 'em, boys'—we do. And we go them one better like good old Yankee Doodle Yanks. For bullets and bayonets are the only kind of lingo that a Hun can *understand!*"

* * * *

The *dependable* Yank, whose photograph appears above, first met the *dependable* Owl Cigar while boosting that *dependable* investment—the Liberty Loan.

We didn't tell him about the $2,000,000 stock of leaf that is always aging for Owl and White Owl. Nor the over 100,000,000 Owls and White Owls sold last year. We just swapped him a White Owl for a smile. And it doesn't look like the smile came hard, does it?

Why don't you, too, try an Owl or White Owl—*today?*



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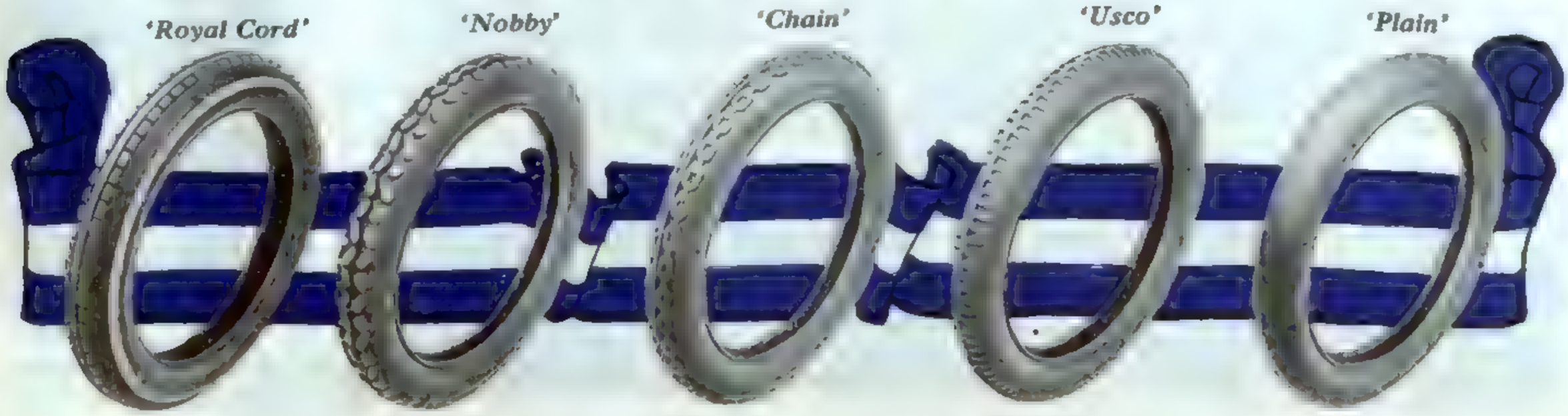

THE GIRL WHO WOULD

(Continued from Page 16)

Pember with the modesty of one who knows entirely otherwise. "But it means a certain amount of money."

"Oh, if it's money!" exclaimed the aunts together.

"Damnable—forgive me—as it is," said Pember, grinding his teeth, "money matters to me."

It took the sisters an hour to persuade Pember, but at length they overcame his natural repugnance at such a transaction sufficiently to allow of his agreeing to the sum of two hundred pounds being paid to him on the day Caucassie's engagement with this curious person was broken. Pember explained to them—reckoning from previous calculations—that it would take at least a fortnight if not longer.

He then ordered some new clothes and promised John his overdue wages in about three weeks.

And he said to Caucassie with a fine, dignified gravity: "Frank, if ever you are in any trouble I want you to promise to come to me. I'll stand by you, my boy, through thick and thin."

Caucassie brought his trouble to Pember toward the middle of September.

"It's awful!" he whispered.

"I know," said Pember.

"Giggle! Giggle! Giggle! And the old girl nags," despaired Caucassie.

"I know," said Pember.

"I can't go through with it, cad as I'll feel."

"I know," said Pember.

"She's been engaged no end of times before. I've found out."

"I know," said Pember.

"She's old enough to be my mother."

"I know," said Pember.

"Her mother's longing for her to hurry up and marry, so's she can retire from action."

"I know," said Pember.

"I'll bet I'm not the first chap who's felt this way over it."

"I won't take you," replied Pember drolly.

"What a lot you seem to know," said Caucassie, beginning to stare.

Pember recovered himself warily and began to come to terms.

"I wish I wasn't so busy with my book," he started regretfully.

"I'll buy all the unborn rights in it," said Caucassie, "if only ——"

"Of course, you must get out of it quietly, like a gentleman," Pember remarked. "Breach simply isn't done."

"Oh, no!" said Caucassie, shivering.

"I'm sorry you got yourself into this mess, Frank," said Pember. "When I introduced you to the Bledlows I somehow thought you were a harder-headed chap. All my fault! All my fault!"

"Oh, come, old thing, no, no!" Caucassie exclaimed.

"I blame myself entirely," said Pember, lighting a cigarette to hide his smile of appreciation of his own humor.

Caucassie had offered Pember a hundred by the time he left, to get him out with honor.

Now Caucassie was a very nice lad to his mother and Aunt Ada. He dined with them in a chastened mood that evening, betrayed a *soupçon* of unhappiness, listened to their worldly wisdom without a single smile, and to their regrets at his entanglement, until, encouraged by his youthful deference to further loquaciousness, Aunt Ada laid her hand on her nephew's head and said: "Should you regret, dear—your cousin ——"

Then in spite of Aunt Ellen's warning glance Aunt Ada continued: "—— says he thinks he could get you out of it quite honorably. Oh, quite! Quite!"

Caucassie felt a little shock in his brain; and then his head was unwontedly clear.

"If he could only spare time from his book?" said he pensively.

There was a pause. Then Aunt Ada: "Your dear mother and I were able to arrange that his pecuniary prospects would not suffer, if only ——"

Caucassie rose and kissed his mother. He kissed Aunt Ada.

"You're toppers," he said in a choked voice.

He strolled to the door.

There he turned and added: "Good old Pember! Always on the spot! You're makin' it worth his while, aren't you, dears?"

"Two hundred on the day ——" said Aunt Ada. "He seemed quite confident."

"We could not but notice your unhappiness, darling," said Caucassie's mother.

"I like Pember!" said the marquis with deep feeling. "Always up in the morning! Always there!"

He went out rather hastily.

While Caucassie was still in bed next morning opening his letters and smoking a cigarette Mr. Josephs was shown in, very suave and dark, with a white flower in his buttonhole.

"Got your telephone message when I came in last night, me lord," said Mr. Josephs, "and dropped in as requested. Is there ——"

The marquis pushed the cigarette box across the table swung over his bed.

"Josephs," he said, flicking a whisk of ash from the breast of his rose-silk pyjamas, "this ain't a moment for circumlocution, or even the common decencies, or being a gentleman, or anything like that. What I sent for you to know is: I stole Miss Bledlow from you, but whom did you steal her from?"

"Man called 'George,'" said Mr. Josephs.

"I've met a man called George at my Cousin Pember's," Caucassie murmured.

"Ah! It was your good cousin ——" said Mr. Josephs with great feeling.

"—— who helped you out of the mess honorably," murmured Caucassie.

Mr. Josephs assented.

"He's a dear chap," said Caucassie; "but as broke as a new kitten. And so busy, on his book, that I hope you ——"

"Certainly," said Mr. Josephs. "I'd 'a' paid anything to anybody."

"Josephs," said the young Caucassie, now leaning toward the money lender with a boyish candor, "I want a little talk with you."

At the end of the little talk Caucassie said "Well, Broad Walk at three?" and Mr. Josephs went away, and the marquis rose, bathed, dressed with a certain anticipatory pleasure, and drove the racer slickly down to the Temple.

There was George.

"Hello, George," said Caucassie. "Excuse my familiarity, but it's the only name I know you by; I've come to ask you two questions, the reasons for which I'll explain to your entire satisfaction by 'n' by. Josephs stole Miss Bledlow from you, but whom did you steal her from?"

"Pember," said George; "but he was awf'ly decent about it."

"Isn't he a good fellow?" exclaimed Caucassie with the utmost enthusiasm. "And always there! You never miss seeing Pember."

"I'm awf'ly fond of the chap," said George. "Sit down, won't you? As a matter of fact it was Pember ——"

"—— who got you out of it honorably?" murmured Caucassie.

"Yes," George replied.

"One other question," said Caucassie persuasively. "You didn't take the dear chap's precious time and brain ——"

"I paid him twenty-five pounds," said George, beginning to be thoughtful.

"That all?" murmured Caucassie.

"Well, there was ten pounds ——" said George.

Caucassie left the Temple ten minutes later with the words: "You go up a little stair and through a curtain, and there it is."

He drove to Dover Street.

"Mr. Pember's out, your lordship," said John.

"I knew he would be," said Caucassie. "Lunchin' with the marchioness, I believe. As a matter of fact I came to see you, John; to get you to do me a little service this afternoon at five o'clock exactly. And now I'll just use your telephone."

Caucassie held a tender conversation with Daisie.

"Tell Mr. Pember I partic'larly hope he'll dine with me at the Bath Club to-night, John," he said as he went out.

After Caucassie had lunched at one of his other clubs he drove, taking his chauffeur, to fetch Daisie out to tea.

Never had Daisie found the lad so loving and thoughtful. A perfection not of this world brooded about him. And he said he wanted to see the leaves fall in Kensington Gardens, so they left the car at the Bayswater side with instructions to meet them on the Kensington side. And they walked slowly up the Broad Walk; and by Caucassie's entreaty sat down on a seat.

"Drift; drift," said Caucassie, pointing to a few leaves on the path.

"You are dreadful," said Daisie archly.

"Life is dreadful," said Caucassie; "but so is death."

The poor lad then rested his hands on the top of his stick and his chin on his hands and gazed out into the green spaces.

"Don't be so naughty," replied Miss Bledlow.

"I ought to have told you," said Caucassie.

"Told me what?" she exclaimed.

"I adore you so," Caucassie mourned, "it was hard to do the right thing—and I didn't do it. But this morning something came over me, and I'm going to do it now. You ought to know about my health."

"Health?" echoed the poor girl, staring violently.

Caucassie nodded and looked into space.

"Consumptive."

Daisie sat so still that she had quite a statuesque look.

"Mother always takes me to St. Moritz in the winter," said Caucassie, who had never missed a season in Leicestershire since the age of three; "but it's only prolonging the agony. This high color of mine—all hectic, y'know. One day I shall drift out suddenly like one of those leaves drifts off its tree. Whuff! I'll be gone! Forgive my not tellin' you before. You ought to be marrying my Cousin Pember, not a poor crock like me. Pember's next on the male line; and what a chap he is! You'll see he'll be Prime Minister of England as well as Marquis of Caucassie before he's done. Oh, what a grand chap! He wants incentive, of course. A nice girl. . . . Sometimes I've wondered whether there wasn't once some tragedy in poor old Pember's life. . . . But you're looking cold, darling. Quite bleak. I'll take you at once to have tea."

Just as they rose from the seat Mr. Josephs came walking briskly by, dark and suave, with a large white flower in his buttonhole. He looked longingly at Daisie and then addressed Caucassie:

"I've just met your Cousin Pember. A fine fellow! And what abilities! There isn't a thing your cousin couldn't do if he'd the mind. There isn't his match in England. He's talked of a great deal in political and court circles, they say. These dark 'orses! These dark 'orses!"

Daisie entered the car, on the Kensington side, with an air of great quietude, and the marquis sat beside her extolling his Cousin Pember all the way to Bond Street.

When they had gone up a little stair and through a curtain, there it was; a small green tea room; and there was George, too, with a very scrap-lot-looking girl, but he hadn't had much time to make better arrangements.

"I was once engaged to him," said Daisie to Caucassie, unable to restrain her pride when she saw George. "And see what kind of persons I've driven him to! Oh, a girl like me does a lot of harm! It's heartbreaking if you've got feelings. Oh! Oh! Oh! Look! He's coming! It's like a moth and a candle, isn't it?"

George said with melancholy: "I won't stay a moment, Dai—Miss Bledlow. I just came over to say, Caucassie, that I dropped across old Pember this morning. He's the most wonderful man in London. This book of his is going to make a direct hit. Great stuff! They say John Long himself sat up all night reading it. It's all round town already that it's simply scandalous. And it's oversubscribed. Think of the money! Think of the money!"

After George had drifted back to his table, Daisie said in a little voice, bending her head very prettily: "I ought to tell you, Frank, that once I treated your Cousin P-p-pember v-very, v-v-very b-b-badly."

"Good God!" said Caucassie sublimely. "The things that women do to the men they—er—do them to—er—"

As Daisie and Caucassie emerged into Bond Street precisely at five o'clock John came by primly. He touched his hat and would have passed on without speaking—perhaps—when Caucassie addressed him genially:

"Why, John, how are you? Mr. Pember busy to-day?"

(Concluded on Page 31)

Over The Top

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HERE'S an *American Aviator's Suit* for Little Chaps, that will bring the beam of pride to every Mother's eye and the glow of admiration to every Boy's. He'll go for it—"crack"! like a bullet.

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(Concluded from Page 29)

John looked indescribably arch, even for a family servant.

"Mr. Pember, me lord, is out driving in the park with the Countess of Mainborough and Lady Honora."

"A-ha!" said the young Caucassie.

"I give it a week, sir," added John, putting his head on one side.

"I withhold my congratulations for one week more, do I, John?" chirruped Caucassie genially.

"P'raps less, me lord, p'raps less," replied John.

"What is that?" said Daisie in a very little voice indeed when she was settled again with Caucassie in the car.

"Well, Lady Mainborough thinks it's practically settled, darling," replied Caucassie, taking Daisie's hand tenderly. "We needn't grudge others happiness like ours, need we?"

"I don't know," said Daisie, looking statuesque.

Pember sauntered round to the Bath Club that evening, wearing his new dinner jacket and looking his very best self. He found his cousin cheerful with the cheerfulness accredited to early Christian martyrs, and with an awkward idea about principles and things like that.

"I'm goin' to carry on, old thing," he said to Pember.

Pember's mouth fell open.

"What d'you mean?" he demanded.

"The girl's got to be married this time," replied Caucassie; "and I'm not goin' to shirk it. No. I always meet my obligations, and I meet 'em fully. It may turn out tolerably well, after all. You never know. Waiter, bring us brandy cocktails."

"My poor boy, you're not ——" Pember exclaimed.

"I am," said Caucassie. "The weddin' will be quite soon and quiet. I've talked it all out with Daisie. Only thing I want of you is your promise to be there."

Pember was in a horrid state of anxiety, but he managed to reply hoarsely: "I shall be there. If there's a wedding at all rely on me at least to be there."

"Thank you, old bean," said Caucassie.

"But don't give up hope!" cried Pember. "Stick to our arrangement. Let me get you out of it ——"

"No, no!" said Caucassie like a little man.

Pember thought of Aunt Ellen and Aunt Ada. And he really had a plan. A marquis, he knew, would take some beating, but he'd read in his paper that morning that the Rajah of Apatam, a person easily snared, was arriving in London in a few days.

"Wait!" he begged. "Don't throw yourself away! Let me ——"

But the young Caucassie was firm. His intrepidity in face of all arguments made Pember despair.

And Pember went home, stricken.

"John," he said feebly, "something rather awful has happened. Bring me a whisky and soda and let me think."

Pember lost half a pound in weight thinking that night, but it wasn't any good. He was roused from uneasy slumber next morning at ten o'clock by John, who announced that the Marquis of Caucassie was on the phone.

"Hello, Pember," said Caucassie; "it's fixed for to-day at twelve. We all meet at the church, St. Maria's, West Street, Kensington. Lunch at mother's after. I've made all arrangements. You haven't even to bring the ring, though you gotter be best man. Come on! Hurry up! No excuses! Goo'-by."

"Help!" said Pember, sweating all over and flying to his bath.

"This is damnable!" he said, glooming, while John shaved him. But being a man of fertile imagination he picked up several pieces of his broken scheme and pieced them together in a new pattern. "Let 'em marry, then," said he, getting almost cheery again. "I could come in providing corespondents after. Something like that. And the plot—I could sell that. It would do for Pinero. I'll write to him and suggest a collaboration. All we want is a good finish. A good crisp finish. 'Pon my word!"

Pember was nearly his bright self again, and most resourceful, by the time John had done with him.

When Pember entered the church, at twelve, still saying to himself: "Yes, what we want is that crisp finale," there were Aunt Ada and Aunt Ellen smiling together and nodding and kissing their hands to him from a front pew, and he thought how good it was to stand well with such nice relations. And there were George and Mr. Josephs sitting together in another pew, but Pember hadn't time to do more than raise his eyebrows at them, because Caucassie, looking the dearest lad, though rather informal, in a pale-gray lounge suit, hurried to clasp his hand.

"Hello," said Caucassie, "'nice you look." Pember was got up in morning coat, camellia in buttonhole, and so on, as befitted the cousin of a marquis about to get married. "I'll put you right," said Caucassie. "Keep cool. Look at me—cool as a bucket of ice, and I've been round all morning gettin' the special license and the ring and the clergyman and all. There's nothing for you to do except say your piece. Stand just there."

And before Pember had time to do more than shake his head and sigh and whisper: "Oh, Frank, Frank!" all heads were turned to see Daisie and her mother sailing up the aisle.

The sweet girl was all in white, and looked absolutely bridal in spite of the impromptu haste of the ceremony, and ignoring Caucassie she cast herself right at Pember.

"Isn't it beautiful," she whispered, "to come together again? Oh, how Frank and I plotted! And he has bought the license and everything. And isn't he the duckiest boy to give me up to you! And weren't you surprised? And oh! aren't you going to be ve-ry, ve-ry happy because I am? And I'm trembling from head to foot, but it'll soon be over, and I know I shall be safe with you. I know how you adored me, d-d-didn't you ——"

Before Daisie had stopped her enchanting whispering there came out from the vestry a determined-looking clergyman with a peaked nose, who looked resolutely at Pember and waved them into line, and Caucassie observed: "Stand just so, old bean! It don't take long."

Then the clergyman said before he could be stopped: "De-eerly beloved, we are gathered together ——"

Down in the church Daisie's mother was whispering to Aunt Ellen how glad she would be to be allowed to be eighty at last; and Aunt Ada was whispering, "So droll of our nephew to put it like he did! Most witty! We quite thought —— We're not giving him the two hundred now, of course—he's got the lady. We're giving him, instead, such a useful little butter dish. Me the butter dish, and my sister the knife. I assure you, Mrs. Bledlow, dear Frank has been working like a horse all the morning with the arrangements."

Before Aunt Ada had finished whispering to Daisie's mother, the organist, run to earth by the indefatigable Caucassie, was playing the wedding march.

"Arranged lunch and all," Aunt Ellen continued presently, as she dropped in a comfortable heap at the head of her table and gazed politely at the happy unknown faces of George and Mr. Josephs. "Wrote out the menus and put such funny names to the dishes. Dear nephew," she said to Pember, who had not spoken a word since his responses, "look at the menu. Done by Frankie. Rather pretty I think the names are, really."

Pember read: "*Œufs d'avril; Saumon de juin; Poulet en casserole août.*"

And then he looked up at Caucassie, who was mixing, with a lamentable ability, the since-famous cocktail, Pale September, dry.

The Poets' Corner

Songs of the Winds

SONG of the west wind whispering—listen
The murmuring waves of the golden grain;
The lisp of rivers that ripple and glisten,
Filled to the brim with the night's wild rain,
Seaward going to come again,
Pouring the torrents of spring on the acres
Fallow and fertile. The wide world's bread
Harvested now by the busy rakers,
Gleaners afield when the dawn is red;
Wind of the west, where the leaning sheaves
Darken the shadows as daylight leaves
Or heap the granary under the eaves,
Sing the song to us over and over,
Happy harvests and multifold,
Sweeter than breath of thyme or clover,
Western wind over sheaves of gold!

Wind of the south from the wide prairie,
Mesquite barren and cactus lean,
Where the fleet herds browse and the coyote wary
Pierces the night with a note too keen;
And the brown plain's grass grows all between
Fields where the wild sage blows and billows,
Purple waves on a sea of jade;
And the bending cottonwoods touch the willows,
And the water holes glimmer in light and shade.
Then swinging up from a land of drouth,
And on by the bayous flowing south,
There by the wandering river's mouth,
White is the sod with the cotton blossom,
Whiter the lint that has broken its pod
And lies like snow on the sad earth's bosom,
Fresh and fair from the hand of God.

Wind of the north from the long lakes sweeping
Down to the meadows and hills of corn,
Over the creeks where the perch are leaping,
And the mill wheels hum at the break of morn;
Hills where the clover is newly shorn;
And sharply pungent as old-world gorse is
The hay that the wagons have hurried home;
And under the steady feet of the horses
The furrows grow in the loose black loam.
And ever the amber tassels seize
The wings of every riotous breeze
To fling gonfalons of golden sleaze,
Silken and soft, to the earth's far borders:
"August heat but hastens the days
When the hungry herds and the empty larders
Shall all be filled with the Indian's maize."

Wind of the east—ah, east wind blowing
Long, long leagues from a land o'erseas;
Empty hands that can know no sowing,
Passionate pleading hands are these—
Palms outstretched to us over the seas;
Ah, the heart of France is a thing to cherish!
But her werewolf, Hunger, cannot be slain
Till out of our largess, lest she perish,
We hasten the caravels of blessed grain.
Till the sea-shark's teeth forever are drawn,
And the dread great guns are stilled at the dawn,
We must hold high courage and carry on.
So winds of the north, south, west, your treasure
Corn and cattle and golden grain
Shall crowd the ships to their fullest measure,
And bread thus cast will return again!

Mary Lanier Magruder.

Radiance

EACH evening, when the twilight wind
Unwinds the heavens' starlit scroll,
It climbs my stair and promises:
"There will be starshine in her soul."

Each morning, when the sun's red rays
Across the blue horizon dart,
They whisper at my window sill:
"There will be sunshine in her heart."

Gray days or bright, bleak nights or clear,
My prayers have but this single goal:
"May there be sunshine in your heart
And starshine in your soul!"

—Reginald Wright Kauffman.

Renewal

TO THINK that you were always there,
Steadfast and wise and true,
A daughter of the earth and air,
And yet I never knew!

That while I sought the Vision far
And vainly, unexpressed
It waited where the home lights are,
And yet I never guessed!

But oh, most wonderful of all
That, ere the hope had passed,
I heard the high heart's clarion call
And found you, dear, at last!

—Reginald Wright Kauffman.

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Gennett Symphony Orchestra
Gennett Record 8506. 85c
There's a Long, Long Trail
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Goodbye Mother Machree
Popular Irish Gillette tenor
Gennett Record 8511. 85c
My Belgian Rose
The famous Campbell and Burr duet
Some Day They're Coming Home Again
Harry Burr, the noted tenor
Gennett Record 8508. 85c
Sinbad and Going Up
Lewis Samuels, the popular saxophonist
Gennett Record 8512. 85c
I'm Sorry I Made You Cry and Cold Turkey
Two of the season's latest coon songs, rendered with many unique "stunts" by Eddie Lowe Band
Gennett Record 8504. 85c
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New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 1st of each month

Victrola

HELLWOOD

(Continued from Page 5)

Next day came orders to move forward and take Bois de Belleau and the town of Bouresches, in order to run a straight line to Triangle Farm, where the command was dubious of the salient which existed.

The Bois is probably named after the town of Belleau. It stands on high ground—a jungle of trees and underbrush, covering rocks and deep fissures. Somebody formerly used it for a game estate, for there is a hunting lodge in the northern corner of the wood—or there was. The artillery has probably torn it to shreds ere this.

Estimates are that fully a thousand boches occupied this fastness, and hundreds of machine guns were placed amid the rocks, up in trees, behind the piles of cut wood, in ditches and crevasses. The strength of the position was greatly underrated before our attacks were launched. Neither the number of machine-gun nests nor of enemy infantry was suspected, and the first assaults on the Bois did not succeed.

Only one platoon, under Second Lieut. L. F. Timmerman, Jr., succeeded in gaining the wood. Timmerman is a mere boy in years, but he dauntlessly advanced his small command beyond all other elements at this point, and led them in a bayonet charge against a stronghold. The enemy outnumbered them about two to one, but they captured two guns and seventeen prisoners.

North of the Bois the Americans encountered a stiff resistance. Twenty boche machine guns were mounted on a plateau and they turned a deluge of fire upon the attackers. Our men were held up. They took cover where they could find it and sent back word to the artillery to blow the plateau into Kingdom Come.

The artillery did so. They did a beautiful job. When the Americans gained the crest by a swift dash it was to find the position destroyed and its defenders wiped out. But they were still outside the wood.

A Chorus of Two Hundred Guns

Save for these small gains the first operations against the Bois yielded no results. The Americans renewed the attempt next day, only to find their path barred by apparently impregnable machine-gun nests. During forty-eight hours they attacked and retreated, employing rifles and grenades. One company lost all its officers; Major B. W. Sibley and Lieutenant Bellamy reorganized it and charged under a hot fire. All to no avail. The troops were finally pulled out, and fifty batteries of artillery got the word to wipe Bois de Belleau from the map.

"*Fini* for that place," they promised, and turned loose a chorus of two hundred guns.

They pummeled it mercilessly, with such success that a small force of our troops was able to clean up a corner of the wood without much loss.

But we are running ahead of the story. We left the Americans headed for Bouresches. Here they had better fortune; they took the town.

It was a beautiful sunny day. The air was sparkling. Millions of poppies flared amid the grain; the fields glowed like gorgeous crimson carpets.

A short bombardment preceded the attack. Our artillery pounded Bouresches furiously with heavies and light stuff, and then a company of leathernecks went forward in platoon waves, with companies of infantry on their flanks. These waves were made up of twelve men each, at five-yard intervals, with about sixty feet between waves. Automatic riflemen and hand grenadiers composed the first and third; the second and fourth were made up of rifle grenadiers and riflemen.

Mark this: It was the American style of fighting throughout. There was no slow walk behind a curtain of fire, which is the regulation method of attack in trench warfare; the men had no barrage to screen them. They advanced by short rushes. A quick dash, and then down on the ground for cover—the sort of thing our soldiers have been taught for generations.

They had to cross a little valley and a wheat field. A three-inch gun and scores of machine guns immediately opened a withering fire on them.

Captain Duncan had command of one half of the company; the other half was under Lieut. James F. Robertson. His men tell me that Duncan went into the fight nonchalantly swinging a cane and smoking an old pipe. He was wounded early in the action, and later killed by a shell which hit the dressing station, whither he had been assisted by Dental Surgeon W. C. Osborn, who shared his fate.

Men were dropping fast, but Robertson and about twenty-five of his command penetrated into the town. Then ensued one of the fiercest struggles of the entire series in this sector.

The boches had machine guns planted at every coign of vantage—in the doors of cellars, on roofs, behind piles of débris. The leathernecks went after them; they went after them with grenades and rifle fire and the bayonet. They cleaned up the town and sent back word that Bouresches was in their hands, with the exception of the railroad station in a hollow beyond.

Go-Getters in the Fight

It now became necessary to consolidate the captured positions and to get relief to the sorely punished force holding them. Another company was sent forward, which arrived in Bouresches about nine-forty-five at night. With them went two companies of engineers, who showed themselves equally good at digging in or fighting. They did magnificent work.

"They're most as good as we are," declare the leathernecks, which is the very highest praise a leatherneck knows how to bestow.

The next thing was to replenish the ammunition supply. Second Lieut. William B. Moore, a former Princeton athlete, and Sergeant Major John H. Quick, Medal of Honor man, a veteran who has always been in the thick of every trouble he could reach, volunteered to take a truckload into the town. With twenty soldiers for escort they started. The road was pitted with shell holes, swept by artillery and machine-gun fire. Yet despite the fact that they were in full view of the boches the party carried their precious cargo into Bouresches without loss.

This man Quick is a go-getter. If he doesn't get bumped off he'll probably acquire enough medals to stock a jewelry store, for that was not the only occasion on which he distinguished himself. Twice the brigade had to send out replacements to fill gaps in the ranks and strengthen the garrison. On June eighth several hundred of them set out under command of Sergeant Major Quick.

These replacement men were new at the game. Many had received less than two months' training, but it had to be done. Carrying extra canteens, draped with ammunition and rations and rockets and other things needed in the town, they followed their guide. Flares were going up constantly, making the ground as light as day. Shells and machine guns harassed them, but the replacement men never wavered. They reached Bouresches, and a few minutes later were busily engaged in shooting up the Hun. It was their first taste of war, and many of them went back to the rear on stretchers within an hour, but they had shown the stuff of which Young America is made.

Quick returned from the trip as proud of the new men as if they had been his sons. He reported that they never "batted an eye" when shells claimed victims from their ranks, but moved doggedly forward like veterans. All of which is mighty heartening.

A young lieutenant was ordered back from Bouresches. He had been in the thickest of the attack, but his name was on the list of officers to proceed to the United States, under the exchange system. Arriving hotfoot at brigade headquarters—"Sittin' on the world!" reported Mr. Leonard jubilantly. "Living easy. It's a fine life if you don't weaken. They got a cow out there—found her. A hog and chickens too. They can cook at night, so they have coffee and hot rations. And ammunition—say, there's a world of it!"

So much for Bouresches. They had not yet won Belleau Wood. It proved to be a much harder nut to crack.

The task was given to a battalion of leathernecks under command of Lieut. Col. ——. They went in with 958 combat men and twenty-six officers, and they came out with seven officers and 340 men. That tells the tale of itself—but they held the Wood.

I have mentioned above how they captured a fine jumping-off place on June sixth, consisting of a ridge in front of the Bois. Between them and the enemy was a stretch of fields, dotted with clumps of bushes; there was a considerable area of high wheat at their left. Poppies, poppies everywhere, flaming crimson in the sun.

"We'll smash Bois de Belleau to smithereens!" the artillery promised. "By the time we get through with it there won't be a blade of grass left."

So at it they went. They pounded the position for a solid hour with fifty batteries, both heavies and lights. The Bois became a crashing, thundering inferno. Yet it was not wiped out—not by a long shot. The leathernecks discovered that it still held not only quite a few blades of grass but also plenty of trees and woodpiles and boche machine guns and boche infantry.

Charging Through the Poppies

The moment arrived. They charged across the fields, all among the flaring poppies.

A perfect hurricane of fire greeted them. Numbers of the enemy had got inside our barrage with machine guns and worked them with disastrous effect on the advancing waves.

But the leathernecks had orders to take the Bois, and they were going to take it. They rushed the machine guns and put them out of action; they bombed and bayoneted and killed the gunners. And now they were on the edge of the wood. One ear-splitting yell and they plunged into it. After that it was plain Indian fighting, with this difference—they had machine guns and grenades and such other modern improvements on the musket and the knife.

The Bois was a trackless jungle. Nobody knew what he would strike back of the next tree, and a woodpile, a crag or a crevasse in the ground might hold sudden death. Therefore the leathernecks advanced as the forefathers of our nation did against the redskin, from tree to tree, from rock to rock, now pausing to shoot, now dashing upon an enemy group to bayonet them. It was practically every man for himself, or rather each group for itself. In that impenetrable fastness it became impossible for officers to maintain touch with all the elements of their commands, so that the battle developed into a duel between individual initiative and carefully prepared defense—between American aggressiveness and German discipline.

There wasn't much discipline left among the boches when the leathernecks got close to them. They stuck to their guns pretty well so long as their elements remained intact. Just so long as they thought they had the advantage and could beat off the Americans they fought furiously. They showed here, as on innumerable occasions, that no troops in the world excel them in mass prowess. But the minute a group found itself isolated, with a bunch of red-necked Americans charging full toward them with bayonets at the poise, they wilted. Up went their hands. They came tumbling out of their shelters and holes, bleating "Kamerad." That has been their record in nearly every fight and seems to be typical of the breed; they fight like wolves—all together or not at all.

Souvenirs No Bank Could Buy

Numbers of them played 'possum. They dropped to the ground and pretended to be dead, and then when the Americans had swept past they rose and hurled hand grenades at them. The ruse swelled the boches' casualties amazingly; our men don't take prisoners of that kind.

I know of only one instance of a boche standing up to the bayonet. Nearly all of them broke and fled at the first sight of the steel. But there was one who was made of sterner stuff. Lieut. D. B. Milner witnessed the encounter.

A leatherneck rushed at a German with the bayonet and the latter stood his ground. For a few minutes the two men fought desperately, straining every muscle. Milner says he could see the veins stand out on their necks. The American tried several thrusts; they were parried; he lunged and missed. Then, impatient of the delay, he abruptly shifted and swung the butt, crushing his adversary's skull.

It took some tall fighting, but they swept the enemy from Bois de Belleau. Belleau means "beautiful water." But the men of the —— Division have another name for the place. To them it will always be Hellwood.

The boys tell me that scores of the enemy ran away with scarcely any clothes on. Some took off their boots and fled in their socks; why I don't know, unless they thought it would improve their speed.

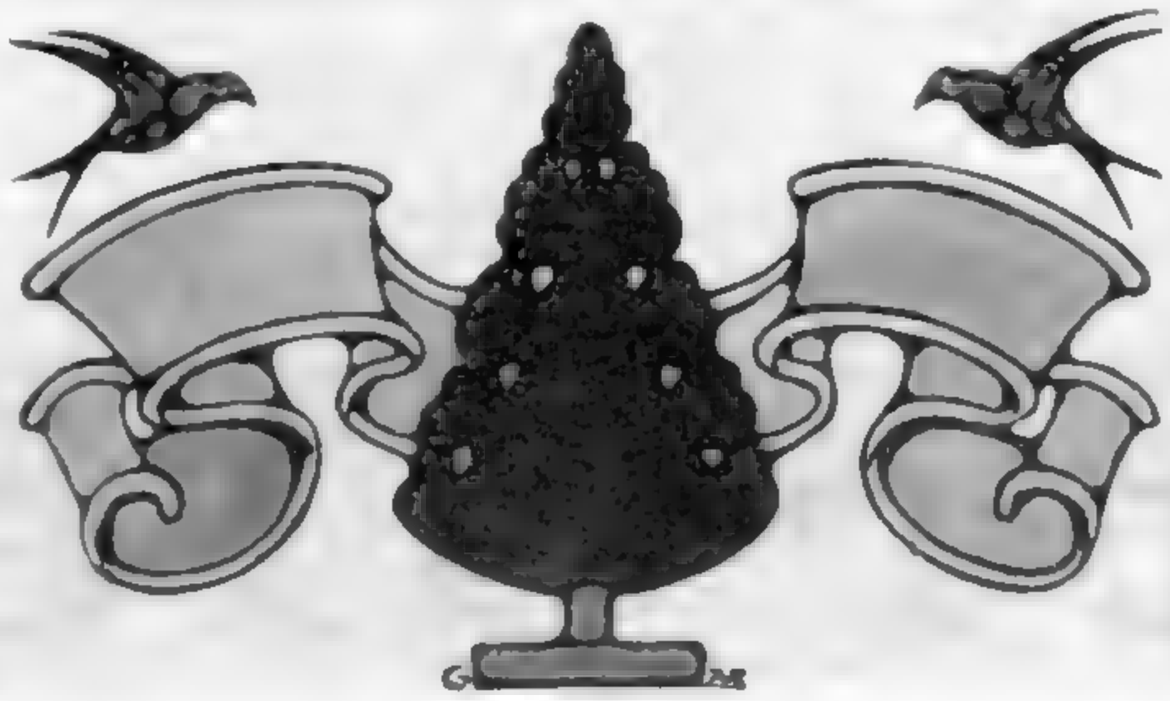
You ought to see the booty now in possession of individual leathernecks. They've got some souvenirs that no bank in Wall Street could buy. In the collection are all sorts of articles stolen by the boches from the French civilians, and trinkets and cigarettes taken off British captives in a previous offensive. The boches had hidden amid their belongings old-fashioned frock coats, plug hats, women's dresses, babies' shoes, silverware, clocks, English watches and French paper money—all of it pilfered.

Well, they dug themselves in and stayed there and fought off the enemy's counter-attacks for five days before being relieved. They were constantly shelled and gassed, but they stayed there. A fifty-millimeter gun which they dubbed Quick Dick played on them with direct fire, but they stuck it out. Quick Dick was located only about six hundred yards distant, on the side of a ridge, and he earned his name because the shells exploded almost before the Americans heard the discharge of the piece. Boche avions came over Bouresches and the Bois at night and dropped bombs on the defenders, but they stayed there. The enemy tried to filter in on their left through the wheat fields, but they beat him off.

And all the time they were living on "monkey" and bread and cold water; and not much of that. Not one hot meal did they get. All the while they went without sleep; between May thirtieth and June eighteenth hardly a man removed his clothes or his shoes.

Of a detail of forty-five men sent back for chow only three returned; the others were put out by shells, machine guns or gas. Another detail of thirty was dispatched for ammunition; six came back. The carrying parties for wood and water fared almost as badly, and the wounded had to be gotten out under the same punishment.

(Concluded on Page 36)



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(Concluded from Page 34)

But the leathernecks stayed there. What they have they hold.

The commander of this battalion tried new tactics to secure prisoners and weaken boche resistance. Convinced that the enemy had been fed by their command with stories of the brutal deaths they might expect should the Americans take them prisoners, on the theory that men who believe that would rather fight than surrender, he sent out soldiers from his command in the dark hours of the night to shout to the Germans in their own language that they would be spared and treated humanely if they gave themselves up.

Quite a number of the enemy accepted the invitation. One American soldier came in with sixty-five prisoners, who had voluntarily left their own lines to surrender.

Another battalion commander was not so successful in this ruse. A few of the enemy came in, but others only pretended to give up, and then, when the Americans advanced to take them prisoner, opened fire.

And what had become of all the inhabitants of this hell-swept area? The majority had fled; but I can tell you of the fate of two of them.

On the night of June sixth a company of leathernecks found an ancient couple still living on a small farm near Montgivrault Grand. It was the date of the attack on Bouresches; there was heavy fighting all over that region, and the shelling was terrific.

Both had long passed the allotted span of threescore and ten. They were feeble and doddering—but they would not leave their home. Though death threatened them every minute they preferred it to facing an unknown world, penniless and without friends. So they stayed.

The soldiers fed them as best they could and tried to provide for their safety, but they themselves were on the move into battle. Consequently they were obliged to leave them behind when they passed on.

On their return some days later nobody was about the place. They hunted and hunted; they shouted. No response; the farm was deserted.

Heroes of Belleau and Bouresches

They never saw the old man again. He had disappeared. But they found the poor old grandmother. She had hanged herself with a ribbon to a rafter, and they buried her reverently, those battle-weary soldiers, there beside the home she would not leave.

That's war.

Perhaps I cannot do better, to convey an idea of Belleau and Bouresches, than recite a few of the individual acts of heroism. They are picked at random. It would take too long to narrate a tenth of those reported officially; scores of soldiers performed feats that would have inspired sagas to their glory when the world was younger. You have only to read the cold, bald facts of the citations to wonder at human courage, to grow proud of the country that produced such men. There must be something in the air of America that stimulates to heights, for among the names are those of almost every nationality in Europe.

Take the case of Pvt. Walter Cook, who hails from Scranton, Pennsylvania. Cook is a big, two-fisted 190-pounder, who was a sergeant before he went into this fight, and is a sergeant again. But he went in as a private, having been "busted" for some minor offense. That not infrequently happens in this man's army, or I would not refer to it. Well, Cook is one of the crack shots of the leatherneck brigade, and during the preliminary actions was credited with picking off twenty-one boches with his rifle, one of them at twelve hundred yards.

They say he sees red in battle. At any rate he was foremost in the charge on the Bois de Belleau. His comrades assert that he bayoneted sixteen of the enemy. As for Cook, he says nothing; but he's a sergeant again.

Between him and Lieut. D. B. Milner has sprung up a deep friendship. The latter became the only officer left in his company, the others having been wounded. But that didn't daunt him a moment. He took command and carried on the attack, attaining all objectives.

As his company occupied a critical position with relation to the whole, the achievement proved of the utmost importance.

But here is the nub of the matter. Walter Cook, sometime sergeant, but busted, jumped in as second in command. The big fellow seemed in his element where the trouble was hottest. He helped Lieutenant Milner reorganize the company, and he led half of it; so they have recommended Sergeant Cook for a Medal of Honor.

Three privates who faced general court-martial displayed such bravery in the engagement that their commanding officer has recommended the annulment of the charges. One of them, with all his comrades down, shot three members of an enemy gun crew and destroyed the gun.

Runners Who Reached Glory

Sergeant Andrew Panko, who looks to be about nineteen years old, rushed a machine gun, killed two of the gunners, and turned it against the boches. Pvt. Paul Bonner carried in his wounded company commander under heavy machine-gun fire, and Gunnery Sergeant George McDermott not only rescued a wounded man under heavy fire, but brought up reserves, though seriously wounded. Pvt. Dunlevy charged a machine gun all alone in the street fighting in Bouresches, killed the crew and captured the gun. Pvt. Alfred Schiani, badly shot up, carried two pouches full of ammunition until he fell unconscious.

Sergeant Guy C. Stickney, Corporal Adolph L. Botz, Pvts. Ora J. Easton, O. A. Rice, L. Hill, Fred. J. Dewitt and Frank A. Reed got far ahead of the attacking wave. Separated from it, they pushed forward against an enemy stronghold, surrounded the position, and captured a German officer and twenty-one men. That was on June thirteenth.

Pvt. C. G. Anderson, after receiving a wound, refused to be left in the rear, but hurried into the thickest of the attack and remained with the waves until Bois de Belleau was taken. Pvt. G. C. Stiles came out of a rifle pit during a bombardment in order to give first aid to a comrade lying wounded in front of the trenches. Later he grabbed an automatic from another wounded soldier and went forward with the first wave of an attack.

Early in the fighting of June thirteenth Pvt. Gilbert D. Fraser was shot through the stomach. In spite of the agony he suffered he kept up a steady fire against a machine gun, yelling lustily the while for more ammunition; and never ceased to fight until he dropped unconscious.

And what shall be said of the runners? "These men were attached to headquarters," reported the commanding officer of one battalion, "and their work was extremely dangerous, frequently requiring them to go through artillery and machine-gun barrages. Never once was there the slightest hesitation shown about carrying out these hazardous messages, and it was a miracle how they got through."

Pvt. Roy C. Lascher was a runner. He repeatedly carried messages through barrages in Bois de Belleau on June tenth "when it meant almost certain death to do so," and four days later emerged voluntarily from a rifle pit, in the midst of a savage bombardment, to ask the colonel whether he needed a messenger to go to headquarters. The colonel did. All the rockets and signals were used up, and they could not call for a counter-barrage.

Lascher went through that hell of shells and delivered the message. He has been recommended for a Medal of Honor: "exceptional bravery and eagerness to face any peril."

Then there was Pvt. Morris F. Floitz, a blond youngster with an abiding faith in a flivver. In broad daylight he took a car loaded with ammunition into Bouresches along a road sprayed with bursting shells and peppered with bullets. Having done that, he volunteered next day to repeat the trip—to the Bois de Belleau this time. Floitz completed his task by carrying ammunition across a field under shell fire during the course of the attack, and that night rescued some rations from a dangerous spot and brought them to the soldiers.

Pvt. Alvin H. Harris, in the assault on Bouresches on June sixth, stuck to his one-pounder gun, though wounded in fourteen places. They had to carry him off.

Lieut. Charles A. Etheridge, intelligence officer, found a gap in the American line on the night of June twelfth and posted himself there with eight men from the engineers. They killed and captured twelve of the boches who were trying to filter through.

Lieut. M. C. Overton assumed command of his company on a moment's notice and led them against a supposedly impregnable gun position in the Bois. He captured it too.

Sergeant Robert H. Donaghue, after reorganizing his men in an attack on the Bois, killed seven of the enemy with his rifle, bayoneted another, and would not leave the field until he fell exhausted from loss of blood from several wounds. Lieut. Charles D. Roberts, with most of his men wiped out and himself severely wounded, repeatedly attacked. Forced to draw back he pleaded for reenforcements to try again.

Beating Heinie to It

His commanding officer reports that Second Lieut. John I. Conroy showed "bulldog tenacity and nerves of steel." For ten days he supplied the troops in the line with ammunition, rations, water and engineer stores, under shrapnel, high explosives and gas shells. The enemy fire exploded an ammunition dump under his charge. He fearlessly went to work, though the dump might have blown up any minute, and confined the damage to a minimum.

Chaplain Harris A. Darche searched for the wounded in the face of heavy fire and gave them first aid. He buried the dead, handled working parties, aided the surgeons, and performed the last rites of the church without the slightest regard for danger.

Lieut. W. A. Eddy led a patrol of two men into the enemy lines and lay an hour between two groups of boches, thereby establishing the location of the lines and obtaining valuable information.

Pvts. J. S. Pelham and D. T. Davidson brought in a wounded man from in front of the line in full view of the boches and under a raking machine-gun fire. Sergeant F. J. Fagan organized and took command of a mixed company group and by desperate fighting beat off a counter-attack. Pvt. R. L. Lancaster bore a wounded corporal to safety and then returned to the firing line, though wounded himself. Hit a second time, he nevertheless helped a comrade who was in worse plight.

Pvt. Frank Haye is a half-breed Indian from Michigan, and handles an automatic rifle. He got out of touch with his comrades and met three men of another company near a bridge between Torcy and Bussiares. While they were going along Haye stopped to fix his putty. He happened to glance down into a ditch, and there was a Heinie about to train a machine gun on the Americans.

Haye promptly shot him, seized the machine gun and opened fire on a party of Germans who were on the bridge. They retaliated by throwing hand grenades. Haye kept up the fight and only withdrew at night, when he made his way back to the American lines—and there they blazed away at him until he finally shouted his identity.

Eh bien, between June sixth and fifteenth the Americans made six attacks in this sector and repulsed nine counter-attacks, all the while under fierce artillery strafing. The damage they did is best reckoned in wastage of German divisions.

With Odds of Five to One

The American division was opposed at all times by two German divisions and sometimes by three. The boches had the 197th, the 237th and the Tenth in the line when our troops relieved the French. Before a week elapsed they were so badly cut up that the German command was obliged to throw in the Twenty-eighth and the crack Fifth Guards Division, both of which had been in training for the offensive in the vicinity of Noyon, but had to be diverted to this sector. It was an unconscious tribute to the Americans that the division which crossed the Marne first in 1914 should have been chosen to "stop" them, and the Guards had strict orders that the Americans must not succeed at any cost. But a short while later the Twenty-eighth were asking for relief, and the Guards had their fill.

To have used up five enemy divisions is a pretty fair contribution to the great battle for one American division.

"These Americans," remarked the general in command of the French corps—"these Americans are peculiar. They always want to do a thing their own way. All you have to do is tell them what you want—not how it should be done—and they'll do it."

As for the boche command, it was obliged to belittle the American effort in order to continue the hoodwinking of the German people, which has been led to believe that we are negligible as a military factor. Therefore they made light of our achievements, reporting severe repulses of the Americans. But a well-known German newspaper let the cat out of the bag. After deriding our men as soldiers, it naively concluded: "Furthermore one is forced to the conclusion that the attack by the Americans was made only under French command, for alone they would not be entrusted with such a hard task. We are, therefore, of the opinion that the Americans there [illegible] division did not make this a test attack, but were put in among the [illegible] front line."

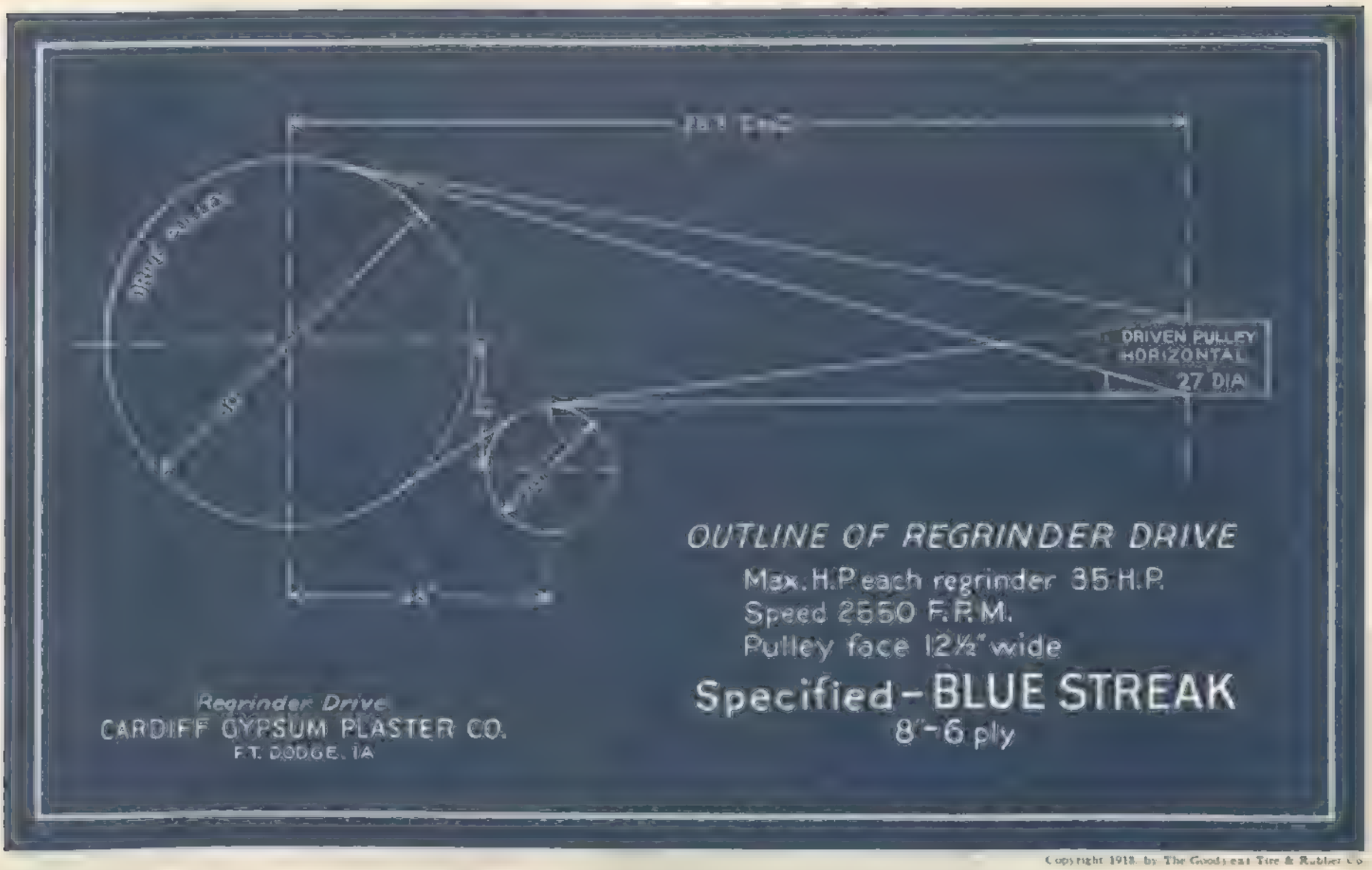
That [illegible] my estimate. Among the Allies there are those who say merely that the Americans performed well in a series of hot local engagements—and there are those who say that the American division saved Paris, just as the Canadians long ago saved Calais.

The testimony of the civilian population of the region that lay between the boches and the capital is significant. In a letter to the commanding officer of the American forces on the Marne the mayors of Meaux and the neighboring districts said:

"The civilian population will never forget that, beginning in the month of J[illegible], when their homes were threatened by the invader the [illegible] Division [illegible] stepped forth and successfully saving them from the impending danger. The mayors who were eyewitnesses of the generous and efficacious deeds of the American Army in stopping the enemy advance send this heartfelt expression of their admiration and gratitude."

Let us leave it at that.

United States Marines in France. Hand Grenades are Their Main Weapons



Copyright 1918, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

That Regrinder Drive—and the G.T.M.

The basic industries, those converting essential raw materials for commercial uses, find belts of all sorts a heavy item in costs. Whether they work with metal ores or wood, with wool or clay, with sugar cane or stone, their transmission cost is high—and there is always some one drive that fairly devours belts. The crushed stone industries—cement, crushed rock, brick and gypsum—have the belt-eating regrinder drive. The conditions surrounding it vary with the plant, but they are always destructive enough to jump production costs.

Out in Iowa the Cardiff Gypsum Plaster Company tried on it every kind of belt they could buy. None lasted long; all stretched, slipped, and required repairs that wasted the time of men and machines. One day a G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man called on them. They asked him the price per foot of a Goodyear Belt for the regrinder. The G. T. M.—our Mr. Russel—told them that no G.T. M. sold belts that way—that if Goodyear Technical Men were only talking price lists, it would be better to send out monthly phonograph records to reel off quotations. Then he told them about the Goodyear plan of Plant Analysis, of analyzing the conditions surrounding each drive and prescribing the proper Goodyear Belt to fit. They were interested—and took him to the regrinder drive.

He noted that a 60-inch vertical pulley drove a horizontal one of 27 inches—that the pulley faces were 12½ inches wide—that the distance between centers was 25 feet 3 inches—that there was a 20-inch idler—that the maximum horsepower was 35—the belt speed 2550 feet per minute—and the load extremely variable. He prescribed the Goodyear Belt made for just such service—an 8-inch 6-ply Blue Streak.

The belt arrived soon and was put to work. It was amazingly successful. After two and a half years of service it was still running, and had never stretched, slipped or required attention of any sort. Other belts had given out in a few months. As soon as it had run longer than any other belt, the G. T. M. was asked to analyze every drive in the plant and to prescribe the proper belt.

He did it and his prescriptions are being followed. All of them show a real saving over former installations. The experience of the Cardiff Gypsum Plaster Company with Goodyear Belts and the G. T. M. is similar to that of thousands of others in every national industry. If you have a troublesome belt devourer in your mill, factory or mine, send for a G. T. M. His service is free—for our reward comes in the increasing orders for the belts he prescribes.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
AKRON, OHIO

BELTING · PACKING · HOSE · VALVES

GOODYEAR

AKRON

SHERWIN

Sherwin-Williams select their flaxseed from all that is grown in the fields of the great Northwest

WE put this trade-mark on everything we make. It is a mark of confidence—your confidence in us and in our products. It indicates many things and one of the things it means is this: In all the materials we use, as in all the methods we employ, no pains are spared in making the product you buy dependable.

We could not make a dependable product from materials of doubtful worth. That is why we go to the source and produce those materials upon which quality depends. This trade-mark, therefore, goes back beyond the product itself; it means that the essential materials from which it is made are also

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PRODUCTS

PAINTS AND VARNISHES

DYESTUFFS, COLORS, PIGMENTS, CHEMICALS, INSECTICIDES, DISINFECTANTS, WOOD PRESERVATIVES

WILLIAMS PRODUCTS

A few of the many tanks in which we store our Flaxseed

Pressing our Linseed Oil from Flaxseed at the Cleveland Plant

Expressing a Policy In Terms of Linseed Oil

ONE of the factors that has helped make The Sherwin-Williams Company the dominating industry in its field is the steps it has taken to protect the quality of its products.

Manufacturers depending upon outside sources for essential raw materials operate under the handicap of shortages, varying quality and price fluctuations.

We control our sources of supply. We produce our essential raw materials. One of these is linseed oil. We contract for the growing flaxseed, ship it to our storage elevators, press the seed, and refine the oil in our own plants.

Whatever the conditions, we are sure of our supply —always of the Sherwin-Williams standard—and you are assured of highest quality in the paint, varnish or other finishes that require linseed oil.

Linseed oil is but an instance, just as our dye plant, our zinc and lead mines and our color works are instances of the extent to which we go in safeguarding our products and retaining your confidence.

TO DEALERS: There is a Sherwin-Williams agent in nearly every city and town in the United States and Canada. We will be pleased to communicate with any dealer in towns where we are not already represented.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.

Main correspondence office, Cleveland, Ohio

Plants, Warehouses and Sales Offices all over the world

Help Conserve Rubber and Cotton

Cotton is vitally necessary for the war.

Ships to bring rubber from overseas can be spared from army service only for rubber absolutely needed for essentials.

Cheap rubber belts waste cotton and rubber. If cheapened by using lighter weight cotton duck, there is a waste of good rubber. If cheap rubber or not enough rubber is used, there is a waste of good cotton.

You can assist the government in conserving rubber and cotton and at the same time keep your belt costs at the minimum by using high grade rubber belts in which heavy cotton and high grade rubber are scientifically combined.

Rainbow Friction Surface Belt is the leader among the high grade belts.

Rainbow is made of the heaviest and finest grade of cotton duck and best rubber obtainable.

Rainbow is suitable for every transmission purpose.

United States Rubber Company
Mechanical Goods Division

STRAGETY AND TRAGEDY

Continued from Page 7)

boys that don't mean no harm but they are gabby and can't keep their mouth shut and who knows who would get a hold of it and for the same reason I don't feel like I should give you any of my idears by mail but if I could just see you and we could have a little talk and talk things over but I don't suppose they's any chance of that unless I could get leave off to run down to Paris for a wile and meet you somewheres but they won't give us no leave to go to Paris but of course a letter from you that I could show it to Capt. Seeley would fix it up and no questions asked.

So I guess I better wait till I hear from you along these lines and in the mean wile I will be thinking the situation over and see what I can think up and I all ready got some idears that I feel like they would work out O. K. and I hope I will get a chance in the near future to have a little chat with you.

I note what you say about our name being both Jack and I was thinking to myself that lots of times in a poker game a pair of jacks is enough to win and maybe it will be the same way in the war game and any way I guess the 2 of us could put up a good bluff and bet them just as if we had them. Eh gen? Respy,

JACK KEEFE.

That's what I wrote to him Al and he will get it some time to-morrow or the next day and I should ought to hear from him back right away and I hope he will take my hint and leave me stay here with my regt. where I can see some real action. But if he summonses me I will go Al and not whine about getting a raw deal.

Well I happened to drop into a estaminet here yesterday and that's kind of a store where a man can buy stuff to take along with him or you can get a cup of coffee or pretty near anything and they was a girl on the job in there and she smiled when I come in and I smiled at her back and she seen I was American so she begin talking to me in English only she has got some brogue and its hard to make it out what she is trying to get at. Well we talked a wile and all of a sudden the idear come to me that I and her could hit it off and both do the other some good by her learning me French and I could learn her English and so I sprung it on her and she was tickled to death and we called it a bargain and to-morrow we are going to have our first lessons and how is that Al for a bargain when I can pick up French without it costing me a nickle and of course they won't be only time for 1 or 2 lessons before I hear from Black Jack but I can learn a whole lot in 2 lessons if she will tend to business but the way she smiled at me when I come out and the looks she give me I am afraid if she seen much of me it would be good night so I will half to show her I won't stand for no foolishness because I had enough flirtations Al and the next woman that looks X eyed at me will catch her death of cold.

Your pal, JACK

SOMEWHERES IN FRANCE, March 16.

FRIEND AL: Well old pal it looks like they wouldn't be no front line trenchs for this baby and what I am getting at is that the word was past around today that Black Jack himself is comeing and they isn't no faulse alarm about it because Capt. Seeley told us himself and said Gen. Pershing would be here in a day or 2 to overlook us and he wanted that everybody should look their best and keep themself looking neat and clean and clean up all the billets and etc. because that was what Gen. Pershing was comeing to see, how we look and how we are getting along and etc.

Well Al that's what Capt. Seeley said but between you and I they's another reason why he is comeing and I guess he figures they will be a better chance to talk things over down here then if I was to go to Paris and I am not the only one that knows why he is comeing because after supper Alcock called me over to 1 side and congratulated me and said it looked like I was in soft.

Well I will be ready for him when he comes and I will be ready to pack up and blow out of here at a minute's notice and I can't help from wondring what some of these smart alex officers will say when they see what's comeing off. So this won't be only a short letter Al because I have got a lot to do to get ready and what I am going to do is write down some of my idears so as I can read them off to him when he comes and if I didn't have them wrote down I might maybe get nervous when I seen him and maybe forget what I got to say because the boys says he's a tough bird for a man to see for the first time till you get to know him and he acts like he was going to eat you alive but he's a whole lot like a dog when you get to know him and his bark is worse then a bite.

Well Al how is that for news and I guess you will be prouder then ever of your old pal before this business gets over with and I would feel pretty good with everything breaking so good only I am getting worred about Ernestine that little French gal in the estaminet and I wished now I hadn't never seen her or made no bargain with her and I didn't do it so much for what I could learn off of her but these French gals Al has had a tough time of it and if a man can bring a little sunshine into their life he wouldn't be a man unless he done it. So I was just trying to be a good fellow and here is what I get for it because I caught her today Al with that look in her eye that I seen in so many of them and I know what it means and I guess about the best thing for me to do is run away from Gen. Pershing and go over the top or something and leave the boshs shoot my nose off or mess me up some way and then maybe I won't get pestered to death every time I try and be kind to some little gal.

I guess the French lessons will half to be cut out because it wouldn't be square to leave her see me again and it would be different if I could tell her I am married but I don't know the French terms for it and besides it don't seem to make no difference to some of them and the way they act you would think a wife was just something that come out on you like a sty and the best way to do was just forget it.

Well Al as I say I caught her looking at me like it was breaking her heart and I wouldn't be supprised if she cried after I come away, but what can a man do about it Al and I have got a good notion to wear my gas mask everywheres I go and then maybe I will have a little peace once in a wile.

I must close now for this time and get busy on some idears so as Black Jack won't catch me flat footed but I guess they's no danger of that eh Al? Your pal, JACK

SOMEWHERES IN FRANCE, March 18.

FRIEND AL: Well old pal I am all set for Gen. Pershing when he comes and I have got some of my idears wrote down just the bear outlines of them and when he asks me if I have got any I can just read them off from my notes like I was a lecture and here is a few of the notes I have got wrote down so as you can get some idear of what I am going to spring on him.

1

In baseball many big league mgrs. before a game they talk it over in the club house with their men and disgust the weakness of the other club and how is the best way to beat them and etc. For inst. when I was pitching for the White Sox and suppose we was going to face a pitcher that maybe he was weak on fielding bunts so before the game Mgr. Rowland would say to us "Remember boys this baby so and so gets the rabbis if you lay down bunts on him." So we would begin laying them down on him and the first thing you know he would be frothing at the mouth and triping all over himself and maybe if he did finely get a hold of the ball he would throw it into the Southren League or somewheres and before the other mgr. could get another bird warmed up they would half to hire a crossing policeman to straiten out the jam at the plate. And the same thing would be in war like in baseball and instead of a army going into it blind you might say, why the gens. ought to get together before the battle and fix it up to work on the other side's weakness. For inst. suppose the Germans is weak on getting out of the way of riffle bullets why that's the weapon to use on them and make a sucker out of them.

2

Getting the jump on your oppts. is more then ½ the battle whether its in the war or on the baseball field and many a game has been win by getting the jump on your oppts. For inst. that reminds me of a

little incidents that happened one day when we was playing the Washington club and I was pitching against the notorious Walter Johnson and before they was a man out Geo. McBride booted one and Collins and Jackson got a couple hits and we was 2 runs to the good before they was a man out. Well Johnson come back pretty good and the rest of the game the boys acted like they was scared of him and kept one foot in the water bucket but we would of win the game at that only in the 9th. inning Schalk dropped a third strike on me and Judge and Milan hit a couple of fly balls that would of been easy outs only for the wind but the wind raised havioc with the ball and they both went for hits and they beat us 3 and 2 and that's the kind of luck I genally always had against the Washington club.

3

In baseball of course they's only nine men on a side and that is where a gen. in the war has got the advantage on a mgr. in baseball because they's no rules in war fair to keep a man from useing all the men he feels like so it looks to me like a gen. had all the best of it because suppose the other side only had say 50 thousand men in a certain section they's nothing to prevent a gen. from going after them with a 100 thousand men and if you can't run them ragged when you got them 2 to 1 its time to enlist in the G. A. R. All though as I say a mgr. can't only use nine men at a time in baseball, but at that I know of incidents where a mgr. has took advantage of the oppts. being shy of men and one time the St. Louis club came to Chi and Jones was all crippled up for pitchers but the game was on our home grounds so it was up to Mgr. Rowland to say if the game should be played or if he should call it off on acct. of cold weather because it was in the spring. But he knowed Jones was shy of pitchers so he made him play the game and Jones used big Laudermilk to pitch against us and they beat us 5 and 2.

4

Another advantage where a gen. has got it on a baseball mgr. because in baseball the game begins at 3 o'clock and the other club knows when its going to begin just the same as your club so they can't neither club beat the other one to it and start the game wile the other club is looking out the window. But a gen. don't half to tell the other side when he is going to attack them but of course they have observers that can see when you are going to get ready to pull something. But it looks to me like the observers wouldn't be worth a hoop and he—ll if the other gen. made his preparations at night when it was dark like bringing up the troops and artilery and supplys and etc. and in that way you could take them by supprise and make them look like a fool, like in baseball I have often crossed the batter up and one day I had Cobb 3 and 2 and he was all set to murder a fast one and I dinked a slow one up there to him and the lucky stiff hit it on the end of his bat just inside third base and 2 men scored on it.

That's about the idears I am going to give him Al only of course I can talk it off better then I can write it because wile I am talking I can think up a lot more incidents to tell him and him being a baseball fan he will set there pop eyed with his mouth open as long as I want to talk. But now I can't hardly wait for him to get here Al and it seems funny to think that here I am a $30 dollar a mo. doughboy and maybe in a few days I will be on the staff and they don't have nobody only officers and even a lieut. gets 5 or 6 times as much as a doughboy and how is that for a fine nickname Al for men that all the dough they are getting is a $1 per day and the pollutes only gets 2 Sues a day and that's about 2 cents so I suppose we ought to call them the Wall St. crowd.

Well Al you should ought to be thankfull you are there at home with your wife where you can watch her and keep your eyes on her and find out what she is doing with her spare time though I guess at that they wouldn't be much danger of old Bertha running a muck and I don't suppose she would half to wear bob wire entanglements to keep Jack the Kisser away but when a man has got a wife like Florrie and here I am over here and there she is over there well Al a man don't get to sleep no quicker nights from thinking about it and I lay there night after night and wonder what and the he—ll can she be doing and she might be doing most anything Al and they's only the one thing that its a cinch she ain't doing and that's writeing a letter to me and a man would pretty near think she had forgot my first name but even at that she could set down and write to me and start it out Dear Husband.

But the way she acts why even if they was any fun over here I wouldn't be haveing it and suppose I do get on Gen. Pershing's staff and get a lieut. or something and write and tell her about it, why she would probably wait till a legal holiday to answer me back and then she would write about 10 words and say she went to the Palace last week and when she come out after the show it was raining.

Well Al you can't blame a man for anything he pulls off when their wife acts like that and if I give that little Ernestine a smack the next time she bulges her lips out at me whose fault is it Al? Not mine.

Your pal, JACK

SOMEWHERES IN FRANCE, March 20.

FRIEND AL: Well Al the sooner the Germans starts their drive let them come and I only hope we are up there when they start it and believe me Al if they come at us with the gas I will dive into it with my mouth wide open and see how much of it I can get because they's no use Al of a man trying to live with the kind of luck I have got and I'm sick in tired of it all.

Wait till you hear what come off today Al. In the first place my feet's been going back on me for a long wile and they walked us all over France yesterday and this a. m. I couldn't hardly get my shoes on and they was going out for riffle practice and I don't need no riffle practice Al and besides that I couldn't of stood it so I got excused and I set around a wile after the rest of the bunch was gone and finely my feet got feeling a little better and I walked over to the estaminet where that little gal's at to see if maybe I couldn't brighten things up a little for her and sure enough she was all smiles when she seen me and we talked a wile about this in that and she tried to get personal and called me cherry which is like we say dearie and finely I made the remark that I didn't think we would be here much longer and then I seen she was going to blubber so I kind of petted her hand and stroked her hair and she poked her lips out and I give her a smack Al but just like you would kiss a kid or something after they fell down and hurt themself. Well Al just as this was comeing off the door to the other part of the joint opened up and in come her old man and seen it and I thought all Frenchmens talked fast Al but this old bird made them sound like a impediment and he come at me and if he hadn't been so old I would of crowned him but of course I couldn't do nothing only let him rave and finely I felt kind of sorry for him and I had a 20 frank note on me so I shoved it at him and it struck him dumb Al and I got out of there and come back to the Ark and it seems like I had been away a whole lot longer then I meant to and any way I hadn't hardly no more then got my shoes off and layed down when in come some of the boys.

Well Al what do you think? Gen. Pershing was out there to the riffle practice to overlook them and I suppose he heard we was going to be out there and he went out there to be sure and catch me and he was makeing a visit around the camp and instead of him stopping here he went out there to see us and instead of me being out there Al, here I was mixed up in a riot with an old goof over nothing you might say and Black Jack wondring where and the he—ll could I be at because Alcock told me he noticed him looking around like he mist somebody. And now he's on his way back to Paris and probably sore as a boil and I can't do nothing only wait to hear from him and probably he will just decide to pass me up.

And the worst of it is Al that when they brought us the mail they was 2 letters for me from Florrie and I couldn't of asked for nicer letters if I had wrote them myself only why and the he—ll couldn't she of wrote them a day sooner and I would of no more thought of getting excused today then fly because if I had knew how my Mrs. mist me and how much she cares I wouldn't of been waisting no time on no Ernestine but its to late now and Black Jack's gone and so is my 20 franks and beleive me Al 20 frank notes is tray pew over here. I'll say they are.

Your pal, JACK

SHEET PACKING

THE first and original fibre sheet packing. Guaranteed for saturated or superheated steam under highest temperatures; also hot water, air, acids, oil, ammonia.

Will hold 350 pounds steam pressure and a temperature of 1500° F.

4810 Air Hose
Capacity Again Doubled

WE are arranging to at once double our capacity on 4810 Air Hose. Every foot that we make is being taken for shipbuilding, car manufacturing and many other essential purposes as rapidly as we can produce it.

We hope in the near future to be able to announce that we can take care of additional customers.

The popularity of 4810 Air Hose has increased so rapidly in the last few years that we have doubled our capacity again and again.

4810 Air Hose has proven the most economical and most efficient air hose that has ever been placed on the market.

United States Rubber Company

Mechanical Goods Division

NEXT WEEK IS Paramount

It is just as important to project the right sort of pictures "over here" as to fire the right sort of cartridges "over there."

◆ ◆

More than a year after the United States entered the War, America's motion picture industry finds itself stronger, more favored, more necessary than ever before.

The motion picture's mightiest task is to keep up the morale of the folks at home — it is the national amusement, filling an urgent human need.

The organization behind Paramount and Artcraft pictures is dedicated to two purposes—to help keep up the spirit of America and to perpetuate and refine the art of the motion picture.

Twenty million photo-play lovers and many thousands of theatres demand Paramount and Artcraft pictures every week because they are *better pictures.*

This coming week, you can go to any of the better theatres, anywhere, any day, or every day, and be sure of a good, clean, wholesome, heartening show all through, every minute. Drama, adventure, comedy, travel—the program will be made up of *Paramount* and *Artcraft* features, and very little else besides. In many cases nothing else. Such programs as that right here in front of your eyes —that one is typical.

We named that theatre Alhambra merely as an example. It might just as well be Strand, Rialto, Palace, Rivoli, Empire, Crescent, Globe, Cascade, Court, or the name of the *theatre nearest you.*

A Pledge to Save is A Pledge to Fight.

Buy W. S. S.

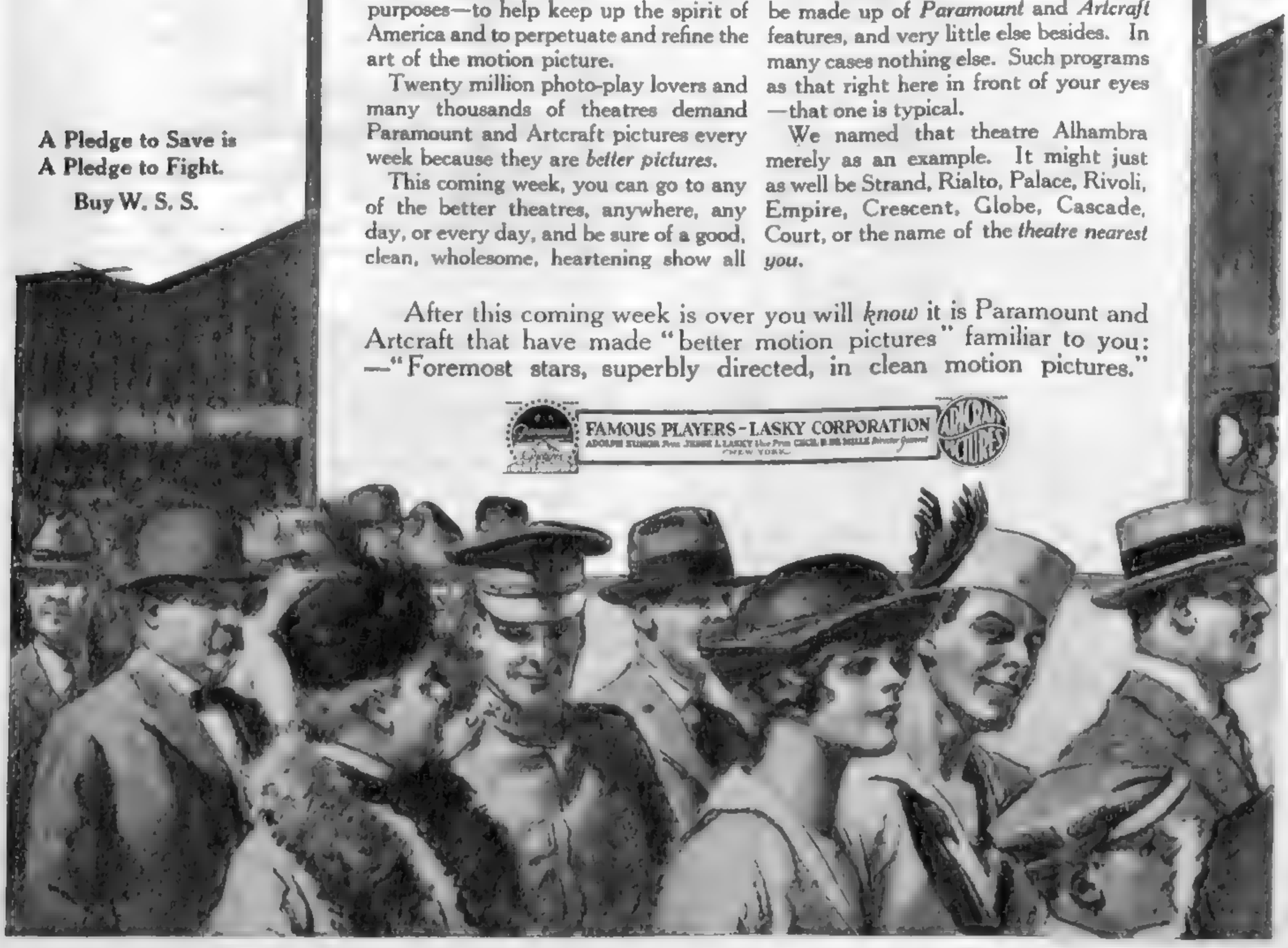
After this coming week is over you will *know* it is Paramount and Artcraft that have made "better motion pictures" familiar to you: —"Foremost stars, superbly directed, in clean motion pictures."

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION

ADOLPH ZUKOR Pres. JESSE L. LASKY Vice Pres. CECIL B. DE MILLE Director General

NEW YORK

ARTCRAFT PICTURES



and Artcraft
WEEK
Paramount and Artcraft week at the
ALHAMBRA
SUNDAY Mary Pickford in "How Could You, Jean?" An Artcraft Picture
Romaine Chaplin in "The Son of Democracy" A Paramount Series
A Paramount-Burton Holmes Travelogue
MONDAY Douglas Fairbanks in "Bound in Morocco" An Artcraft Picture
Fatty Arbuckle in "The Cook"
A Paramount-Arbuckle Comedy
A Paramount Bray Pictograph
TUESDAY Marguerite Clark in "Wild-flower" A Paramount Picture
"Black Mamba Jan" A Paramount James Montgomery Flagg Comedy
"The Dance of Modern Democracy"
A Paramount-Burton Holmes Travelogue
WEDNESDAY Dorothy Dalton in "Green Eyes" A Paramount Picture
Fatty Arbuckle in "Moonshine" —
A Paramount Arbuckle Comedy
"Modern Painting"
A Paramount Bray Pictograph
THURSDAY William S. Hart in "Riddle Gawne" An Artcraft Picture
"It Pays to Exercise"
A Paramount Mack Sennett Comedy
"In Venice"
A Paramount-Burton Holmes Travelogue
FRIDAY D. W. Griffith's production "The Great Love" An Artcraft Picture
Fatty Arbuckle in "The Bell Boy"—
A Paramount Arbuckle Comedy
"Submarine Hunting"
A Paramount-Bray Pictograph
SATURDAY John Barrymore in "The Dictator" A Paramount Picture
"Love Scenes"
A Paramount Mack Sennett Comedy
"The Singular Experiment"
A Paramount-Burton Holmes Travelogue
MOTION PICTURES
PARAMOUNT-ARTCRAFT WEEK
TODAY
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS
"BOUND IN MOROCCO"
TOMORROW
MARGUERITE CLARK

HARTFORD

THE Two Hartfords insure against nearly every kind of damage that can possibly occur to nearly every kind of property. The value of this service lies not only in the variety of its protection but also in the reliability of the Hartford.

Any agent or broker can sell you a Hartford policy.

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE CO.
HARTFORD ACCIDENT AND INDEMNITY CO.
HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

ENAMEL YOUR OWN CAR !!

DON'T just "paint" your car with a re-named carriage paint. Get the *original* and genuine auto *enamel*, Effecto, the high-luster, quick-drying, easy-working, self-leveling and long-lasting automobile finish—more durable than the finish most motor car makers put on new cars.

SEVEN SNAPPY ENAMEL COLORS — Effecto AUTO FINISHES — TOP & SEAT DRESSING, FINISHING VARNISH

The war-time economy of keeping your old car and using Effecto is becoming more popular every day. A few hours of your time, plus two or three dollars for Effecto, completely transform an old car into a new one. A coat or two of Effecto makes an old car more worth keeping and at the same time increases its selling value from $50 to $100.

Keep a can of the Black handy for touching-up rusty spots on fenders and chassis. Effecto Top and Seat Dressing renews and waterproofs old upholstery and tops of all kinds.

Send for Color Card and Name of Local Dealer

Sold by paint, hardware and accessory stores.
Pratt & Lambert Inc., 145 Tonawanda Street, Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada, address 91 Courtwright Street, Bridgeburg, Ontario.

Get the Original and Genuine Auto ENAMEL

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES

The Amateurs

[German Papers, Before the Big Drive, Spoke of American Troops as "Flabby."]

A YEAR ago the captain was instructor in a college,
The sergeant was a plumber, and the corporal a clerk;
The privates had no glimmering of military knowledge,
They'd never run across it in their ordinary work;
But in to-day's dispatches there's a simple little item
Describing how this company went up against the boche,
And smashed a Hun battalion that was coming up to fight 'em
And took two German companies as prisoners, b'gosh!

The Prussian has his veterans
And thinks there are no better 'uns,
He said our boys were flabby and the greenest of the green;
He counted on defeating them,
But when it came to meeting them
His veterans departed very quickly from the scene.

The captain was a greenhorn at the military science,
But he flanked the German major and he sent him to the rear;
The shavetails have few tactics but a heap of self-reliance,
The sergeants and the corporals were novices, it's clear;
They weren't machine-made soldiers and you never would have picked 'em
As equal to the boches in the goose-step style of war,
But when they got in battle with the Teutons—why, they licked 'em!
And that is just exactly what we sent them over for.

The Prussians were the gabby ones,
They called our soldiers flabby ones,
No match for troops of Kultur who had waded deep in blood;
And it was quite a jolt to them,
In fact, a thunderbolt to them,
To find these flabby Yankees trampling Germans in the mud!

The captain wasn't expert in the art of killing babies,
The shavetails and the sergeants and the corporals and men
Were not inoculated with the military rabies
Which crucifies old ladies "as a lesson" now and then;
They were too soft and flabby for that Teuton brand of slaughter;
They'd never quite been hardened to that special point of view;
To smash the German soldiers was what made 'em cross the water,
And—that's a job it's evident they're tough enough to do!

—Berton Braley.

TYPES AND TURKEYS

(Continued from Page 32)

sudden advance. If he progresses from one thousand to ten by gradual, well-proportioned stages it requires the same effort and self-denial to save all along the line. But if he has been living on two thousand and suddenly gets four, or on four and suddenly gets eight, he does move over to Easy Street for a while. Only for a while, however. The more attractive flat or the larger house that the jump in income enables him to afford, the more expensive clothing for himself and family and so on, pretty soon take up the slack, and if he saves he has got to sit on the brake just as industriously as he did before. This isn't at all a question of getting an income. That has nothing to do with it. It is a question of managing an income, and the problem is essentially just the same, no matter what the size of the income may be—anywhere above the bread line of bare necessities.

Last October—October, 1917—a young man of my acquaintance took a heroic resolution. His family consists of himself, his wife and an infant. His salary was three hundred dollars a month and his expenses always two jumps ahead of it. I don't know his affairs intimately enough to say just where the money goes. He occupies a comfortable but not luxurious flat. From what I know of rents thereabouts I should say he paid fifty-five or sixty dollars a month for it—too great a proportion of his income, perhaps; but city rents in what the renting agencies refer to as "desirable" locations, meaning locations where rents are high, usually take too great a proportion of the tenant's income. Sometimes in my friend's flat they keep one housemaid and sometimes none. There are no very tangible evidences of extravagance anywhere; but the extravagance is there, because my young friend is chronically living this month on next month's salary.

He had side-stepped the first Liberty Loan on the rather plausible ground that he hadn't a cent to his name. But last October he took a heroic resolution. He proposed to subscribe five hundred dollars to the second Liberty Loan, through the office where he is employed. The pay roll in that office is managed by a young woman who has more horse sense than most of the men. He fixed it up with her. She was to pay him two hundred and fifty dollars a month and apply the other fifty on the Liberty Bond. In ten months his bond would be paid for.

For some four months it worked capitally. He found he could flounder along in the wake of his bills on two hundred and fifty a month just about as he had floundered on three hundred. He was much pleased at that discovery, and told everybody about it as though he had invented a novel and sure method of saving. But when he had his bond half paid for the invention blew a tire. Having the bond half paid for it seemed there was no longer any need of sitting quite so hard on the brake. He still drew only two hundred and fifty a month salary. He was bound to stick manfully to that. But on the strength of his bond margin he overdrew his account. The floundering got worse after that. When eight months elapsed he had four hundred dollars to his credit on account of the bond, as he had planned; but his account at the office was overdrawn a hundred dollars.

Then he was happily absolved from the necessity of continuing the arrangement. He got a raise of fifty dollars a month in his salary and a three weeks' vacation. He immediately sold his bond, took the three hundred dollars that remained after squaring up his overdraft, and started East with his family to spend the vacation. Incidentally he left quite a little spattering of unpaid household bills. He figured that with the fifty-dollar raise he could soon pay them off and save a lot too. Only of course he will be just as much in the hole a year hence as he is now, unless in the meantime he gets practical hold of the idea that a man who can't manage a three-thousand-dollar income will be equally a failure at managing a five-thousand-dollar one, or one of any size.

A rational man who is making a signal failure at managing a small business doesn't argue that he would have no difficulty in succeeding if only the business were twice or three times as big. But a great number of otherwise rational men argue that way about managing an income. It has been my good fortune to be so situated that I have not lost touch with young men to the extent that many men of my age perhaps do. I should say that a year ago the United States was figuratively full of bright young men who were selling themselves gold bricks on the proposition that they could learn how to save without learning how to deny themselves right now.

It is a hard fact that the man who can't manage an income will get only the minimum of good out of it, no matter what its size may be. I mean the minimum of happiness. Like every man who casts a shadow as long as himself to the eastward and who has the usual run of acquaintances, I have had too many looks behind the scenes not to know that.

I have seen the genial host when he was the worst of company for himself—distressed, humiliated, badgered; and the open hand when it was clutching for money to stave off disaster with expedients that no man can resort to without a sense of self-abasement. A good friend of mine was at much pains to build himself a prison—none of your modern, humane, sunshiny, ventilated, sanitary prisons either, but a good

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old medieval dungeon with rayless cells and dank walls dripping puddles on the floor.

On viewing this establishment an enthusiastic young lady exclaimed, "It's a dream!" She seemed not far wrong. The environs of any flourishing city will show much costlier dwellings, but hardly a more charming one. It was furnished in keeping, for its mistress had fine taste. It proved to be a sort of dream for its owner—and two-layer mortgagor—the sort of dream that overindulgence in mince pie is said to induce. What with the original outlay, which was about three times what he had intended, and the cost of upkeep and operation, it kept him broke for ten years. He told me once that if he ever encountered the author of Home, Sweet Home, he'd give him one kick no matter what the consequences might be. In a ten-year period he knew one comparatively brief stretch of alloyed happiness—which was when the house was built and he had only an unconfirmed suspicion that it was going to put his nose on the grindstone; and one spell of pure joy, which was when he finally unloaded the two mortgages and a bit of equity on a purchaser. He had really built himself a prison. No one can fool me about the pleasures of being chronically broke. I've seen too many examples.

A very successful man and shrewd observer of other men declared, after long experience, "The man who cannot save will never succeed."

You can find exceptions to nearly all rules, but as a rough-and-ready sort of rule I believe that is pretty sound. Not by any means must a man have money in order to succeed; but as a rough-and-ready sort of rule he must have some firmness of will, some capacity for self-control and self-denial, some capacity to see a situation as it actually is instead of as he would like to have it. The spendthrift is always bunkoing himself, and that is a poor way to succeed.

Very Rich on Very Little

By succeeding I mean simply having fair average conditions and getting as much happiness and usefulness out of life as a fair average of human ability, courage and integrity could reasonably be expected to extract from the conditions. Two men occur to me whom I should call successful. One I knew as a youth, the other was employed in a modest clerical capacity in an establishment where I myself was employed nearly thirty years ago. He is there still, at a desk that wouldn't have been more than two rods away from the one he sat at when I first saw him if the establishment hadn't moved to different quarters. Neither of these men has ever had an income as high as two thousand a year. Both have raised families and given their children as good educational opportunities as a millionaire can buy—save perhaps in the rare case where very extended and expensive technical training is involved. They gave their children also the incalculable advantage of affectionate homes, thrifty training, the leading of their own example toward upright living and an intelligent interest in the world, including an interest in good reading.

I never meet either of these men without getting an impression of good humor, good sense, a rational attitude toward life. From no one else do I get a greater impression of contentment. They have not only brought up families but saved money. Successful, I should call them. If they had lacked the courage and will to manage their small incomes properly and save they couldn't have done what they have for their children or for themselves. They couldn't have been successful.

As I try to check off in my mind the people I know, it strikes me that rule about saving and success is pretty sound. A flabby will doesn't, as a rule, succeed however you care to define success. And it is mainly just a question of will. There are comparatively few people with sufficient intelligence to be at large who do not admit the desirability of saving. Two times out of three your spendthrift is the first to admit it, very much as your habitual drunkard is the first to admit the desirability of temperance. They know from experience. What is lacking is not the wish to save but the will; and that is a flaw in character that doesn't look promising for getting the practicable maximum of happiness and usefulness out of life.

Building on a Shoestring

And about half the time when Opportunity knocks at a man's door she asks to look at his savings-bank book before offering to step in. That is a literal fact. In the game of chance called poker the adventurer must ante before he can play. It is a literal fact that Opportunity, having knocked often, has only a cold shoulder for the candidate who can't ante. For opportunity of the material sort usually requires the use of some money or credit. A great deal of credit may be founded on a little money, but there must be some foundation. Great business enterprises may be built on a shoestring; but if a man hasn't got the shoestring they are not for him. A few hundred dollars may make all the difference.

In the United States, at least, credit is one of the easiest things to get for a man who can make any sort of plausible claim to it. With a good reputation, a sound idea and a hundred-dollar bill you are as welcome at banks of the right sort in normal times as though you had a bundle of government bonds under your arm. But the statement "I'm stony broke" is a poor introduction. The man who has saved nothing has put cinder heaps in the path to his door. If Opportunity calls it will not be because he lifted a finger to make the approach easy.

It is a matter of habit. The will can be developed like any other human faculty. The drunkard thought he couldn't stop drinking until something—usually of very alarming nature—occurred that made him think differently; then he discovered that he had plenty of will to resist temptation. The trouble with a great many young men is they put off saving to the future, when their incomes will presumably be larger, and so form the wrong sort of habit. When their incomes are larger they are no better able to cope with them than before—nor as able, for they have formed a habit of spending all they have.

I would put it all on the simple solid ground of happiness and usefulness. Every time, the other factors being equal, the man with some margin between this week's pay check and this week's bills is going to get more contentment and satisfaction out of life than the man without a margin.

I said a minute ago that it is as difficult to save on ten thousand a year as on fifteen hundred. That is true—just as it's true to say that it is as difficult to keep sober at forty-five as at twenty-five. But if one reaches forty-five with a habit of sobriety the difficulty disappears. So when one forms the habit of saving the difficulties disappear.

THE YEARS OF A MAN

(Continued from Page 11)

knew the next remark was addressed: "I've decided to give up speaking at any rate for the present."

"Why—why in the world!" exclaimed Mrs. Brownell. "I thought it was such a fine way of serving, and a thing you do so well—a thing you could do," she emphasized the fine implication.

"Instead I find it's a thing I can't," replied Crawford quietly. To close the incident he turned to Elsie: "Speaking of meetings—how's Sara? She goes to yours, doesn't she?"

"I don't know. I haven't seen her very lately," Elsie answered composedly. "I'm not doing surgical dressings any more, you know."

"Why, Elsie!" exclaimed her mother. "You too!"

Crawford laughed mirthlessly.

"We seem to be falling down on our bits badly," he remarked; but Elsie having pushed back her chair now left the room without further comment. Crawford laughed again grimly at the aghast expression of his companion.

"It's just what I said!" she hastened lucidly to explain. "The war—and the uncertainty—the never knowing from hour to hour."

"Nobody knows from hour to hour."

"Yes, but she had her special anxieties."

"I thought those were what I was supposed to be saving her."

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BETHLEHEM MOTOR TRUCKS

"You are—while you're here; but of course she has no real assurance ——"

Crawford's tried nerves snapped.

"Good heavens! Does she want one drawn up by a notary and signed? The war has changed us! At this rate I might as well not be here."

Getting up and seizing his hat he fled the house with scant ceremony, but even in his flight he had a glimpse of a resigned woman resolutely attacking a sock—the twenty-third, for Mrs. Brownell's bit was a centipede.

Crawford was immediately ashamed of his small outbreak, or rather of the underlying irritability from which it came—an irritability directed toward what he loved best. He was becoming appalled at the frequency of these moods, and by some sixth sense surviving from the closeness of their union he knew that Elsie felt the same to him: they bore themselves, in fact, more often than not, spiritually, as if they were the victims of a mutual grievance, and this was never more marked than in their forbearance. Had they in fact such a grievance?

Crawford sat alone in the starlight on the drive overlooking the Hudson to think things out. The same stars might, for all he knew, be shining over France—and Oliver. All at once he knew that he envied Oliver—Oliver, whom he had been vaguely pitying because of all he had had to give up. But what had Oliver given up which he, Crawford, had been able to keep? Sara was living in her husband now as in a religion; she carried Oliver's child about with her as if he had been a flag; an indissoluble thread bound her, like a living nerve, to him in France. By comparison Elsie and he, under one roof, were sundered continentally. The very condition of their estrangement had been their staying together. By Jove, yes; to-night he envied Oliver without one scrap of qualifying pity—Oliver out there doing a whole man's duty, with no cold eyes of strangers scrutinizing him wherever he went, and a stranger in his home; Oliver at peace with himself.

That was the thing—to be at peace with oneself. You could be at peace with yourself, Crawford reflected, only when you were doing your duty. Then if Elsie and he were not at peace it was because somehow they had missed theirs. In that moment Crawford suddenly disbelieved profoundly in his wife's weak heart. Then why, he asked himself, had he so readily believed in it? The answer brought him to himself much as a near flash of lightning out of that starlit sky might have done.

As he sat forward swaying a little unsteadily in the shock of the illumination he became aware that he must have sat there a long time, and that everyone had left except a boy and girl on the next seat. Their voices came to him clearly, and there were tears in hers.

"Aw, what's the use?" said the boy in reply. "I gotta go." He straightened in his ill-fitting khaki jacket a little importantly. "I gotta go, I tell you!" he repeated.

Crawford looking at him felt a sudden touch of interest—of something more. He was so obviously no hero—this boy; he had not even had time to take on the military proportions of one, as he would later; and yet he was so evidently trying to fill the part. His cheap army coat sagged on his round civilian shoulders; Crawford knew what the dusk hid—the sallow thin cheeks, the lank jaw and loose, gum-chewing lips which went with that voice and those shoulders; he encountered them many times in every New York day. And yet the boy was game. He straightened his shoulders again as Crawford looked. He was youth, crude youth, youth all unfulfilled, which had no choice but which would play the game as if it had chosen it. And the girl was youth too—its other half. And youth must go, giving up even what it had not, while he might lounge here nightly if he chose, and look out at stars shining on the hills and the calm river of this, his native city.

His native city—his native land! Who had a better right to cherish it than he? No law as yet compelled him to its defense. All at once it seemed to him abhorrent to wait for that compulsion; it seemed a low thing to do. The same measure could not possibly serve for him and that boy. Now the reason became clear to him, blindingly clear, why Oliver and men like Oliver must go; why the "best"—those whose going everybody deplored as a sacrifice.

This boy was the reason, this boy who blindly obeyed a law he could not resist and made a virtue of obedience. Nothing could justify that compelled obedience in him except the voluntary sacrifice of others, the self-selected leaders of the race. By everything life meant to him and not to that boy, by every advantage and opportunity given him over the other he was so much the more bound to go—to go first and blaze the way for the armies of the boy to follow.

Which of them, if it came to that, had the more to fight for? Wives, children might be economically deterrent from the viewpoint of the country's interest, but there was nothing in the mere possession of a wife or child which automatically exempted a man—to his own soul. The possible wives and possible children of these boys had as good a claim as any middle-aged slacker hiding behind an insufficient law or his wife's petticoat. Wherein was Elsie's happiness more precious than that of the girl on the seat?

He again heard Oliver saying "Besides, there's young Oliver," and he understood now the necessity laid on young Oliver's father by that fact.

Crawford looked once more at the would-be military shoulders of the little rookie. He wasn't pitying him—not in the least; it was privilege for him too. Over there he, too, would have a gift of sight, perhaps the only one he ever could have attained; those shoulders and that jaw would square; those loose lips would tighten and shut. No, he wasn't pitying him, but the thing most patent to himself was that to have to envy him would be unbearable abasement; that to sit here, strong, fit, rich in so much, and let this boy fight for him would be utterly intolerable.

Crawford entertained no illusions as to wearing a uniform more usefully in Washington; his was not one of the master minds of America, and he did not specialize in camouflage even with himself; on the other hand he had back of him a modest American athletic record—and not too far back, either. He cast a last look at the young people; the girl's head was on the khaki shoulder now and their arms were frankly intertwined; he cast, too, another look at the stars and the hills and Hudson—his stars, his hills, his Hudson—and left the lovers to their hour.

Even now it was not clear to him what he was going to do; but it was clear to him he was going to do something. Things that had been pulling twenty ways in his mind for months now all pulled one way; something was about to happen. He found no one waiting for it or for him. His mother-in-law had concluded her "bit" and retired; Elsie, he judged, had not come down again. In the imperative absorption of his mood he went upstairs and walked straight in upon her without stopping to knock. She was standing before her mirror and turned with an exclamation at his entrance, then stood mute, as if aware no words would meet the case.

This was exactly Crawford's own first reaction; he simply stood and stared—shaken for the moment even from his own tense thoughts. Finally he found a feeble question.

"What are you doing—in that?"

"I thought you were at the club."

"What has that to do with it?" asked Crawford harshly. "What are you doing in that?"

She answered him in little gasps.

"It is—the Woman's Motor Corps; like the Waacs."

"But you—what are you doing in it?" reiterated her husband.

Elsie was pale; he could see that she put force upon herself to reply, but she did so, steadily:

"It is for service—of course."

"Service—where?"

"Service in the war."

"Ah!" Crawford drew a long breath—the first, it seemed, for months. Now he knew what was going to happen. He straightened his shoulders as the boy had done, and continued to stare at the figure before him—bobbed hair, khaki suit, military boots, belt—with a gaze that deepened and deepened till the color rushed painfully back to his wife's face; and still he went on staring with a mounting joy. Elsie stood like one under fire and determined to register indifference. At last the firing ceased; Crawford spoke.

"It's quite the most becoming thing you ever put on in your life. It's a pity you

(Concluded on Page 49)

A WAR MESSAGE

TO WHITE TRUCK OWNERS

THE use and demand for White Trucks in war service by both the United States and French armies has reached such proportions as to seriously affect deliveries of commercial units until production at the factory overtakes urgent military needs.

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LARGEST PRODUCERS of NATIVE FRUIT JUICES IN WESTERN AMERICA

(Concluded from Page 46)

won't be able to wear it. Because"—he hastened to answer the flash in Elsie's eyes—"I'm going myself; they won't have us both—and I'm enlisting to-morrow —— I'm not enlisting to-morrow!" he amended vehemently, catching her to his own heart, as one hand fluttered up to hers in a too-well-remembered gesture. "Your mother's right! I'm a brute! We're neither of us going anywhere!"

With unexpected energy Elsie pushed him from her, only to grab him again instantly by the lapels of his coat; and Crawford had the impression of looking down into the very foundations of his wife's soul through her eyes.

"Was it for me?" she cried eagerly, breathlessly. "Was it for me? Was that why? Was it for me—all those months and months? Oh, was that the reason?"

Crawford felt a sudden sickness of his own heart.

"What did you think?"

She let go of the lapels, gave him one wild look of distress and hid her face in her hands.

"You can never forgive me—I can never forgive myself!—I can never tell you!"

"You needn't; I quite fully understand." He looked at the bowed head and smiled a little bitterly. "If I could only let it go at that there wouldn't be much difficulty in forgiving you! I wish I could, for your sake, but I've got to hurt you more still. I can't, even to spare you, let you go on making a hero of me at your own expense. Yesterday I could have, but not to-night. I did believe your mother, yes—but it was because I wanted to believe her. I wanted to think you had a weak heart." Elsie's hands came down, her head went up unbelievingly, but he checked her. "Wait—I'm not through. I wanted to believe your mother because I wanted to think I had a perfectly good reason for staying. Every one assumed I was burning to go—and I let them; I never wanted to go. It isn't because I'm a coward; I'm not a coward. I don't think I'm a coward; but I just didn't want to go. I preferred to let George do it. We'd been too happy perhaps, or I knew a little too much about war. Anyway I was only too glad of an excuse—a perfectly reputable gilt-edged excuse for slacking. You were my excuse. That's the kind of a man you've married. Only"—Crawford added this with a rather wistful haste—"don't think I did it deliberately, not for a moment. I had myself fooled as completely as all the rest. I honestly persuaded myself—up to to-night—that I wanted to go and was being nobly sacrificial in staying. It was only when Oliver went—and then to-night."

"Ah," said Elsie, very low. "You too! So we owe everything then to Oliver!"

"I don't know what you mean by everything, but we owe a good part to a round-shouldered rookie ——"

"I mean," Elsie interrupted him eagerly, "that I, too—I mean that there were two of us; that it wasn't only you; I mean it wasn't really you at all, because my mother wasn't wholly mistaken—at first. I mean that the only reason I was ever able to think things about you was because they had first been true of me. There was"—she said it painfully, like a child making a confession—"a while when I was afraid you would want to go, when I thought it would kill me if you did; I don't know how mother found it out, but it was so. It was only—later, and especially when Oliver went, that I began to realize, and then—then I was afraid you wouldn't go, and I knew that would really kill me—that the one thing harder than to have you go would be to have you not go."

"Why in the world didn't you say so?" exclaimed her husband.

"How could I! It would have seemed like reproaching you, after all the months I had been hoping you would stay! And I kept thinking—from day to day ——"

"No," said Crawford, "you couldn't—I see; and I had persuaded myself I couldn't either. We are a pretty pair!"

"You had every excuse," declared Elsie quickly. "You had every reason to believe ——"

" —— what I was determined to believe," finished Crawford doggedly. "God, it's a luxury to tell the truth again to your own soul, even when it's not a nice truth! We haven't much to be proud of, though I was infinitely the worse. Well—we've paid!" he concluded grimly.

"Oh, we've paid!" exclaimed Elsie. "I didn't know there were so many kinds of suffering in the world. First the being so ashamed of myself, and the dread you would find it out; and then ——"

"The being so ashamed of me," Crawford supplied. "Go on; it's not a case for mercy."

Elsie shook her head.

"Not ashamed; only afraid—afraid —"

"Camouflage!" pronounced her husband remorselessly.

"I don't care what you call it; it was realization—realization for us both, I think; and when I did begin to realize—it was still worse. We seemed to have lost each other. And I couldn't bear to go about and hear other women talk. But Sara—Sara was the worst of all because she didn't talk. She never said a thing—it was all in her eyes and that proud way she has of holding her head."

"Sara," said Crawford cruelly, "sees me to this minute as the unselfish victim of your health."

"Sara," returned his wife with sudden energy, "will continue to see you that way—till you are gone."

She spoke so imperiously that her husband looked at her in astonishment, then he flushed a little.

"The punishment fits the crime, I acknowledge."

"There was no crime—and nobody must know," proclaimed Elsie, employing the illogical but finer logic of the heart. "In the first place it isn't true; you thought you were thinking of me."

"Oh, my dear!" murmured Crawford, surrendering.

"Besides," she continued, "after to-morrow nothing matters, nothing; for to-morrow you enlist." She turned and threw herself into his arms as if all else had suddenly ceased to be.

"Yes," repeated Crawford, folding her close in those arms, "to-morrow I enlist." In his mind he added: "To-morrow I can look that boy in the face." Then to her: "And you—to-morrow you unenlist, I suppose. It does seem a shame about that suit!"

Smiling, he held her off at arm's length to look at her again. A great gayety, a great new spring of happiness was beginning to well in him; everything was coming out all right; he had made peace with himself. He could laugh again—he would laugh again, and not be ashamed, now that he was going to the war. Besides, he was a man who had just been given a wife and a country; why wouldn't he laugh?

"Don't let that worry you," Elsie replied to his last remark. "There are home organizations. I never dreamed of going over. How could I?"

"No," Crawford reflected again; "you couldn't. That would have put me in worse yet. It was for me—the going, of course. Well, it's not too late; I'm only a year behind the country, and about four behind the game." He looked at her. "What's an ocean?"

"Nothing," answered Elsie.

"Or a year?"

"Nothing."

"Or—a death?"

"Nothing!" repeated Elsie quite steadily, though her two hands tightened suddenly on his. "Nothing—none of them can separate us now, nothing but ourselves. You'll go and do your work; I'll stay here and do mine."

"I'm glad you didn't say your bit," Crawford tried to jest; but the word, for him, was reminiscent.

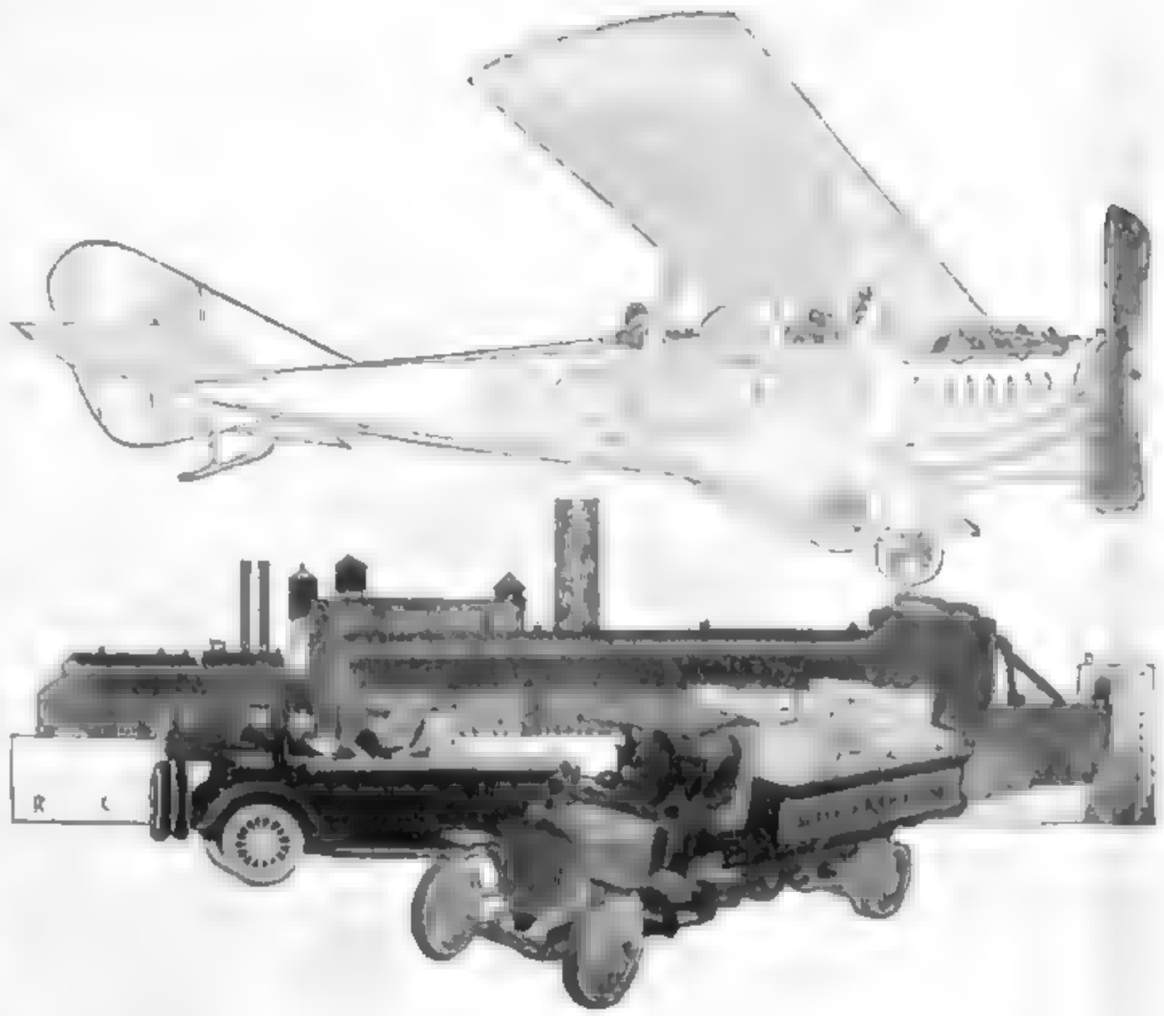
"Lord, your poor mother!"

Elsie laughed; when had he heard her laugh before?

"My mother doesn't know it, she doesn't even remotely suspect it, but she's longing to see you in uniform. She'll have the biggest service flag with the largest star in it she can find, and there'll be nothing military enough for her. She'll knit you a complete woolen wardrobe. It will be her war from now on. The only thing is—she will want you commander in chief in a month and won't be able to understand why you aren't ——"

He was going to the war, and they were laughing—laughing together over it like two children. Crawford was still pondering the miracle when Elsie stopped laughing.

"To-morrow," she said in an altered tone, "I shall go to see Sara—dear Sara!" And glancing down for the meaning of that new note in her voice Crawford surprised in his wife's face the dawning of that expression he had so often seen in Sara's—the look of a woman who has received on spiritual battlefields her Croix de Guerre.



The super-power plug

Rajah is the spark plug demanded by aviators.
It is the choice of automobile racers and hill climbers.
It is found in the fastest speed boats.

It gives the same reliable results in *your* pleasure car or motor truck—ignites ALL the gas with a lightning-hot spark, adds power and quicker pick-up.

The aviator entrusts his life to Rajah Spark Plugs; the racer counts on them for his success. You can depend on them as surely to give your motor a big margin of power and speed.

Rajah Plugs achieved their reputation by delivering exceptional service under severe conditions.

Use a *complete set* of Rajah Plugs and get the full benefit of the change.

Rajah Terminals and Adapters are furnished so that Rajah Plugs can be used on any car not equipped with the Rajah type of Clip Terminal.

RAJAH
SPARK PLUGS

RAJAH AUTO SUPPLY CO., *Bloomfield, N. J.*
Sales Department, EDWARD A. CASSIDY CO., *280 Madison Ave., New York*

The Call for Paint
IT is a nation-wide call. With steel, wood and labor conscripted for war needs, American foresight demands that the life of existing buildings be lengthened by the protection good paint affords.
Paint made of Dutch Boy white-lead and pure linseed oil is economical because of its durability and its waterproof film—qualities directly due to its metal lead origin. It anchors deep into the wood, and wears away as evenly as stone.
DUTCH BOY PRODUCTS
For restful, soft-toned, washable interior walls, mix Dutch Boy white-lead with flatting oil. May be tinted any color.
Portfolio of exterior and interior color schemes will be sent upon request.
DUTCH BOY RED-LEAD mixed with linseed oil, provides rust-proof protection for steel and iron construction, gutters, drain pipes, farm implements and tools.
Do you use other lead products, for instance, SOLDER OR BEARING METALS? Investigate the Dutch Boy brands and the service that goes with them.
NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY
New York Buffalo Cincinnati St. Louis
Boston Chicago Cleveland San Francisco
John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Philadelphia
National Lead & Oil Co., Pittsburgh
DUTCH BOY
WHITE LEAD
LEAD

WHEN VON HINDENBURG WHISTLES

(Continued from Page 8)

system, divided into seven departments: Press, lectures, vacations; correspondence; holiday and other celebrations; vices; religion."

Germany has long recognized the value of the press as a molder of public thought, but has continually misused it. After Germany had spent millions of dollars in the United States, France and neutral countries, only to discover that she could not purchase foreign opinion so easily as she could corrupt some foreign editors, her leaders decided that the press bureaus of the government should be completely reorganized. Before the United States Congress declared war there were scores of government bureaus in Germany, in the Foreign Office, General Staff, Navy, Interior Department, Food Administration and Chancellor's office.

In addition to these government bureaus there were various unofficial agencies such as that maintained by Herr Erzberger, of the Reichstag.

Dissatisfied with the results obtained by these bureaus, which had been maintained at great expense—the Erzberger bureau, for instance, cost a million and a half dollars annually, according to a statement made by the government to the Reichstag main committee—the Imperial Government founded a Reichspresseamt, making the director a minister in the Prussian cabinet. Every press bureau and propaganda concern in the country was merged with this Imperial Press Department, and to-day this Reichspresseamt controls everything that is published and distributed in Germany and directs all propaganda in foreign countries.

This was done so that the "press front" could be united against the United States. The government had to take this step because there were many influential German papers that opposed Germany's policy of antagonizing America, and they had to be silenced.

Since the founding of the Imperial Press Department there has been a continual flow of press bluster about America, all of it colored and inspired in the same manner. The newspapers have been mobilized, coerced, bullied and threatened into an anti-American attitude. And as long as this new government bureau has the unlimited power to confiscate any number of newspapers and silence them indefinitely, there can be and will be no great outcry against Germany's continued opposition to the United States.

Allied Airmen Act as Newsboys

Thus the press was organized to help maintain a fighting attitude among the people. In the army there has been a similar and far more stringent organization. The new bureau working through army officers is able to select the newspapers that are to be distributed and sold at the Front. Newspapers that show signs of wavering are prohibited from being sent to the army. In this manner no ideas or reports that the government might ban can reach the fighting forces, unless Entente and American airmen act as newsboys along the Front.

In France, on my way to the United States, I heard of an interesting result of the American and French method of dropping pamphlets from the air back of the German lines. A German soldier was captured by the American forces, and when he was searched a copy of the President's speech containing his fourteen peace aims was found in the soldier's Bible. This is probably as interesting an exception as it is an interesting result, because for the one document dropped by the Allies the same soldier probably received a hundred from his own government.

With the press fully under control as it is to-day, German statesmen can make statements such as the two I shall quote, and the great majority of the German people, hearing nothing in opposition and knowing no better, will believe them. Said Herr Hergt, Prussian Minister of Finance:

"The great American Army over the water cannot swim and cannot fly; it will not come."

And General von Arz, the chief military adviser of the Austrian Emperor, though he was forced to resign as Chief of the General Staff, said to the Berlin correspondent of the Vienna Neue Freie Presse:

"You ask me whether American help could provide any sort of substitute for the loss of the masses of Russians, even if it reached the French battlefields in the fullest measure of the wishes and hopes of the Allies—which must be doubted, if only because the activity of the German submarines is bound to produce disturbance and confusion in the transportation of the American Army. No, I regard it as impossible. One must not forget that at the beginning of the war we had against our fronts from seven to eight millions of Russian soldiers, for the most part men with years of training, in any case capable fighters. In comparison to that what are a million or a million and a half Americans, unaccustomed to war, with short training and no experience, and with their elevated ideas of living and total want of appreciation of the hardships of war?

"Not words and not promises or conceited self-estimation, but deeds of strength, organization and intellectual foresight will determine the final success," he concluded grandiloquently.

Freedom of Speech à la German

Day in and week out these are the estimations that the German people read. These are the thoughts that the government placed in the minds of the populace.

For many weeks the government has been laboring to discover an "American atrocity." After much effort the official Berlin newspaper, the North German Gazette, succeeded in making out the following. I have paraphrased the long report.

Oberingenieur Beyersdorff went to New York in 1914. During the first months of the war he lost his only son, and his wife, who had remained in Germany, suffered a nervous breakdown. He telegraphed her to come to New York, which she did, after experiencing great difficulties in travel. Before the United States entered the war she had almost recovered. Then her husband was interned as a dangerous alien enemy. This again unnerved her, and she died.

This sample of an "American atrocity" was distributed throughout Germany under the title: "The Great American Heart."

The Reichspresseamt also distributes news through the Wolff Bureau to foreign countries, and the versions that appear abroad are not always those that the government gives its own people. The Kaiser, for instance, made the following statement, according to the Wolff Bureau dispatch to Switzerland:

"Either the German philosophy of right, freedom, honor and morality will remain in honor or the Anglo-Saxon philosophy, with its idolatry of money, will conquer."

As circulated by the press department at home the Kaiser said "the Prussian-German-Germanic philosophy of right," and so on.

Germany's second method of misleading her people, which is another expression for maintaining a belligerent spirit, is through the medium of public addresses. To be able to accomplish her purposes Germany has had to manipulate the freedom of speech, not because there has ever been freedom of speech in that country during the war, but because it is a phrase the public appears to like. So to-day there is a new freedom of speech in Germany; a new freedom that caused the government to announce in the Reichstag recently that only ninety-nine meetings were suppressed during the first six months of this year!

The German people appear to demand public addresses, so the government has mobilized the speakers. There is the Fatherland Party with its corps of talkative officials, certain experts on America, a few university professors, army and navy officers and members of the Reichstag. These men belong to what is in reality a traveling Chautauqua. Their speeches are all prepared and censored beforehand by the police, the army, the navy or the Foreign Office. Whenever a man speaks in public in Germany he voices, with rare exceptions, the ideas and ideals of the government; or else he states personal opinions that the government considers harmless.

(Continued on Page 53)

Keep Your Liberty Bonds

HOLD to that bond. You invested to help send the boys across. They are over now, at grips with the German monster. You expect them to hold on—hold on till the last vestige of autocracy is crushed out of him. Then you, too, must hold on—must keep your enlisted dollars invested on the fighting line.

It isn't the hooray of a campaign that wins a war. It's the will to hang on, to make sacrifice today, that tomorrow may bring victory.

And your investment. Those bonds are the safest investment you ever made. Don't be lured into exchanging them for the "securities" of some suave get-rich-quick operator. Big returns may be promised, but the bigger the promised returns the bigger the risk.

If you have to have money, take your bond to any bank and use it as collateral for a loan. There is no security the banker would rather have—nothing on which he will lend more willingly.

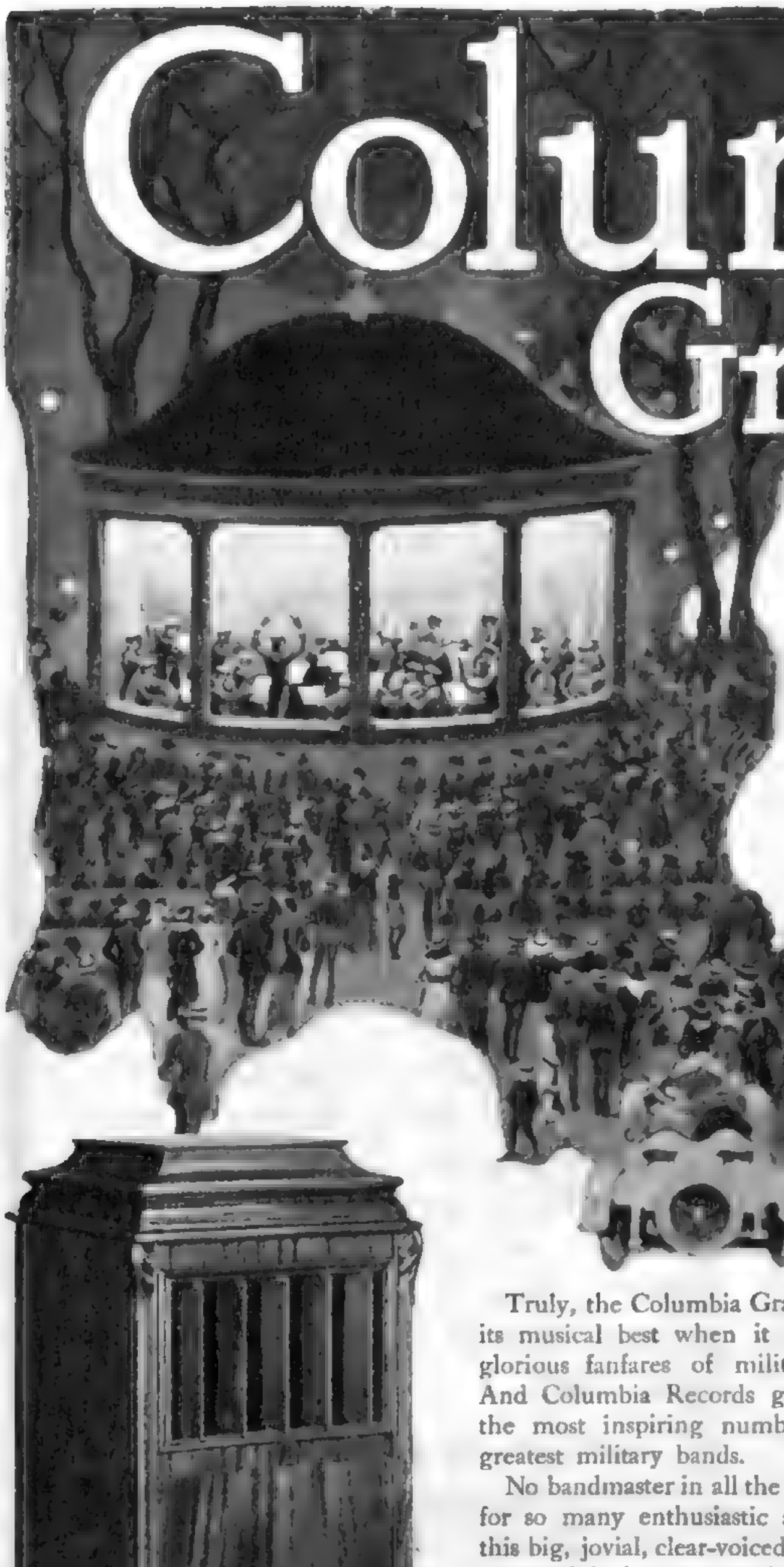
Don't use bonds to buy merchandise. The average merchant, accepting your bonds in trade, sells them immediately, thus tending to lower their market price and taking away from the buyer of your bonds the ability to lend a corresponding amount of money to his Government. Liberty Bonds are meant to help your country at War; are meant for investment and to provide an incentive for saving and a provision for the rainy day.

Hold fast to your Liberty Bonds. Hold fast for the sake of the boys "Over There." Hold fast because it is good business.

UNITED STATES TREASURY DEPARTMENT

Contributed through Division of Advertising United States Gov't Committee on Public Information

Columbia Grafonola



For the Best Music of the Greatest Military Bands

Ratta—tat—tat!

Sharply the leader's baton raps out its signal for silence. Faint and far, unreal as a dream, the silvery voices of elfin bugles call. Purer, sweeter, nearer and clearer they come, and the flutes join now in full-throated chorus. Enter the drums with a distant trample that grows to a menacing snarl, then a roll and a roar with the blaring brass in crashing fortissimo.

Columbia Grafonolas
Standard models up to $300
Period models up to $2150

Truly, the Columbia Grafonola is at its musical best when it plays these glorious fanfares of military music. And Columbia Records give you all the most inspiring numbers of the greatest military bands.

No bandmaster in all the world plays for so many enthusiastic admirers as this big, jovial, clear-voiced Grafonola. Every night he gives patriotic concerts in hundreds of thousands of loyal American homes. *Over there* his martial music is playing our boys into action. *Over here* his steadfast cheer brings inspiration to those who serve and wait at home.

W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT

To make a good record great, play it on the Columbia Grafonola

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY, NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 50)

Of all the men who are in demand for public addresses Grand Admiral von Tirpitz, former Secretary of the Navy, Dr. Gustave Stressemann, leader of the National Liberal Party in the Reichstag, and Dr. George Barthelme, formerly Washington correspondent of the Cologne Gazette, are most sought after. Von Tirpitz is popular with the government and the annexation, war-industrial interests; Stressemann is ambitious to be Minister of Foreign Affairs and tempers his remarks to suit the policies of the Foreign Office, while Doctor Barthelme, who was Ambassador von Bernstorff's chief political agent in the United States, finds a hearty welcome everywhere he goes, because he is considered "the American expert." The German public would rather listen to an expert on anything than to read a newspaper or an official communication, because an expert ranks with an "Excellenz" as far as knowledge of great and grave questions is concerned. Imagine Doctor Barthelme's reception when he assured the German public, as he did recently in Berlin, that the United States could not send a million soldiers to France until 1920, and that all reports from America to the contrary were "mere bluff."

In Germany these misstatements can be made without contradiction, and that great mass of human beings within the enemy's iron walls can know no better.

At the Front the lecture system has been even more successful as a means of making Germans want to fight. The American army officer to whom reference was made earlier in this article learned after his study of Germany's methods that all officers and soldiers in the enemy armies who have the ability to speak entertainingly or convincingly have been withdrawn from active military duty to travel between the different armies to lecture. The General Staff selects the speakers, and those who can speak the Saxon dialect or any other Germanic dialect are selected to address Saxons or those from the various sections where pure *hoch Deutsch* is not spoken.

These lecturers are furnished with material by the staff. They tell the soldiers the kind of things the government wants them to know and believe. Even before an offensive the men are fed with propaganda as consistently as they are given increased food rations. The object is to make the men want to fight.

Recently an interesting change has taken place in the German internal propaganda as a whole. For the first three years of the war the national slogan was "Hold out!" Germans were assured that if they would hold out longer than the Allies their Fatherland would win the war. To-day this catchword has been dropped for General Ludendorff's phrase—"The will to conquer will win!"

The Furlough as a Whip

The furlough is the whip that the military authority holds over the men. This is the third method of instilling belligerency, the third course in practical militarism. Soldiers who are unquestionably loyal, who voice the sentiments of the annexationists, and who never drop remarks about the Kaiser or the army leadership, are granted the most favors, the greatest of which is leave of absence. Those soldiers who are politically suspicious never get an opportunity to visit their homes or relatives. A public statement to this effect was made in the Reichstag on June fourth by General von Weisberg. Speaking on behalf of the government he stated that all soldiers from Alsace and Lorraine who were "politically suspicious" were not granted vacations "because they might influence their neighbors unfavorably." This restriction has a strong tendency to keep the men from discussing or thinking contrary to government views.

Anyone who has been on a German battlefield after a terrific engagement knows how the German General Staff plays with the destinies of its men with the simple medium of letters from home. The German soldier, like everyone else at the Front, longs for word from home, often and continuously. A soldier's morale fluctuates with the mail. The morale of an army is always better immediately after the post arrives. I recall visits to several battlefields in Russian Poland immediately after a German attack, and always in the German trenches were to be found thousands of letters which the soldiers had been given shortly before the attack was ordered.

Under the heading of holiday and other celebrations, which was given as the fifth means of making men fight, come the movies and the Christmas, New Year's and Easter entertainments. The German Army has nothing like our Y. M. C. A., but at the enemy Front there are thousands of movie theaters. The films, which are selected, must pass a rigid censorship, and war films are banned. Since the United States has been fighting, the German Government has exhibited a large number of films showing the Wild West, bandit raids from Mexico, automobile robberies in New York—in fact every film that could be purchased by the enemy to give the soldiers fanciful misleading impressions about the United States has been shown at the Front, while nothing that could give the Germans the slightest conception of America to-day is permitted within the enemy lines.

It is curious that the last two German methods should be vice and religion, but the enemy leaders have been careful to supply something for each man. For those whose morals have broken down, organized houses are maintained in all large occupied cities under the protection of the army, and the women who have paid the frightful toll have to a very large extent been recruited from among the inhabitants of the occupied countries. In Germany this is a well-known and recognized war evil.

Germany's Bath of Steel

For other soldiers, who believe that God is with them, as they are so often reminded by the Kaiser, the army gives them every opportunity to attend church services and to maintain their religious principles. At home the clergy has been mobilized and the churches have been made schools of obedience.

These are Germany's methods of making men want to fight. They are the chief reasons Germany can keep it up. For these reasons she can continue the war and prevent the spirit of dissatisfaction, which rises from time to time among the troops and people, from spreading to uncheckable bounds.

But the effects of all these courses in militarism are becoming something of a national menace. The methods of keeping the masses of soldiers and noncombatants in a constant state of belligerency are breaking down the morals of the people and shaking the morale of the nation. There are indications to-day that the ultimate effect of Germany's seven methods of maintaining a fighting morale will be the opposite of that which is expected. These seven courses are becoming the seven sins of to-day.

Recently the Berlin Social-Democratic daily, the Vorwärts, published a remarkable confession by the editors, which they called The Bath of Steel. It was a review of the effects of four years of war upon the morale and morals of the German people.

"Nearly four years ago, when the world catastrophe broke upon us," the editorial began, "there were inspired war prophets who spoke of an ethical steel bath in whose youthful springs the lazy, murky morale of the German people, made so by too long a period of peace, should be cured.

"Since August 4, 1914, we have had the blessings of these baths upon us with steadily increasing power, and the result is a moral health condition of the German people about which the tables of criminal statistics present a convincing report. These tell us of the steadily increasing number of brutalities, of the terrible property robberies; and a glance over the pages of any favorite newspaper confirms the increase in the number of cases of robberies and thefts in the cities and country. Strongly organized and methodically working bands of robbers continually threaten the life and property of the so-called respectable citizen."

The editors continue by saying that there is hardly a German citizen who has not violated some good German law during the war—from the wealthy, who bribe farmers for extra food, to the shoe dealer, who will not sell shoes unless his customer can provide an extra pound of butter. There are, the article states, wives of officers who sell food that their husbands steal from the army canteen; there are firms that rob the government of carloads of war materials. Neither packages nor registered letters can be sent safely through the mail.

"That there has been a universal decrease in the moral principles of the people as a direct result of the war no one will

Let us send you interesting facts about

Machine Help in War Time

Mr. F. H. Finch, General Auditor, H. W. Johns-Manville Company, the largest manufacturers in their line in the world, writes of their experience with the Monroe Calculating Machines now in use in the many departments of their big business:

"When this little machine allows one person to do three or four men's work, PATRIOTISM as well as the desire for ECONOMY should force the speedy adoption of the

MONROE
Calculating-Adding Machine

"One man, for example, distributes overhead and general expense to 10 branches, with 15 departments each, in 6 or 7 hours. Division is so easy that when the desired percentage is set on the keyboard we can divide with a few quick turns of the lever. Subtraction takes only a flash. Multiplication is as easy as division, and we divide an eight digit sum by another of equal size in less than 60 seconds."

YOUR requirements may differ from the above, but remember the Monroe has effected similar savings for ***thousands of other concerns.*** One says their machines pay for themselves ***every two months.*** So it will pay YOU to investigate.

The Monroe not only Adds, but Subtracts, Divides and Multiplies as easily as other machines Add

Any member of your present force can use the Monroe. Trained operators unnecessary. Depress the keys as on any standard adding machine—and turn the lever, shifting the carriage as necessary. ***That's all there is to it.***

Sending in the coupon does not involve the slightest obligation.

Monroe Calculating Machine Co.
Woolworth Building, New York
Offices in all Principal Cities

The "SHOW ME" Coupon
Mail it Today

To Monroe Calculating Machine Co.,
Woolworth Building, New York.

(Check item desired)

☐ Send the **Monroe Book of Facts** and information how your machine will save time on our figure work

☐ Give us a demonstration in our own office.

Firm Name

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SEP 8

FOR THE MAN WHO CARES
The Florsheim SHOE

BUY shoes wisely—economically—buy good shoes and you get more for your money—buy Florsheims and you get most in comfort, service and satisfaction.

Nine Dollars and up

Florsheim quality is economy
Look for name in shoe

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Write for "Styles of the Times."

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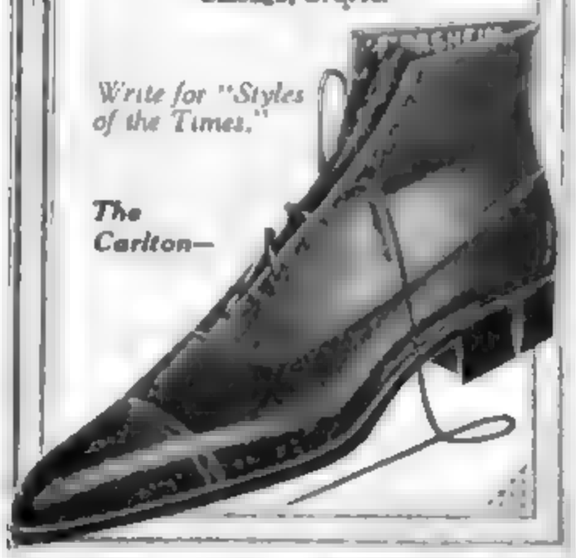

Save Money

Don't waste time and money in a barber shop having your hair cut, when you can cut your own hair to your entire satisfaction, with a Ucan Safety Hair Cutter.

This device is used in connection with an ordinary comb, and as you comb your hair, the safety razor blades on either side of the comb cut your hair—a little at a time—smooth—to just the right length.

Used all over the United States. Money back if not satisfactory. In Khaki kit for soldiers, sailors and out-door men—$2.00. In handsome leatherette-covered, plush-lined wooden box—$2.75.

Get yours today.

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Dept. C, Woolworth Bldg. New York City

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SAFETY HAIRCUTTER

will you help Uncle Sam save $60,000,000

save your own money and *make* money at the same time? Your government estimates that 60 million dollars are spent annually for kitchen utensils used in American homes.

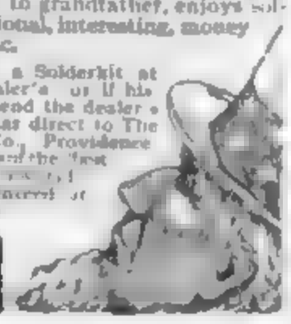
Most of this can be saved.

Do your part by repairing leaky pans, pots and kettles

In Your Own Home

Difficult? Not a bit! The Nokorode Solderkit makes soldering easy. Everybody, from a 7-year-old boy or girl to grandfather, enjoys soldering. It's educational, interesting, money saving and patriotic.

A dollar bill buys a Solderkit at your hardware dealer's—or if his stock is exhausted send the dealer's name and your dollar direct to The M. W. Dunton Co., Providence R. I. U. S. A. makers of the first [illegible] money refunded



NOKORODE

question," the editors concluded. "The bath of steel has been given the homes of the proletariat as thoroughly as the nurseries of the nobility."

It is true, as the editors of Vorwärts stated, that one can read in almost any Berlin daily, details of the weakening morale of the people. The Berliner Tageblatt not many days ago published statistics of insurance companies showing that there was an average of three hundred robberies a day in Berlin reported to these companies.

In Die Hilfe, the magazine owned and edited by Herr Friedrich Naumann, the German pastor whose book on Central Europe is a guide to Pan-German aims, Frau Gertrude Bauemer, a leading feminist, publishes her diary of the war. On May eighteenth and twenty-fifth, this year, she wrote the following:

"May 18. The War Clothing Office and the Department for Fats and Oils are opening a joint campaign against soap substitutes, which threaten our scarce supply of underclothing with speedy ruin. We are told that German industry has put 3000 soap substitutes on the market—a respectable sign of activity, but not an equally great economic gain for the people, because 1800 of them have had to be forbidden as injurious. There is now to be a fresh combing out of the remainder, because they also are too much for our underclothing. People who still put them on the market are to be punished with fines up to ten thousand marks. Unfortunately we know too well this refrain 'up to ten thousand marks' to believe any longer in its efficacy."

"May 25. In a single Berlin court 700 divorces have been announced in four months. Doubtless a war symptom and a very serious one—an expression of the immeasurable moral losses that are involved in the continuation of the terribly unnatural conditions that prevail everywhere."

An average of three hundred robberies in Berlin alone every twenty-four hours, a situation that caused the military authorities last winter to police the city with troops; seven hundred divorces in one court in one German city within four months; malnutrition; injurious soap substitutes; seven thousand food substitutes; an increase in the number of suicides and murders; graft and corruption in the army and war industries—these are some of the effects of the steel bath that was to put new virility into the German race.

This condition of decay is what caused Herr Hoffman, an Independent Socialist, to declare:

"One is ashamed to-day to be a man; and for that the chief responsibility rests upon Prussia."

Morale is that state of mind which enables a man or a nation to endure anything in time of grave dangers In Germany the morale is maintained by a combination of virtues and vices, of religion, of dissipation, of lectures and literature, of movies, vacations, beer and cognac. These have enabled the enemy to make her soldiers fight, but they have also weakened the morale back of the battle lines.

Coming direct from Switzerland to the United States I traveled leisurely through Southern France, and the contrast between the morale of our ally and the morale of Germany, as observed in Switzerland, was so great, so striking and so clear as to be reassuring as regards the ultimate ability of the two sides to "hold out" until the armies decide the great issues of the war. The French people have supreme confidence in the United States; they have a fundamental faith in victory, and a determination to fight with the American nation until there is a change of heart and an acknowledgment of wrong across the Rhine.

Through France I saw the tremendous preparations being made by the American troops, the cities and towns filled with our soldiers, public parks packed with military automobiles. Along the railroad lines were storehouses of ammunition and army supplies. From day to day I witnessed this new fusion of two nations. I saw great trains being pulled by giant American locomotives, with the simple letters U. S. A. on the sides of the coal tenders. In one port alone there was a dock four miles long and storehouses filled with supplies extending so far in the distance that the eye could not see the end. I saw the American troops, cheerful, determined, confident, traveling through the country; and everywhere they went they brought new life to France.

I saw our preparations for the coming steel bath. So far during the war the bath of steel, to which the editors of Vorwärts referred, has been mostly the work of Germany. Germany has bathed the world in steel until now. But the time is rapidly approaching when the United States and her allies will be in a position to give Germany the same kind of bath she has been giving the rest of the world for four years. And when that time comes we shall see whether Germany can endure a bath of steel when properly, abundantly and continuously given by the united Allies.

Eventually the war may be decided by the morale of the belligerents. That group of fighting powers which has the most men who make the fewest mistakes; that great mass of noncombatants capable of the greatest endurance, inspired by unquestionable devotion to a great cause in the presence of the greatest of all national dangers, moral defeat—will win. Victory, ultimately, in this war will rest with that side which can endure the steel bath the longest.

Von Hindenburg with his creed that "Faith is the substance of victories hoped for; the evidence of defeats unseen"; Ludendorff with his slogan of the "Will to win"; legends and propaganda are approaching the great hour of trial. The Allied bath of steel has only commenced. The field marshal may still be able to say "So far, I have not whistled"; but the fact that he has to exhort the people to more patience, at more frequent intervals, indicates that the morale of his own race is giving him concern, that he is becoming nervous.

When Von Hindenburg whistles the war will end.

THE TAIL OF THE SNAKE

(Continued from Page 13)

Boston, New York and Philadelphia, Galveston, Savannah, New Orleans and Newport News. The victory that we are going to win will not be an all-white victory by any manner of means.

Besides the physical limitations there were certain others, seeming at first well-nigh insurmountable, which our military and civilian executives had to meet and contend with and overcome. I mean the Continental fashion of doing things—a system ponderously slow and infinitely cumbersome. When a job is done according to native requirements over here it is thoroughly done, as you may be quite sure, and it will last for an age; but frequently the preceding age is required to get it done. Europeans almost without exception are thrifty and saving beyond any conceivable standards of ours, but they are prodigals and they are spendthrifts when it comes down to expending what in America we regard as the most precious commodity of all, and that commodity is time. Some of our masters of frenzied finance could wreck a bank in less time than it takes to cash a check in a French one.

Not even the exigencies and the sharp emergencies of wartime conditions can cure a people, however adaptable and sprightly they may be in most regards, of a system of thought and a system of habit that go back as far as they themselves go as a civilized race. Here is a concrete instance serving to show how at this same port that I have been talking about the Continental system came into abrupt collision with the American system and how the American system won out:

The admiral in command of the American naval forces centering at this place received word that on a given day—to wit: three days from the time the news was wirelessed to him—a convoy would bring to harbor transports bearing about 50,000 Yank troopers. It would be the admiral's task to see that the ships promptly were emptied of their passengers and that the passengers were expeditiously and safely put upon solid land. After this had been done it devolved upon the brigadier in command of the land forces to quarter them in a rest camp until such time as they would be dispatched up the line toward the Front.

The great movement of our soldiers overseas, which started in April and which proceeds without noticeable abatement as I write this, was then in midswing; and the rest camps in the neighborhood were

(Continued on Page 57)

$7,700.00 Commissions In 15 Months

That is the record of C. W. Roberts of West Virginia

C. W. Roberts

Mr. R. G. Smythe made $800 in June [illegible] commissions were $900

[illegible] doesn't claim [illegible] stands the test [illegible] stands absolutely on their merits. But if you have energy, pluck, determination, perseverance and some [illegible] to [illegible] a better position right now than Bixler's can, Bixler wants salesmen

BIXLER
STAPLE JEWELRY
Guaranteed

[illegible] any sells to dealers in any [illegible] or fads—only [illegible] staple articles in every-day demand [illegible]

The Company will [illegible] Commission is allowed on re-orders

This is a dignified and substantial proposition for business men in every section of the country whose activities have been interrupted by the war

[illegible] expect you to be [illegible] of the biggest [illegible] with us and even the [illegible] or fads—only [illegible] staple articles in every-day demand [illegible]

The Company will [illegible] Commission is allowed on re-orders

This is a dignified and substantial proposition for business men in every section of the country whose activities have been interrupted by the war

[illegible] expect you to be [illegible] of the biggest [illegible] with us and even the [illegible] tails of this proposition? Just address

The Miles F. Bixler Company
Dept. 7, 1924-1932 Euclid Ave.
Cleveland, Ohio

Dealers Write today for information regarding our [illegible] proposition. It means added profits for you

One of the Bixler Display Cases

Does He Receive Your Letters?

Thousands of letters to soldiers go astray despite the efforts of the [illegible] Department. These cases are usually incomplete addresses and lack [illegible] street and number address. The remedy is

Lecky's Correctly Addressed War Envelopes

For Writing Soldiers and Sailors

Printed for each Cantonment, Training Camp, the Navy, and for Expeditionary Forces. You fill in the blank spaces, and the letter follows him. Usefulness apparent on sight.

Package 30 envelopes with 5 gummed labels for packages sent postpaid for 25c.

In ordering give your boy's address and branch of service

ROBERT LECKY, JR., Box 915, Richmond, Va.

Soldiers are sending them to their home-folks. Wanted—more distributors among stationers, drug, cigar and department stores.

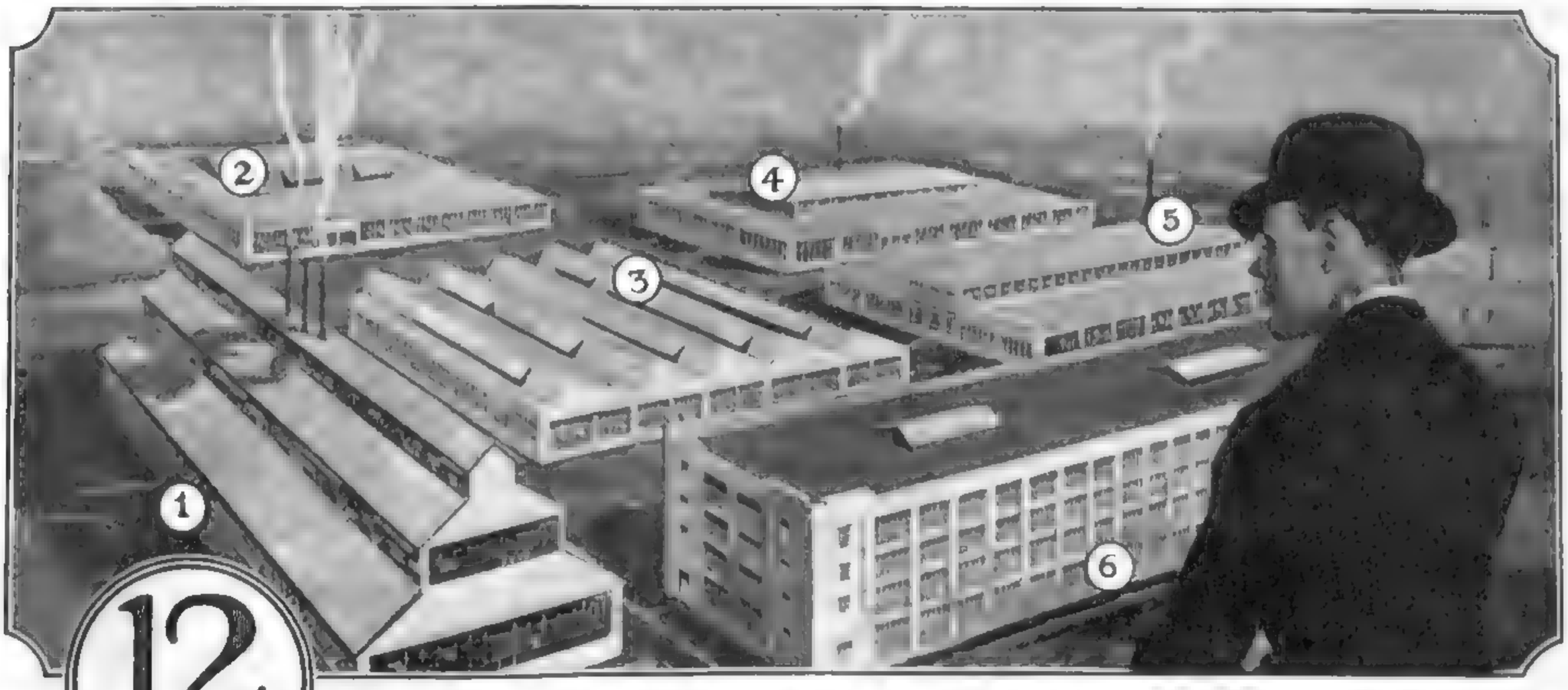
$1.50 a year — 15c a copy on news-stands

THE AMERICAN BOY

"The Biggest, Brightest, Best Magazine for Boys in all the World."

It wins parents' confidence because it is so manly and upbuilding. It is recognized in 500,000 American homes and by distinguished educators as a *powerful influence for good*. [illegible] are constructive and educational [illegible] stories [illegible] but [illegible] the world [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Which Building is Best?



12 BASIC TYPES

(1.) The Bessemer 70. (2.) The Monarch. (3.) The Textile. (4.) The Premier. (5.) The Monitor. (6.) The Ferro.
There are six other standardized Economy Factory Buildings built by The Crowell-Lundoff-Little Co.

A partial list of our clients includes firms representative of every important industry.

American Vulcanized Fibre Co., *Fibre Products*, Wilmington, Del.
White Sewing Machine Co., *Sewing Machines*, Cleveland, O.
W. B. & A. Ry. Co., *Railways*, Chesapeake, Md.
Standard Parts Co., *Electric Welding Products*, Cleveland, O.
Jordan Motor Car Co., *Automobiles*, Cleveland, O.
Symington Anderson Co., *Guns*, Rochester, N. Y.
Weideman Co., *Wholesale Groceries*, Cleveland, O.
Chandler & Price Co., *Printing Presses*, Cleveland, O.
American Fork & Hoe Co., *Forks and Hoes*, Jackson, Mich.
Lake Erie and Pittsburg Ry. Co., *Railway*, Cleveland, O.
Sparks Wellington Co., *Automobile Accessories*, Jackson, Mich.
Second National Bank, *Banking House*, Warren, Ohio.
Cleveland Museum of Art, *Museum*, Cleveland, O.
Grasselli Chemical Co., *Chemicals*, Cleveland, O.
Bridgeford Machine Tool Works, *Machine Tools*, Rochester, N. Y.
Morgan Lithograph Co., *Poster Lithographs*, Cleveland, O.
Symington Forge Co., *Shell Forgings*, Rochester, N. Y.
Ferro Machine & Foundry Co., *Gas Engines*, Cleveland, O.
Hess Steel Corporation, *Steel*, Baltimore, Md.
Stillman Theatre, *Theatre*, Cleveland, O.
Willys-Overland Co., *Automobiles*, Toledo, O.
Telling-Belle-Vernon Co., *Dairy Products*, Cleveland, O.
Whitman and Barnes Mfg. Co., *Drop Forgings*, Akron, O.
Lindner Coy., *Department Store*, Cleveland, O.
Brenner Motor Truck Co., *Trucks*, Jamestown, Jct., Pa.
American Multigraph Co., *Fuses*, Cleveland, O.
American Machine Corp., *Shell Forgings*, Cleveland, O.
Cleveland Tractor Co., *Tractors*, Cleveland, O.
Symington Forgeside Co., *Shell Finishing*, Rochester, N. Y.
Glenn L. Martin Company, *Aeroplanes*, Cleveland, O.
The White Motor Car Co., *Automobiles and Trucks*, Cleveland, O.
Tioga Steel & Iron Co., *Guns*, Philadelphia, Pa.
The Joseph & Feiss Co., *Clothing*, Cleveland, O.
American Bronze Corporation, *Bearings*, Berwyn, Pa.
Scullin Steel Co., *Shell*, St. Louis, Mo.
American Brake Shoe & Foundry Co., *Guns*, Erie, Pa.

Get the Right Building—Quick

WE have twelve basic building types ready for your selection. These types result from fifteen years of designing and building for all important industries. Each building type contains every essential building facility and advantage of its type, with every waste, loss and disadvantage eliminated.

A Basic Building Type Ready for Any Industry

Manufacturers of shoes, underwear, typewriters, munitions, etc., require factory facilities adapted to their specific industries. The needs of every industry have been met, standardized and are available in The Crowell-Lundoff-Little Company's twelve Basic Types of Economy Factory Buildings.

These buildings are standardized for width and height, for ventilation, movement of work, and for length in standard units; they are standardized primarily to fill the needs of actual use. By adaptation or combination, or both, they meet practically every building requirement.

No matter what your building need may be, we have a standard building for your use and an organization ready and competent to build it.

Economies in building result from this standardization just as they result from standardization of your own factory operations; greater speed, lower cost, certainty of satisfaction.

Your wire today will put our men in motion. Forty-eight hours after contract is signed work will begin. Materials will start out of ready stocks. An organization competent and complete will move onto the job and stay on the job, using all speed, until it is finished.

Railway and shipbuilding executives can obtain in The Crowell-Lundoff-Little Company's Twelve Basic Types, buildings exactly suited to their particular needs — machine shops, boiler shops, offices, warehouses, freight stations, etc. These buildings can be erected in quick time, depending on area desired.

For corporations or civic bodies planning community building we are prepared to proceed with the complete installation of allotments, sewage systems, sidewalks, paving and the construction of the houses, schools and other buildings. Our estimating department will quickly furnish estimates of cost.

Our organization is constantly building in all parts of the nation; it is near enough to you on some job to start work one day after contract is signed.

We have two books, one on Building Construction, one on Industrial Construction. Write on your business stationery for the one in which you are interested.

Phone, wire or write and a Crowell-Lundoff-Little Company engineer will call for consultation.

The Crowell-Lundoff-Little Co.

Euclid Ave. at 57th St., Cleveland. Branch Offices—Widener Bldg., Philadelphia; Liberty Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

The Selz Officers' Dress Shoe. Parade last. Popular also for civilian wear

Selz Royal Blue Shoes

$6 to $10 for Men

The Unbeaten Shoe

All-Leather Today—As Selz Shoes Have Been Always

THE commercial success that lies within this shoe must command the attention of thinking men. From a small concern in the background, its unbeaten value has put us in the front rank of the world's largest makers. There could not exist a proof more conclusive that the Selz Royal Blue is a shoe truly great.

Remember the Selz Royal Blue when you go to buy. It's a shoe that you and your family ought to wear. Millions have put it to every test. And in almost every land where civilized man has set foot.

In all the 25 years that people have worn it, the Selz Royal Blue shoe was never better than it is *right now in war-time.* The fact is that Selz Royal Blue Styles are more attractive today than ever before. And as fast as improvements in methods and workmanship have been discovered, we have put them into it.

In these days when leather substitutes are so largely used, you cannot afford to accept blindly shoes that you do not know. Even many makers who never used substitutes before are doing so now.

But you can be sure that the Selz Royal Blue Shoe is made of all-leather—and selected leather. As for durability and comfort there's nothing can equal good leather.

In almost every city there's at least one good store prepared to fit you in a model you'll admire. To be sure of your shoes, insist on seeing that "Selz" is stamped on the sole. Write for local dealers' names.

Men's, $6 to $10. Women's, $7 to $12. Children's, $2.50 Upward.

SELZ
Chicago and
Pittsburgh

10 Factories and 30,000 Dealers in All Parts of America and Overseas.

SELZ SHOES

(Continued from Page 54)

already crowded to their most stretchable limits. Nevertheless the general must provide livable accommodations for approximately 50,000 men somewhere in an already overcrowded area—and he had less than 72 hours in which to do it. He got busy; the members of his staff likewise got busy.

That same night he called into conference a functionary of the French Government, in liaison service and detailed to cooperate with the Americans or with the British in just such situations as the one that had now risen. The official in question was zealous in the common cause—as zealous as any man could be—but he could not cure himself of thinking in the terms of the pattern his nation had followed in times of peace.

"I must have a big rest camp ready by this time day after to-morrow," said, in effect, the American. "So I went out this afternoon with my adjutant and some of my other officers and I found it."

Briefly he described a suitable tract four or five miles from the town. Then he went on: "How long do you think it would take for your engineers to furnish me with a fairly complete working survey of that stretch, including boundaries and the general topography with particular regards to drainage and elevations?"

The Frenchman thought a minute, making mental calculations.

"From four to six weeks I should say," he hazarded. "Not sooner than four weeks surely."

"I think I can beat that," said the American.

He turned to his desk phone and called up another office in the same building in which this conference was taking place—the office of his chief engineer officer.

"Blank," he said when he had secured connection, "how long will it take you to give me the survey of that property we went over this afternoon? You were to let me know by this evening."

Back came the answer:

"By working all night, sir, I can hand it to you at noon to-morrow."

"Are you sure I'll get it then?"

"Absolutely sure, sir."

"Good," said the general, and rang off. He faced the Frenchman.

"The survey will be ready at noon to-morrow," he said. "Now, then, I want arrangements made so that construction gangs can take possession of that land in the morning early. They've got a good many thousand tents to set up and some temporary shacks to build, and I'm going to sick 'em on the job at daylight."

"But what you ask is impossible, *mon général*," expostulated the Frenchman. "Days will be required—perhaps weeks. We must follow a regular custom, else there will be legal complications. We must search out the owners of the various parcels of land included in the area and make separate terms with each of them for the use of his land by your people."

"And meanwhile what will those 50,000 soldiers that are due here inside of 72 hours be doing?"

Speeding Up in France

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders.

"Very well then," said the American. "Now here's what we must do: I want you please to get in touch, right away, with your Minister of War at Paris and tell him with my compliments that at daylight in the morning I am going to take possession of that tract, and I want the sanction of his department for my authority in taking the step. Afterward we'll settle with the owners of the land for the ground rent and for the proper damages and for all the rest of it. But now—with my compliments—tell the minister we've got to have a little action."

"But to write a letter and send it to Paris even by special courier, and to have it read and to get a reply back, would take three days at the very quickest," the Frenchman replied.

"I'm not asking you to write any letters. I'm asking you to call up the minister on the telephone—now, this minute, from this office, and over this telephone."

"But, my dear general, it is not customary to call a minister of the government on the telephone to discuss anything. There is a procedure for this sort of thing a tradition, a precedent if you will."

"We'll have to make a new precedent of our own then. Here's the telephone. Suppose you get the minister on the wire and leave the rest to me. I'll do the talking from this end—and I'll take the responsibility."

"But—but, general," faltered the dumfounded Frenchman, "have you thought of the question of water supply? There are no running streams near your proposed site; there are no reservoirs. Of what use for me to do as you wish and run the risk of annoying our Minister of War when you have no water? And of course without water of what use is your camp?"

"Don't let that worry you," said the American. "The water supply has all been arranged for. In fact"—he glanced at his watch—"in fact you might say that already it is being installed."

"But if you will pardon me—what you say is impossible!"

"Not at all; it's very simple. This town is full of vintners' places and every vintner has—or rather he did have—a lot of those big empty wine casks on hand. Well, I sent two of my officers out this afternoon and bought every empty wine cask in this town. They rounded up 600 of them, and there'll be more coming in from the surrounding country to-morrow morning. I know there will be, because I've got men out scouting for them, and at the price I'm willing to pay I'll have every spare wine cask in this part of France delivered here to me by this time to-morrow. But 600 was enough to start on. I've had 300 of them set up at handy places over my camp site—had it done this evening—and at this moment the other 300 are being loaded upon army trucks—six casks to a truck. To-morrow morning the trucks will begin hauling water to fill the casks now on the ground."

Cities of Supplies

It was as he had said. The minister was called up at night over the telephone, and from him a very willing approval of the unprecedented step in contemplation was secured. The water hauling started at dawn, and so did the tent raising start. The survey was delivered at noon; half an hour later American labor battalions were digging ditches for kitchen drains and latrines, and in accordance with the contour of the chosen spot a makeshift but serviceable sewerage system was being installed. When the troops marched out to their camp in the late afternoon of the second day following, their camp was there waiting for them and their supper was ready.

Take any separate project along our line of communication. Pick it out at random. It makes no difference which particular spot you choose; you nevertheless are morally sure to find stationed there a man or a group of men who have learned to laugh at the problem of making bricks without straw. If put to it they could make monuments out of mud pies. Brought face to face with conditions and environments that were entirely new to their own experience, and confronted as they were at the outset by the task of providing essentials right out of the air—essentials that were vitally and immediately needed and that could not be forthcoming from the States for weeks or even months—an executive or an underling invariably would find a way out of the difficulty.

There was pressing need once for a receptacle in which rubber cement could be mixed in small quantities. Neither the local community nor the government stores yielded such a thing and there was no time to send clear back to New York or Philadelphia for it. The man who was charged with the responsibility of getting that rubber cement mixed went on a scouting tour. Somewhere he unearthed probably the only ice-cream freezer in rural France outside of the immediate vicinity of Paris, and he acquired it at the proprietor's valuation and loaded it into his car and hurried back with it to his shop, and ten minutes after he arrived the required cement was being stirred to the proper consistency in the ice-cream freezer.

At the main depot of automobile supplies they needed, right away, springs with which to repair broken-down light cars. As yet an adequate supply of spare parts had not been received from the base, nor was there any likelihood that a supply would be forthcoming at once. The colonel in charge of the depot sent men ranging through the countryside with instructions to buy up stuff that would make springs. They brought him in tons of purchases, and most unlikely looking material it was too—rusted chunks and strips and spirals of

"Please! *Please let me out of bed*"

For two weeks she had lain there—frantic. The operation was successful—the wound was doing splendidly—quick recovery seemed assured. But the active, vigorous body and healthy skin could not endure the torture of sluggish inaction. Her appetite had gone—strength was failing. Every inch of her body ached and smarted from outraged nerves. Her skin was red, chafed, and blotchy from external irritation. She could not sleep, read or think. She was reduced to a quivering bundle of unhappiness.

It happened that the doctor was a friend of Mr. Mennen, and knew that our chemists had been working for a long time to produce a powder which could be used as a dusting dressing for skin abrasions, chafings, and baby rashes. He told the nurse to use this powder freely on the patient after her bath. If you could only have been there and seen the result, you would never be without Kora-Konia. Her pain and discomfort ceased. Her skin became cool and normal. The prickle of nervous irritation stopped. She sighed happily and her body relaxed into quiet, profound sleep.

Kora-Konia must not be confused with Talcum Powder. It has somewhat the same soothing and healing action, but, in addition, contains several other ingredients of recognized medicinal value which are indicated in the treatment of the more serious skin abrasions. It is antiseptic, absorbent, adhesive, moisture resisting, cooling, soothing, and healing.

Kora-Konia takes all the discomfort out of the worst case of blistering sunburn or chafing.

It is especially effective for diaper rash, for the powder clings to the flesh for hours, refusing to rub or wash away.

We want you to *try* Kora-Konia. Send 10 cents for a physician's sample. One application will demonstrate what a valuable and important preparation we offer in Kora-Konia. A full size box costs 50 cents.

Do you chafe?

Kora-Konia will bring you blessed relief.

MENNEN'S KORA-KONIA

Everyone knows of Mennen's Talcum. Over a million men know of the luxury of a Mennen shave. Mennen's Tar Shampooing Cream and Cold Cream are toilet necessities. Use Mennen's products and be comforted.

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42 Orange Street Newark, N. J.
Canadian Factory, Montreal, Quebec
Sales Agents in Canada,
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TRADE MARK

Gerhard Mennen Chemical Co.
42 Orange Street,
Newark, N. J.

Please send me a sample of Mennen's Kora-Konia. I enclose 10 cents.

Name _____

Address _____

ONE OF OUR BEST

SILAS SHEETZ, of North Carolina, is headed straight for a commission as Ensign in Uncle Sam's Navy. We predict that he gets it, for while formerly acting as our representative he soon developed ability and resourcefulness that pushed his Curtis subscription income well up toward

$2500.00 a Year

Scores of our most valued full-time money-makers have gone to the Front. We need spare-time workers to fill their places, and we will pay them well.

Sell Us Your Spare Time

By securing the renewals and new subscriptions in your immediate neighborhood you can easily earn $5.00 to $10.00 a week *in your spare time.* Experience unnecessary. We furnish a complete course in salesmanship, but your pay begins with the first order. To obtain full details of our generous offer, just fill in the coupon and mail it today.

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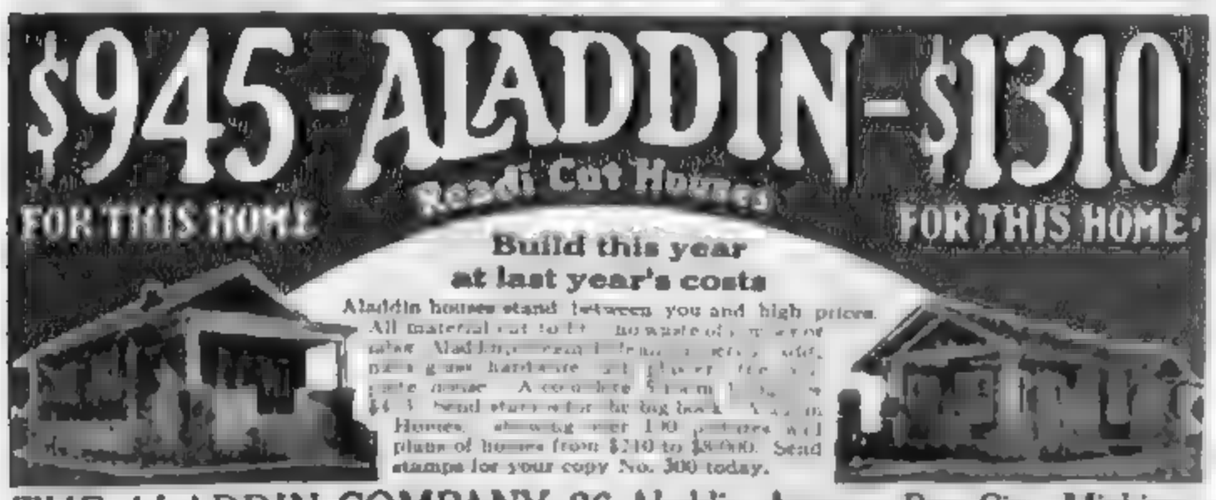
Gentlemen: Please tell me how I can make my spare time pay.

Name_____

Address_____

City _____ State _____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Build this year
at last year's costs
Aladdin houses stand between you and high prices.
stamps for your copy No. 300 today.

THE ALADDIN COMPANY, 26 Aladdin Avenue, Bay City, Michigan

metal taken from the underpinnings of French market carts and agricultural implements; but the forces in the machine shops sailed in and converted the lot into automobile springs in no time at all.

This same colonel already had a plant which, exclusive of the value of buildings specially built, represents at this time a national investment of $35,000,000, and the outlay was growing every hour. He used to be the head of a big metal-working establishment at home. As a specialist in his line he joined the Army to help out. Now every month he does a volume of buying that would have made his average year's turnover in times of peace look trifling in comparison. Just before he sailed to take over his present job he ordered $6,000,000 worth of motor parts at one fell swoop, as it were.

Because of the rapidity with which our forces on foreign service multiplied themselves there was a rush order from General Headquarters for more buildings and yet more buildings, at one of our warehouse depots, to provide for storage of perishable foodstuffs in transit from the rear to the Front. Between seven-thirty o'clock in the morning and five o'clock in the evening of a given day a gang of steel riggers accomplished the impossible by rearing and bolting together the steel frame—posts, girders, plates, rafters and crossbeams—for a building measuring 96 feet in width, 24 feet in height and 230 feet in length, the same being merely one of the units of a structure that very soon thereafter was up in the air and that measured 650 feet crosswise and 650 feet lengthwise, with railroad tracks stretching alongside and in between its various segments.

"When we laid out our original plans for this project the French said it would be entirely too large for our uses, no matter how big an army we brought over," remarked to me a young ex-civilian, now wearing a captain's markings on his flannel shirt, who had put through this undertaking. "Our people thought differently and we went ahead, trying to figure as we went along on all future contingencies. The result is that already we are enlarging upon the old specifications as rapidly as possible. Even so the supplies are piling up on us faster than we can store them. Look yonder."

He pointed to a veritable mountain of baled hay—a regular Himalaya of hay—which covered a corner of the field whereon we stood. It towered high above the tops of the trees behind it; it stretched clear to the edge of the woodlands beyond, and it was crowned, as a mountain peak should be, with white; only in this instance the blanket was of canvas instead of snow.

New Ideas in Storage

"There are 80,000 tons of American baled hay in that pile," he said, "and in a month from now if the present rate of growth keeps up it will be bigger by a third than it is now. It's quite some job—taking care of this man's army."

In the midriff of the Intermediate Section is a project on which at this writing 10,000 men are at work, and on an air-service field adjoining it 3000 more men are engaged. Exclusive of material for local construction purposes 500 carloads of strictly military supplies arrive here daily, and approximately 75 carloads a day move out. Later the ratio of outgoing equipment will increase, but the incoming amount is not liable to fall off very much. To house the accumulating mass here and elsewhere in the same zone, including as it does engineers' stores, ordnance stores, fresh meats, salt meats, medical stores, harness, guns and quartermasters' stores, there has been provided or will be provided 4,500,000 square feet of roof-covered space and 10,000,000 square feet of open storage space.

When I came that way the other day miles of the plain had been filled pretty thoroughly with buildings and with side tracks and wagon roads; and, scattered over a tract measuring roughly six miles one way and four miles the other, between 13,000 and 14,000 men were engaged. In January of this year, when a man who now accompanied me had visited the same spot, he said there was one building standing on the area, and that two side tracks were in use; all the rest was a barren stretch of snowdrifts and half-frozen mud and desolation. They were just beginning then to dig the foundations of our main cold-storage plant. It is finished and in operation to-day. Besides being a model plant it is the third largest cold-storage plant in the world, and yet it is to be distinguished from the sixty-odd buildings that surround it only by the fact that it is taller and longer and has more smokestacks on it than any of the rest.

At the principal depot of the Advance Section, where the chief regulating officer is stationed, one of the biggest jobs is to sort out the man provender as it flows in by rail and to fill up each of 50 or 60 track-side warehouses with balanced rations—so much flour, so much salt meat, so much of salt, sugar, lard, canned goods, pepper, vinegar, pickles, and so on, to each building; or else to load a building with balanced man equipment—comprising shoes, socks, underwear, shirts, uniforms and the rest of it down to shoe laces and buttons, the purpose of this arrangement being that when a warehouse is emptied the man who is in charge, even before checking up on the loading gangs, already knows almost to a pound or a stitch just how many rations or how many articles of apparel have gone forward.

In each warehouse the canned tomatoes, the vinegar and the stuff that contains mild acids are stored at the two ends of the building in crosswise barricades that extend to the roof. This disposal was an idea of the officer in control of the arrangement. He explained to us that in case of fire canned stuff bearing a heavy proportion of fluid would burn more slowly than the other foodstuffs, so there would be a better chance of confining the blaze to the building in which it originated and of preventing its spread to adjoining or adjacent buildings, which might be of brick or concrete or stone or sheet metal, but which are more apt to be of frame.

Buck Up, Boys

A British colonel on a visit of inspection to our Service of Supplies visited this project on the same day that I came. Radiating admiration and astonishment at every step and at every stop, he accompanied the young first lieutenant who was in personal charge of the warehousing scheme, on a tour of his domain, which covered miles. When the round had been completed and the lieutenant had saluted and taken himself away the Britisher said to the chief regulating officer:

"I have never seen anything so perfectly devised as your plan of operation and distribution here. I take it that the young man who escorted me through is one of your great American managing experts. I imagine he must have been borrowed from one of those marvelous mail-order houses of yours, of which I have heard so much. One thing puzzles me though—he must have come here fresh from business pursuits, and yet he bears himself like a trained soldier."

The chief regulating officer smiled a little smile.

"That man," he said, "is an old enlisted man of our little antebellum Regular Army. He didn't win his commission until he came over here. Before that he was a noncom on clerical duty in the quartermaster's department, and before that he was a plain private, and as far as I know he never worked a day for any concern except our own Government since he reached the enlisting age."

In addition to doing what I should say at an offhand guess was the work of 10 reasonably active men, the colonel who supervises our Advance Section has found time since he took over his present employment to organize a brass band and a glee club among his personnel, to map out and stage-manage special entertainments for the men, to entertain visitors who come officially and unofficially, to keep several thousand individuals busy in their working hours and happy in their leisure hours, and at frequent intervals to write for the benefit of his command special bulletins touching on the finer sides of the soldier's duties and the soldier's discipline. He gave me a copy of one of his more recent pronouncements. He called it a memorandum; I called it a classic. It ran as follows:

"1. The salute, in addition to being a soldier's method of greeting, is the gauge by which he shows to the world his proficiency in the profession, his morale and the condition of his discipline.

"2. For me the dial of a soldier's salute has three marks, and I read his salute more accurately than he himself could tell me.

(Continued on Page 61)

Special Mail Order Service to Dealers

We have perfected our facilities for handling mail orders and wish to assure dealers that all inquiries and orders will receive prompt attention.

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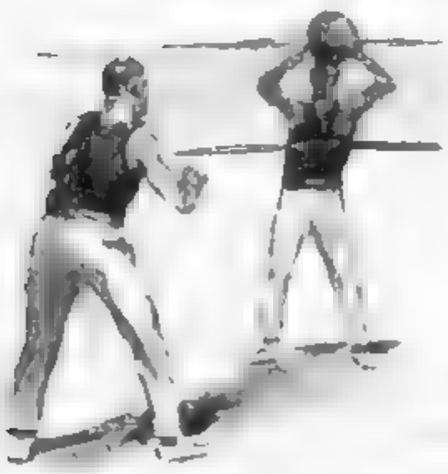
Wilson Tennis Goods are unexcelled



Wilson Gym Equipment leads in quality

Wilson Fishing Tackle lands the fish

Leadership

Demands Physical Fitness

THE men who command our fighting forces must be in perfect physical condition.

You who lead our industrial armies must likewise be equipped and conditioned to withstand the stress and strain of war work.

Yours is the biggest job that American business has ever tackled. The success of our armies depends upon your ability to "deliver the goods" in record breaking time. Fit yourself for the tasks ahead by physical exercise.

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Also Surgeons Grade Rubber Goods for Homes as well as Hospitals

Dealers and distributors desiring a profitable agency for these phenomenal tires should write us at once for attractive proposition.

(Continued from Page 58)

"3. The three gradations are:

(*a*) I am a soldier; I know my trade or will know it very soon, and I will be a success as a soldier or a civilian, wherever I may be put.

(*b*) I do not know what I am and do not care. I only do what I am forced to do, and will never be much of a success at anything.

(*c*) I am a failure and am down and out, sick, homesick and disgruntled. I cannot stand the gaff.

"4. As Americans try to conceal your feelings from our Allies.

"Remember you are just as much fighters here as you would be carrying a pail of food to the fighting line or actually firing a gun.

"Every extra exertion is an addition to the firing line direct.

"Every bit of shirking is robbing the firing line.

"BUCK UP!"

For qualities of human interest no joints in the snake's spine, no twists in his manifold convolutions measure up, I think, to the salvage depots. Once upon a time, and not so very long ago, an army in the field threw away what it did not use or what through breakage or stress became unserviceable. That day is gone. In this war the wastage is practically negligible. Our people have learned this lesson from the nations that went into the war before we entered it, but in all modesty I believe, from what I have seen, that we have added some first-rate improvements to the plan in the few months that have been vouchsafed us for experiments and demonstrations. Moreover, to the success of our plans in this regard there have been difficulties that did not confront our Allies to the same extent. For instance our biggest motor-repair depot is housed in what formerly had been a French infantry barracks—a series of buildings that had never been devised for the purposes to which they are now put, and that at first offered many serious problems, mechanical and physical.

What the Yank Does With Scrap

In tall brick buildings, under sheds and under tents and out in the open upon the old parade ground a great chain of machine shops, carpenter shops, paint shops, upholstery shops and leather-working shops has been coördinated and is coöperating to attain the maximum of possible production with the minimum of lost energy and lost effort. The scientist who reconstructs a prehistoric monster from a fossilized femur finds here his industrial prototype in the smart American mechanics who build up an ambulance or a motor truck from a fire-blackened, shell-riddled car frame, minus top, minus wheels, minus engine parts. What comes out of one total wreck goes into another that is not quite so totally so. And when a tool is lacking for some intricate job the Yank turns in and makes it himself out of a bit of scrap; and neither he nor his fellows think he has done anything wonderful either. It's just part of the day's work.

The salvage depot for human equipment and for lighter field equipment is established at this writing in what was, not so very long ago, a shop where one of the French railroad lines painted its cars. It began active operations last January with six civilian employees under an officer who four weeks before he landed in France was a business man in Philadelphia. In June it had on its pay rolls nearly 4000 workers, mainly women and many of them refugees.

When all the floor space available—about 200,000 square feet of it—has been taken over the plant will have a personnel of about 5000 hands, and it will be possible to do the reclamation work in clothing, shoes, rubber boots and slickers, harness and leather, canvas and webbing, field ranges, mess equipments, stoves, helmets, trenching tools, side arms, rifle slings, picks, shovels and metal gear generally for about 400,000 fighting men, with an estimated saving to Uncle Sam—exclusive of the vast sum saved in tonnage and shipping charges—of about $1,000,000 a month.

At this time 10,000 garments and articles of personal attire are passing through this plant every twenty-four hours, and coming out cleaned, mended, remade or converted to other purposes. A man could spend a week here, I feel certain, and not count his sight-seeing time as wasted. Among the men workers he would find invalided and crippled soldiers of at least six nations—America, Belgium, France, Greece, Serbia and Italy. Among the women workers, who average in pay seven francs a day—big wages for rural France—he would find many women of refinement and education hailing from evacuated districts in northern France and Belgium, whose faces bespeak the terrors and torments through which they have passed in the attempted implanting of the seeds of Kultur upon their homelands. Now they sit all day, driving sewing machines or managing knitting looms alongside their chattering, gossiping sisters of the peasant class.

And every hour in this beehive of industry the man who looked close would come upon things eloquently bespeaking the tragedy or the comedy of war's flotsam and jetsam. Now perhaps it would be a battered German bugle picked up by some souvenir-loving soldier, only to be flung into the camp salvage dump when its finder wearied of carrying it; and now it would be a khaki blouse with a bullet hole in the breast of it and great brown stains, stiff and dry, in its lining. A talking machine in fair order, the half of a tombstone and the full-dress equipment of a captain of Prussian Hussars were among the relics that turned up at the salvage depot in one week.

Where Even the Squeal is Used

There is no dump heap behind the converted paint barn, for the very good reason that practically there is nothing to dump. Everything is saved. The salvaged junk comes in by the carload lot from the Front—filthy, crumpled, broken, blood-crusted, verminous, tattered, smelly and smashed. Sorters seize upon it and separate it and classify it according to kind and state of disrepair. Men and women bear it in armloads to sterilizers, where live steam kills the lice and the lice eggs; thence it goes to the cleaning vats, after which it is sorted again and the real job of making something out of what seemed to be worse than nothing at all is undertaken, with experts, mainly Americans, to supervise each forward step in the big contract of renovation, restoration and utilization.

After the body clothing has been made clean and odorless it is assigned to one of three classes, to wit: *(a)* Garments needing minor repairs and still sightly and serviceable, which are put in perfect order and reissued to front-line troops; *(b)* garments not so sightly but still serviceable, which are issued to S O S workers, including stevedores, laborers, railroad engineers, firemen and forestry workers; *(c)* garments that are not sightly but that will repay repairing. These are dyed green and given to German prisoners of war. Practically no new material is used for repair. Garments that are past salvation in their present shape are cut up to furnish patches. Three garments out of four are reclaimed in one form or another; the fourth one becomes scrap for patchings. Shoes are washed in an acid disinfectant that cleanses the leather without injuring its fabric, and then they are dried and greased before going in to the workers. Shoes that are worth saving are saved to the last one; those past saving are ripped apart and the uppers are cut into shoe strings, while the soles furnish ground-up leather for compositions. Thanks to processes of washing, cleansing and repairing, a salvage average of approximately ninety per cent is attained in slickers and rubber boots.

Last spring the high military authorities decided to shorten the heavy overcoats worn by our soldiers, so it befalls that the lengths of cloth cut from the skirts of the overcoats are now being fashioned at the salvage plants into uppers for hospital slippers, while old campaign hats furnish the material for the soles. The completed article, very neat in appearance and very comfortable to wear, is turned out here in great numbers. Old tires are cooked down to furnish new heels for rubber boots. Old socks are unraveled for the sake of the wool in them. Tin receptacles that have held gasoline or oil are melted apart, and from their sides and tops disks are fashioned which, being coated with aluminum, become markers for the graves where our dead soldier boys have been buried. Smaller tins are smelted down into lumps and used for a dozen purposes. The solder from the cans is not wasted either. Even the hobnails of worn-down boot soles are saved for future use.

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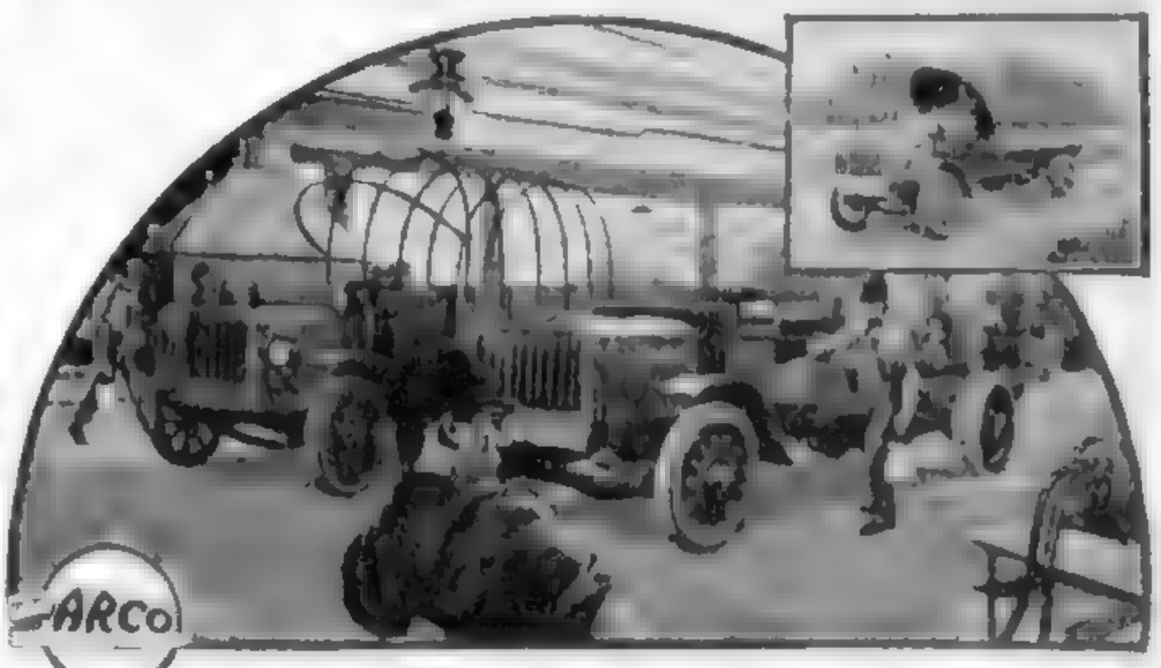

Just How Important Is a Truck's Finish?

Neither war trucks nor commercial trucks are given good finishes for the sake of appearance. To give continuous service they must be built and finished to endure, they must be able to fight off the ravages of the elements. Painstaking care in the finish of a motor vehicle directly reflects itself in a greater dependability.

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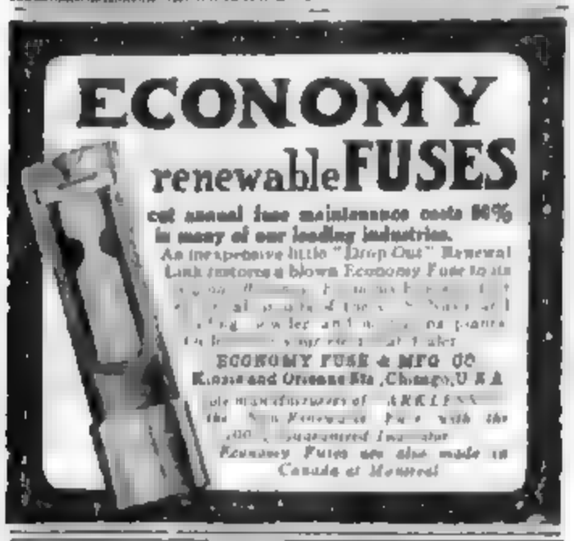
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Master of theatrical trick and device that he is, none the less David Belasco could learn lessons at our camouflaging plant. He probably would feel quite at home there, too, seeing that the place has a most distinctive behind-the-scenes atmosphere of its own; it is a sort of overgrown combination of scenery loft, property room, paint shop and fancy-dress costumer's establishment, where men who gave up sizable incomes to serve their country in this new calling work long hours seeking to improve upon the artifices already developed—and succeeding—and to create brand-new ones of their own.

As a branch of military modernism camouflaging is even newer than the trade of scientific salvaging is and offers far larger opportunities for future exploitation. After all there are just so many things and no more that may be done with and to a pair of worn-out rubber boots, but in the other field the only limits are the limits of the designer's individual ingenuity and his individual skill.

We came, under guidance, to a big open-fronted barracks where hundreds of French women and French girls made screenage for road protection and gun emplacements. The materials they worked with were simple enough: rolls of ordinary chicken wire, strips of burlap sacking dyed in four colors—bright green, yellowish green, tawny and brown—and wisps of raffia with which to bind the cloth scraps into the meshes of the wire. For summer use the bright green is used, for early spring and fall the lighter green and the tawny; and for winter the brown and the tawny mingled. For, you see, camouflage has its seasons, too, marching in step with the swing of the year. Viewed close up the completed article looks to be exactly what it is—chicken wire festooned thickly with gaudy rags. But stretch a breadth of it across a dip in the earth and then fling against it a few boughs cut from trees, and at a distance of 75 yards no man, however keen-eyed, can say just where the authentic foliage leaves off and the artificial joins on.

For roadsides in special cases there is still another variety of camouflage, done in zebralike stripe of light and dark rags alternating, and this stuff being erected alongside the open highway is very apt indeed to deceive your hostile observer into thinking that what he beholds is merely a play of sunlight and shade upon a sloped flank of earth; and he must venture very perilously near indeed to discern that the seeming pattern of shadows really masks the movements of troops. This deceit has been described often enough, but the sheer art of it takes on added interest when one witnesses its processes and sees how marvelously its effects are brought about.

Dummies at the Front

In an open field used for experimenting and testing was a dump pile dotted thickly with all the nondescript débris that accumulates upon the outer slope of a dug-in defense where soldiers have been—loose clods of earth, bits of chalky stone, shattered stumps, empty beef tins, broken mess gear, discarded boots, smashed helmets, and such like. It was crowned with a frieze of stakes projecting above the top of the trench behind it, and on its crest stood one of those shattered trees, limbless and ragged, that often are to be found upon terrains where the shelling has been brisk.

Here for our benefit a sort of game was staged. First we stationed ourselves 60 feet away from the mound. Immediately five heads appeared above the parapet—heads with shrapnel helmets upon them, and beneath the helmet rims sunburnt faces peering out. The eyes looked this way and that as the heads turned from side to side.

"Please watch closely," said the camouflage officer accompanying us. "And as you watch, remember this: Two of those heads are the heads of men. The three others are dummies mounted on sticks and manipulated from below. Since you have been at the Front you know the use of the dummy—the enemy sniper shoots a hole in it and the men in the pit, by tracing the direction of the bullet through the pierced composition, are able to locate the spot where Mister Sniper is hidden. Now then, try to pick out the real heads from the fake ones."

There were three of us, and we all three of us tried. No two agreed in our guesses and not one of us scored a perfect record; and yet we stood very much nearer than any enemy marksman could ever hope to get. The lifelikeness of the thing was uncanny.

"Next take in the general layout of that spot," said the camouflage expert, with a wave of his hand toward the dump pile. "Looks natural and orthodox, doesn't it? Seems to be just the outer side of a bit of trench work, doesn't it? Well, it isn't. Two of those stakes are what they appear to be—ordinary common stakes. The other two are hollow metal tubes, inside of which trench periscopes are placed. And the tree trunk is faked, too. It is all hollow within—a shell of light tough steel with a ladder inside, and behind that twisted crotch where the limbs are broken off the observer is stationed at this moment watching us through a manufactured knothole. The only genuine thing about that tree trunk is the bark on it—we stripped that off of a beech over in the woods."

Dump Heaps That Have Eyes

"The dump heap isn't on the level either, as you possibly know, since you may have seen such dump piles concealing the sites of observation pits up at the Front. Inside it is all dug out into galleries and on the side facing us it is full of peepholes—17 peepholes in all, I think there are. Let's go within 15 feet of it and see how many of them you can detect."

At a 15-foot range it was hard enough for us to make out five of the 17 peep places. Yet beforehand we understood that each tin can, each curled-up boot, each sizable tuft of withered grass, each swirl of the tree stump—masked a craftily hidden opening shielded with fine netting, through which a man crouching in safety beneath the surface of the earth might study the land in front of him. That innocent-appearing, made-to-order dump pile had the eyes of a spider; but even so, the uniformed invader might have climbed up and across it without once suspecting the truth.

For a final touch the camouflage crew put on their best stunt of all. Five men encased themselves in camouflage suits of greenish-brown canvas which covered them head, feet, body and limbs, and which being decorated with quantities of dried, grasslike stuff sewed on in patches, made them look very much as Fred Stone used to look when he played the Scarecrow Man in The Wizard of Oz years ago. Each man carried a rifle, likewise camouflaged. Then we turned our backs while they took position upon a half-bare, half-greened hillock less than a hundred feet from us.

This being done we faced about, and each knowing that five armed men were snuggled there against the bank tried to pick them out from their background. It was hard sledding, so completely had the motionless figures melted into the herbage and the chalky soil. Finally we united in the opinion that we had located three of the five. But we were wrong again. We really had picked out only one of the five. The two other suspected clumps were not men but what they seemed to be—small protrusions in the ragged and irregular turf. Yes, I am sure Mr. Belasco could have spent a fruitful half hour or so there with us.

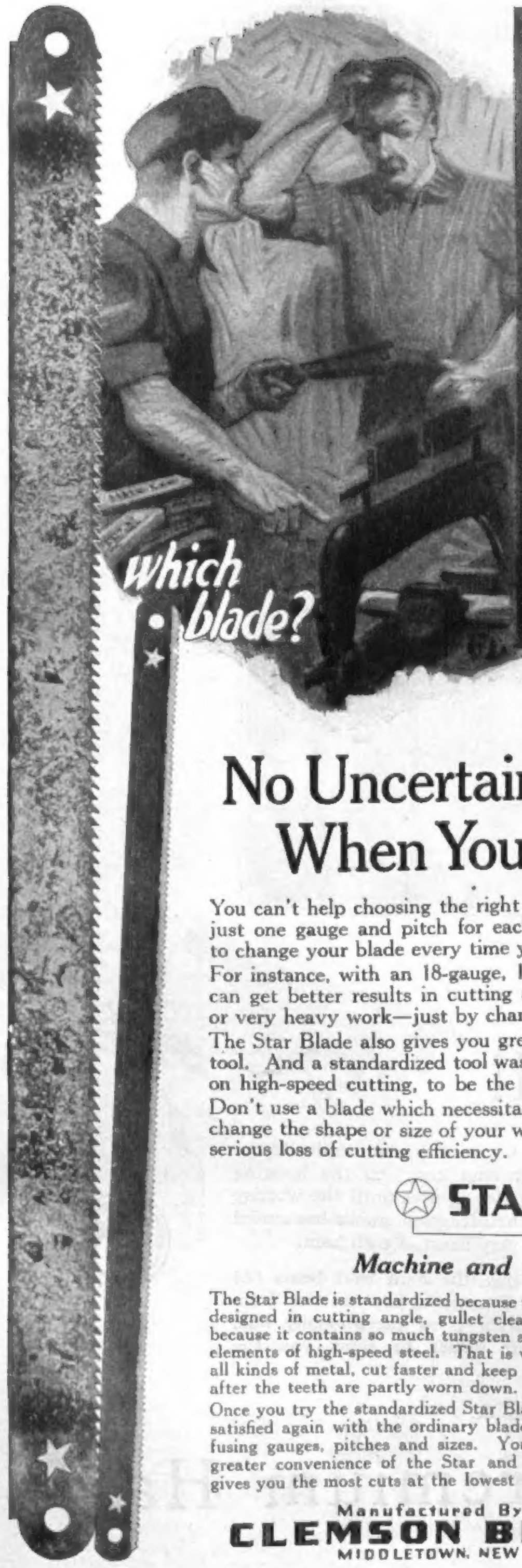
Thanks to yet another crafty and deceitful artifice of the camouflage outfit it is possible to make the enemy think he is being attacked by raiders advancing in force when as a matter of fact what he beholds approaching him are not files of men but harmless dummies operated by a mechanism that is as simple as simplicity itself. The attack will come from elsewhere while his attention is focused upon the make-believe feint, but just at present there are military reasons why he should not know any of the particulars. It would take the edge off his surprise, even though he is not likely to live to appreciate the surprise once the trick has been pulled.

These details of the whole vast undertaking that I have touched upon here are merely bits that stand out with especial vividness from the recent recollections of a trip every rod of which was freighted with the most compelling interest for anyone, and for an American with enduring and constant pride in the achievements of his own countrymen.

There are still other impressions, many of them, big and little, that are going always to stick in my brain—the smell of the crisp brown crusty loaves, mingling with the smell of the wood fires at the bakery where half a million bread rations are cooked and shipped every day, seven days a week; the sight at the motor reception park, where a big proportion of the 60,000 motor vehicles of all sorts that are called for in our program, as it stands now, can be stored at one time; the miles upon miles of canned goods through which I have passed, with the boxes towering in walls upon either side of me; the cold-storage chamber as big as a cathedral, where a supply of 5000 tons of fresh meat is kept on hand and ready for use; a cemetery for our people, only a few months old, but lovely already with flowers and grass and neat gravel paths between the mounds; a blacksmith riveting about the left wrists of Chinese laborers their steel identification markers so that there may always be a positive and certain way of knowing just who is who in the gang, since to stupid occidental eyes all Chinamen look alike and except for these little bangles made fast upon the arms of the wearers there would be complications and there might be deliberate duplications in the pay rolls; a spectacled underofficer hailing us in perfect but plaintive English from a group of prisoners mending roads, to say in tones of deep lament that he used to be a dentist in Baltimore but made the mistake of going back to Germany for a visit to his old home just before the war broke out; a Catholic chaplain superintending the beautifying of a row of graves of Mohammedans who had died in our service, and who had been laid away according to the ritual of their own faith in a corner of a burying ground where Christians and Jews are sleeping together; a maimed Belgian soldier with three medals for valor on his shirt front, cobbling shoe soles in the salvage plant; a French waiter boy in a headquarters mess learning to pick out the chords of Dixie Land on an American negro's homemade guitar; a room in the staff school where a former member of the Cabinet of the United States, an ex-Congressman, an ex-police commissioner of New York City and one of the richest men in America, all four of them volunteer officers, sat at their lessons with their spines fish-hooked and their brows knotted; a nineteen-year-old Yankee apprentice flyer doing such heart-stopping stunts in a practice plane as I never expect to see equaled by any veteran airman; the funeral, on the same day and at the same time, of one of his mates, who had been killed by a fall upon the field over which this daring youth now cavorted, with the coffin in an ambulance and a flag over the coffin, and behind the ambulance the firing squad, the Red Cross nurses from the local hospital and a company of his fellow cadets marching.

To Whom the Credit is Due

And seeing all these sights and a thousand more like unto them I find myself as I finish my tour along the winding lengths of the great snake that we call the Service of Supplies, wondering just who, of all the thousands among the men that labor behind the men behind the guns, deserve of their countrymen the greatest meed of credit—the high salaried executives out of civilian life who dropped careers and comforts and hope of preferment in their professions at home, to give of the genius of their brains to this cause; or the officers of our little old peacetime Army who here serve so gladly and so efficiently upon the poor pay that we give our officers, without hope ever of getting a proper measure of national appreciation for their efforts, since this war is so nearly an anonymous war, where the performances of the individual are swallowed up in the united efforts of the mass; or the skilled railway trainmen volunteering to work on privates' wages for the period of the war; or the plain enlisted man cheerfully, eagerly, enthusiastically toiling here, so far back of the Front, when in his heart he must long to be up there with his fellows where the big guns boom.



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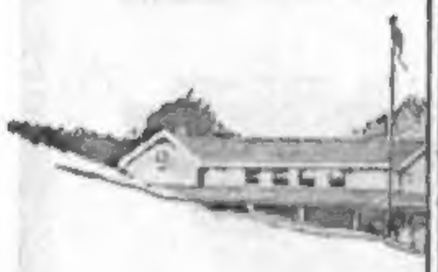

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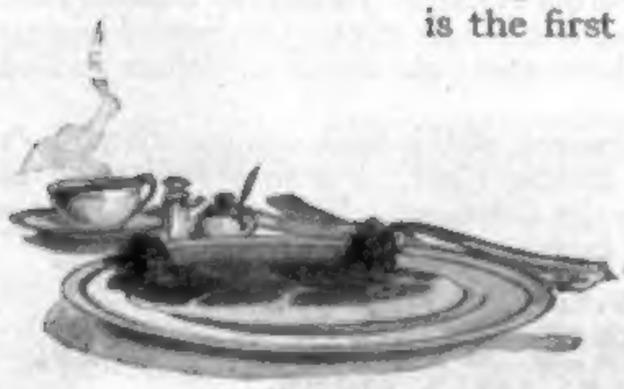
Your reputation as a hostess is made, if you have chosen a baked Swift's Premium Ham to serve them. The fragrant aroma is an invitation that needs no repeating. Sweet, tender, satisfying is the first mouthful—and the last.

The fine flavor of this ham is due to the slow Premium cure—to the hanging over smoldering fires until the woodsy tang of their fragrant smoke has curled into the very heart of each ham.

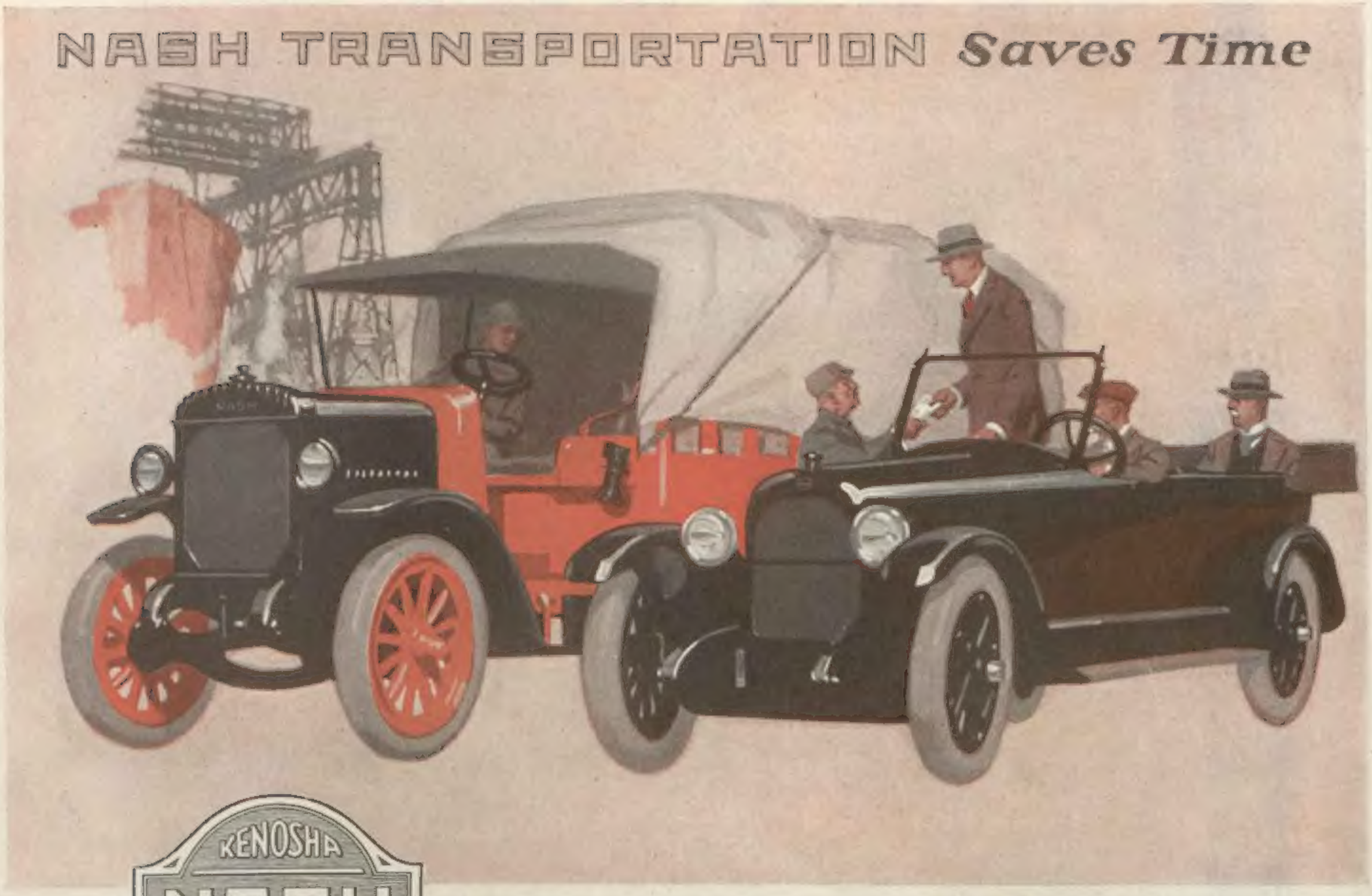
Always buy the ham that bears the Swift's Premium brand—the ham whose flavor is so exceptionally fine. Ask your dealer to show you the brand.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.



Swift's Premium Ham

NASH TRANSPORTATION *Saves Time*



KENOSHA NASH WISCONSIN

"THE Philadelphia 'Public Ledger' carries two columns of advertisements of daily motor-truck express service between Philadelphia and New York, with tri-weekly services to smaller cities. Regularly, every day, 640 motor trucks carry freight on schedule on the public roads between New York and Philadelphia."
—Collier's Weekly

A LARGE manufacturing institution such as Nash has a double responsibility in helping to win the war. Our first duty is to produce whatever the Government requires of us.

Government needs have first call upon our manufacturing facilities.

Second in importance is the manufacture of Nash products for commercial consumption to whatever extent conditions make possible.

The value of high grade Trucks and Passenger Cars in this emergency has been strikingly demonstrated.

They are essential to keeping the industrial machinery working at top speed.

Motor transportation is proving a potent factor in solving transportation problems, conserving man power and adding generally to the nation's efficiency by the saving of time and energy.

Nash Passenger Cars—5-Passenger Touring Car; 4-Passenger Roadster; 6-Passenger Sedan; 4-Passenger Coupé; 7-Passenger Touring Car; Nash Trucks—One Ton Capacity; Two Ton Capacity; Nash Quad.

The Nash Motors Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin
Manufacturers of Passenger Cars and Trucks, Including the Famous Nash Quad
The Nash Motors, Limited, Toronto, Ont., Distributors of Nash Cars and Trucks for the Dominion of Canada

NASH MOTORS

VALUE CARS AT VOLUME PRICES

Stop In and
Buy a Tube

Where You See This

S. S. White
Window Display

THE druggist who shows this display in his window knows that a *safe* dentifrice is the one his patrons demand.

S. S. White Tooth Paste is *safe* and delightful to use.

If you have not yet known the wonderful sense of refreshment that S. S. White's imparts to your mouth, and the perfect cleanliness that it gives your teeth, get a tube today. Experience a new sensation and know that your teeth are receiving the best possible care.

S. S. White's is the product of a house that for nearly 75 years has set the standard of quality in dentists' supplies. Known wherever dentistry is practiced — its trade-mark — W — stamps as of highest worth every product on which it appears.

At all Drug Stores — 25c